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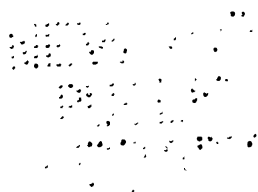
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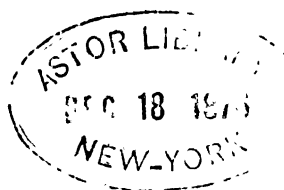
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BENTLEY'S
MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXVII



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1850.



ROY W. B.
CLARK
VIA RAIL

LONDON :

Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY and HENRY PLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

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Landing the Epitaph

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER V.

In which the Reader makes the acquaintance of Mr. Pogey.

ONE of the principal shops in the market-place of Yarlton was closed; the blinds of the windows up the front of the house were neatly drawn down; two mutes in holiday black, with tall poles in their hands, kept guard at the door like churchyard halberdiers; and the street was as still as if it had been a Sabbath morning, hardly anybody being abroad except a few neighbours standing about at their doors, and a group of urchins watching the gestures of the mutes with great curiosity to see what was to come next.

In a country town Death discharges the functions of a coroner. He summonses the inhabitants to sit upon an inquest. Or he may be described as the curator of an anatomical museum, which he supplies with bodies for the public at large to cut up. The subject given out for dissection in this instance was the character of the late Mr. Raggles; and it was dissected accordingly. The result of the *post-mortem* examination, we are afraid, was not very satisfactory; but it presented no interruption to the decorum which the English habitually observe on such occasions. Indeed the only faces that could not be said to harmonize strictly with the general gravity were those of the mutes, two carbuncled and dissipated-looking individuals, whose efforts to get up a funereal sadness in their swollen features had, it must be owned, rather a contrary effect upon the spectators.

The arrangements within-doors were confided to Mr. Pogey, who took all the trouble of that melancholy business upon himself showing an alacrity that more than justified the lavish encomiums of Nurse Waters. Mr. Pogey was a fussy little man, with a wonderful fund of animal spirits, and an intimate knowledge of

the details connected with weddings, christenings, burials, picnics, balls, and social meetings of every kind. It made no difference to him whether he was called upon to officiate in the house of pleasure or the house of mourning, so long as he had a predominant hand in the affair. Nature had gifted him with a genius for the bustle and ordering of such transactions.

Mr. Pogeys was the architect of his own fortunes, as the saying goes, and owed all his successes to indomitable perseverance and overwhelming vivacity. He had fortunately entered the profession long before the legislature had hit upon the Apothecaries' Act, which requires that candidates shall be slightly qualified for admission. Having served a short apprenticeship in sweeping out a druggist's shop, he set up for himself, and carried everything before him by the force of that facial confidence which puts all other sorts of merit to the rout. He laid out his stock of knowledge to the best possible advantage, and whenever his science happened to be at a loss he appealed triumphantly to common sense against the humbug of medical mysteries. A system of practice so flattering to the understandings of his patients secured him a wide popularity, which his social talents, his skill in telling stories and quoting books, and his constitutional hilarity, daily extended. The regular humdrum faculty had no chance with the million against Mr. Pogeys.

His management of the obsequies of Mr. Raggles was perfect. Having settled all the necessary preliminaries in an interview with his "own" undertaker, and decided upon the programme of the funeral, which was to consist of a respectable hearse and a coach to convey six persons, his next care was to bespeak an agreeable spot in the churchyard, and an economical tablet with an inscription upon it of his own composition. Upon all these items he effected a considerable saving, being, as he explained to the widow, so good a customer to the sexton and the undertaker that they were always glad to oblige him on the cheapest terms.

These indispensable preparations being duly completed, and the house put into order, he invited a few friends to attend on the morning of the ceremony, including Mr. John Peabody, whose company, in the paucity of more intimate connections, was requested on the suggestion of Richard Rawlings. Mr. Pogeys kindly undertook to act as chief mourner himself.

While the guests were assembling in the parlour, Mrs. Raggles, by the instructions of Mr. Pogeys, was closely chambered up stairs with her sympathising companion, Nurse Waters.

The morning was clear and frosty, and very cold. Nurse Waters discreetly avoided much conversation, leaving Mrs. Raggles free to indulge in the ruminations incidental to her situation. It would be difficult to convey an accurate impression of the fugitive reflections that chased each other over the surface of Mrs. Raggles' mind during the agitating hour that preceded

the departure of the funeral. So long as the body lay in the house, she could hardly persuade herself that she really was a widow. The presence of the old man still seemed to possess itself of the place, and her heart beat strangely under the influence of that feeling. But she thought of what Nurse Waters had said about the widow's cap; and the image of her fair hair folded up beneath its snowy borders flitted coquettishly before her. Then, by an involuntary association of ideas, Mr. Pogeey presented himself, and, although she felt the tears coming into her eyes, she was conscious of a little secret womanly exultation at the compliments he paid her upon her appearance. By and by the widow's cap was put aside, and her hair was released, and she had once more a choice of colours, and could suit her complexion as she pleased. Then there were little excursions into the country, and nobody to watch her, and she might be as capricious as the wind, go in and out when she liked, make pleasant acquaintances, and visit them, and have nice parties of her own, her imagination at this point venturing even into a dance; and, notwithstanding that Mr. Pogeey seemed to exercise a sort of spell over the future, she resolved that neither Mr. Pogeey, nor anybody else, should control her actions. She had been kept down long enough; but she was now her own mistress, and liberty was sweet, and she was determined to enjoy it. In the midst of these discursive meditations, some movements in the house suddenly recalled her to a sense of her present circumstances, the pageant vanished, and she lapsed back again into a reverie in which the apparition of her late husband displaced the florid vision of the gay Mr. Pogeey.

In the meanwhile the party below stairs were solemnly regaling themselves with cake and wine. Pogeey related two or three capital stories of incidents and coincidences that had happened to him on similar occasions; and imparted such a flavour of subdued pleasantry to the scene, keeping, however, within legitimate bounds, that he effectually dissipated the predisposition to be dismal which the mourners had brought into the room. He saw no necessity for giving way to uncomfortable sensations; and was of opinion that the true philosophy of life consisted in making the best of a calamity. John Peabody perfectly agreed with him, and asked him specially to take a glass of wine, and, like genuine optimists, they clinked their glasses gently together, Mr. Pogeey good-humoredly declaring that he never prescribed any draught for his friends with half so much pleasure as a glass of good old wine. John Peabody was delighted with this disinterested sentiment; and from that moment Mr. Pogeey booked him as a patient.

"What do you say, Higgs?" cried Pogeey, addressing a tall, pallid man, who looked as if he had been dieted all his life upon sour apples and water; "eh! Higgs? Wine, my boy!—immortal wine—the best of all physic—eh! Higgs?"

"Ah! Doctor," returned Higgs, coughing sepulchraly; "it's all constitution, you know."

"Something in that, Higgs; but a man's constitution is like a Stilton cheese; steep it well in wine, my boy, and it will grow mellow. The poets, you know, who are capital judges, recommend wine—rosy wine—so do I. But you don't trouble yourself much about the poets—something more substantial to think of, eh! Higgs."

"That's it, Doctor," said a burly, short-necked man, joining the group, with a full glass in his hand; "but life is short, as we see every day; and, as I say to Higgs, it's a duty we owe to our families to keep up the stamina."

"A duty," said Pogeey, "which no man has discharged more zealously than yourself. Why, it doesn't cost you five shillings a year in drugs."

"Well, on the word of a man," replied the other, sipping his wine, "I don't think it does."

"I wish all my friends were like you," observed Pogeey, giving the burly man a sly poke of his finger on his broad expanse of waistcoat; "you're my show patient. I always say, look at Fubsley! There's health for you! A deeply interesting case of natural health. If the departed had taken a leaf out of your book—eh! Fubsley?—I could have ensured him a ten years' renewal. Poor Raggles—a thin liver—wonder he weathered it so long—slops and pills—pills and slops—all artificial—trusted nothing to nature. Now, my advice is, consult nature. She's the best physician. Latterly Raggles lost his appetite; how could he expect to keep it? Appetite, as the divine Shakspeare says, grows upon feeding. That's the grand secret. Take a race-horse; you must feed him well to keep him up to his work. Just the same with a man. The first question I put to a patient is, 'How is your appetite?' If the appetite's gone, we must create one; if we can't, we must treat him *secundum artem*, which, stript of humbug, means that we must do the best we can. That's common sense, I believe—eh! Higgs?"

"Good plain reason," observed Fubsley; "and no mystification. That's what I say; show me the reason of it, and I'll swallow a doctor's shop, bottles, and all. But to see a Guy of a fellow creaking into your room, shaking his head, and creaking out again without leaving you a bit the wiser—that's what I call downright imposture."

"I must confess," said Pogeey, "it looks very like it; but you mustn't abuse the faculty, my good fellow. There are *some* honest men amongst them: as to myself, everybody knows I abhor humbug. No man shall take my drugs without knowing the reason why. That's my system. What does a man pay his money for? Hasn't he a right to know the nature of his own case, so that he can judge for himself? I hate doctoring in the dark. But the faculty must live, you know; and if people

choose to destroy the coats of their stomachs, stop the circulation of the blood, and paralyse the nervous economy, by drenching themselves with mixtures they know nothing about, they must take the consequences, that's all. For my part, I'd rather keep my patients alive and hearty. That's my object. Look at Fubsley; there's a specimen, and no mistake!" and the burly illustration of Pogey's system was constrained to submit to another triumphant poke in the waistcoat, which nearly upset the glass that shook in his hand, under the vibration of a violent chuckle.

A counter-joke of Fubsley's was cut short by a heavy sound which came down the stairs at short intervals; and presently the muffled trampling of feet through the hall announced the close of the preliminary solemnity. Then came the jaunty undertaker, with a wardrobe of cloaks and hat-bands on his arm. Pogey, as chief-mourner, was robed first, and then the rest in succession, all in dumb show. Richard Rawlings was the last. His hand trembled as he tried on a pair of black gloves.

"Too large for you," whispered the undertaker, handing him a smaller pair. "You should always have 'em a little tight."

"These are too small," said Richard.

"Not a morsel," whispered the undertaker, working them on his fingers: "curious thing happened the other day with this same pair. You don't wear a ring?"

"No—no—make haste."

"A gentleman," continued the undertaker, "that was a tryin' of 'em on, as it might be you—in forcin' of 'em he found a ring in that very finger."

"A ring! how was that?"

"Why, somebody, you see, had been a tryin' of 'em afore, and I suppose they were'n big enough, and so in pullin' of 'em off, off comes the ring, without his missin' of it in the hurry; and there it laid in the finger till the gloves were a wanted again. Very odd, wasn't it? There's some sort of a fate in these here gloves, I do believe. They fit you exact."

Richard did not pay much attention to the undertaker's story, as the company were already leaving the room, Mr. Pogey having led the way into the street, where several persons had assembled. The coach was at the door, and the hearse a little in advance. The undertaker glided out to his post, and, letting down the steps, received the chief-mourner in due form. Pogey paused complacently for a moment or two, looked round, recognised a few faces, nodded familiarly to them, and stepped in, followed by the rest of the mourners, whose blooming cheeks, with the exception of Mr. Higgs, who looked more ghastly than usual, showed that they had not been wanting in respectful oblations to the memory of the departed. The procession then moved off, attended by a straggling retinue, to the churchyard.

Here Mr. Pogey appeared to great advantage. When the last

rites were ended, and "earth to earth" had given out its hollow sound, and the grave-diggers were pausing over their shovels, he drew from his pocket a large sheet of paper, which he slowly unfolded, and, calling the attention of his friends to the epitaph that was inscribed upon it, he began, after a formal preparation, to read it aloud in a grand voice, undulating with rhythmical cadences. It set forth that the stone was sacred to the memory of Thomas Raggles of that parish, whose soul had shaken off its mundane ties, and spurning the earth, had ascended to its native skies, and then, enumerating his exemplary virtues as a husband and a son, which ensured him a heavenly crown when his worldly race was run, it called upon the Passenger to stop and drop a tear, winding up by recommending him to pray that he might be able to give as good an account of himself on the Resurrection Day.

The reading of this affecting epitaph went to the hearts of the excited listeners. Fubsley's eyes looked very watery and tender, and Higgs's cough was brought on afresh by the severity of his emotions. Even Pogeys himself could hardly control his agitation, and when he recovered himself a little, he thanked them for the indulgence with which they had received his unworthy tribute to their dear friend, and modestly reminded them that, although it was entirely his own composition, the merit of it was to be ascribed solely to the subject.

Richard witnessed this scene with feelings of a different kind. He saw in it the realization of that apotheosis which his imagination had conjured up in the solitude of his own room, when he was making that secret inquisition into Raggles' affairs of which he was now beginning to discern the practical advantages. Here was the body of the cruel old man, reverently followed to the grave by "troops of friends," who stood, with their hats off, echoing a panegyric on his virtues. There was not one amongst them that did not know the meanness, heartlessness, and falsehood of his life, and did not secretly feel that the character given to him in the inscription was a monstrous lie from beginning to end. Yet they pretended to believe that this wretched miser, who added arrant hypocrisy to the rest of his sins, was the best of husbands and sons, and that he had ascended straight to heaven to receive a crown of glory! How is this? thought Richard, who, brought up in the school of adversity, had little experience in the hollow pomp of social vanities, and was simple enough to see what was passing around him in its true light, and to call it by its right name. How is it that men can thus be brought to dissimulate their real convictions, and prostrate themselves before an object they despise? Why, gold does it all! Gold will buy up the consciences of man, and purchase homage for wealthy knavery, while honesty in rags goes begging through the world. Here was this great lesson impressed upon him in a special manner by an example springing up out of his own personal observation.

It was a sight never to be forgotten—a dark moral drawn from his own sufferings, and re-acting forcibly upon a temperament that had acquired a morbid sensibility from the habit of brooding over the wrongs of fortune. And then he remembered that a strange turn of circumstances had unexpectedly improved his position, and opened a path to him by which he might make his way to independence. He fancied he saw how this was to be accomplished. That morning, which deposited the remains of old Thomas Raggles in the grave, dawned with a new life for him: one generation was gone out, and another, full of hope and energy, was ascending upon its ruins; the course was clear before him; he was already, by unlooked-for chances, invested with the means to enter upon it; he was the recipient of Raggles' secret; it was the lever by which he was to raise himself to power, and become possessed of the talisman of wealth before which the gates of palaces and the hearts of men fly open. His spirit bounded within him as these glowing pictures of the future took form and colour in his thoughts, and he was hardly conscious that the people were dropping away from the ground, when he was startled by the pressure of a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, man, rouse yourself? It *was* rather melting, I own—that touch about the Resurrection Day hit them hard—eh! Rawlings?" exclaimed the cheerful voice of Mr. Poge; "but you mustn't mind everything one puts into an epitaph, you know. When you're a rich man, and can afford a handsome family tomb, I'll write an inscription for you that will astonish the natives. Why, I didn't say half that I might have said about old Raggles!"

"Indeed," said Richard; "it seems to me wonderful that you could have said so much."

"Pooh! pooh! I was obliged to keep it down on account of the expense; but I reserved the best things for the next occasion."

"What could you have added to his exemplary virtues and his heavenly crown?" inquired Richard; "I can think of nothing beyond that."

"You can't think, of course," rejoined Poge; "thinking is not your business, Rawlings. You haven't an inventive capacity—You're not a poet, my boy; a poet! I'll tell you as we walk along. You see I spoke of him only as a husband and a son; but, as I originally wrote it, I showed him up as a philanthropist and a patriot, threw in an allusion to British commerce and the wooden walls of old England, and ended by saying that he was the benefactor of the poor, the friend of the widow, and the protector of the orphan. Good that, eh?"

"You wrote that of Mr. Raggles?" said Richard;—"astounding!"

"I thought you'd say so. Aint it good? eh! isn't it good? But it isn't lost—too good to be lost. I have kept a copy,

and it shall do duty for the next wealthy old buffer that drops off."

"To be sure," cried Richard; "the next *wealthy* old fellow—that's it—whether it suits him or not."

"What has that to do with it?" returned Pogey; "suits him? You don't suppose when a man sits down to write an epitaph he stops to consider whether it will suit. There would be an end to epitaphs if they were to be confined to facts. I know of no limit to the poetry of the churchyard except the cost of the stone and the cutting. That's the test of the virtues of the dead—eh! Rawlings? The man who has money enough to afford it may be buried under a glorification of Faith, Hope, and Charity, heaped up as high as the Pyramids of Egypt. I believe I am right—eh?"

"I believe you are," slowly responded Richard.

They had now reached the carriage which was waiting for them on the high-road. In his present mood, the keen and bracing air was more agreeable to Richard than the philosophical remarks of Mr. Pogey, and he declined the seat which that gentleman urged him to resume.

"A walk will do me good," said Richard; "I am jaded, and want a little exercise."

"Well, you shall have your own way," returned Pogey; "but I must have a talk with you—on business. Come down to me this evening about seven. I shall be pretty well released by that time. Don't fail."

Richard promised to come to him, and they separated, the party in the coach driving off gaily towards the town, and Richard striking by a foot-path across the fields into the country.

Wonderfully bright was the landscape around him. The sun was shining down upon the meadows, and sparkling in hedge-rows, starred over with clinging icicles that hung like blossoms on the naked boughs. The grass was dry and crisp, and powdered with hoar-frost. A little black brook, leaping and running away under entangled meshes of osiers and brambles, sang gaily in his ears as he sauntered thoughtfully along. The sails of a mill catching the slanting rays, glistened fantastically at a little distance; and farther on the life of a farm in full activity expanded before him. Men were mounted in trees, clipping and lopping; others were carting from the field to the sheds for the stalled cattle, others chopping firewood, and some driving teams of oxen; horses were in movement between the haggard and the barn, and the merry flails were filling the rick-houses with their music. All was astir, alive—every hand was busy—every face was radiant with health and occupation.

The sudden transition from the silent place of the dead to this open world of exertion and prosperous labour was a sensible relief. Richard Rawlings breathed more freely as he passed along amidst the hearty toils of his fellow-men. There was an aspect of independence and self-reliance in these country sights

that cheered and invigorated him, and gave him confidence in his own efforts. Industry and its rewards, typified by the teeming promises of the earth, were both before him. He saw the progress from small beginnings, in seeds and roots and watchful culture, to large results in the crowning harvest, whose superabundance was to be laid out at rich interest in future husbandry—he saw it all pictured as in a panorama. He saw clearly, too, the necessity for constant exertion and untiring vigilance to take advantage of shower and sunshine, to note the signs of the heavens and the bursting life of the soil, and to turn all to the account of one great end, ministered to by a multitude of varied and incessant operations. The lesson was not lost upon him, and his mind, springing onward to the distant sequel, heedless of all obstacles of time, place and circumstance, already revelled over some grand, but as yet rather vague and confused, achievement.

All of us who can recall the fleeting dreams of our youth will remember the magnificent visions which have thus at times swept across our imagination, and in a moment of ecstasy carried us triumphantly to the remotest issues of our ambition, elevated the law student by a stroke of magic to the woolstack, and installed the incipient divine in the palace at Lambeth. Richard Rawlings had no definite scheme of life to work out; but he had a very distinct idea of the social importance of wealth, and to that tangible and intelligible object he strenuously resolved to dedicate his whole energies.

When a fixed purpose of this practical kind really sets in in youth it turns the mind grey at once. The pleasant fancies, the happy self-illusions, the wayside temptations that seem to belong to that season of life as naturally as crocuses and violets to spring, are trampled down to bud no more. The boy advances by a single stride into manhood, without experience of the combats, or the conflicts, he is to encounter in the great arena; but prepared for the struggle by an instinct, often wiser than wisdom, and by a settled resolution which collects his powers, means and opportunities in a single direction, and gives cumulative force to every step he takes. Gladness vanishes from his face, and serious thoughts drink up its brightness and its roses. The boy has the gravity of the man, without that timidity and fitful distrust of onward effort which grow upon disappointment and the repressing knowledge of difficulties. We see this frequently in the common routine of mechanical pursuits, drying up the nourishing springs of youth, and withering life at its roots; but in Richard Rawlings it took higher range and wider scope, and was sustained by a constitutional vigour and elasticity that acquired increased strength from concentration.

The impressions made upon him during that long, solitary, ruminating walk were vividly remembered in after years, and often came back upon him when stranger changes than he then dreamed of had passed over his life.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Pogey at Home.

THE morning glided away imperceptibly. The day was gone before Richard knew how it went; for time passes with wonderful rapidity when the imagination goes out idling. Curious as Richard was to know what Mr. Pogey wanted with him, his impatience on that point did not seem to make the intervening hours drag heavily; he was more curious upon more distant objects, on the way to which a day was but a grain of sand in the glass; and when he found himself at seven o'clock in the evening on the threshold of Mr. Pogey's dispensary, he was hardly conscious of how the interval had flown since morning.

There he stood, hesitating for a moment, and collecting himself to meet the questioner with an impenetrable face. He knew Pogey to be a skilful distiller of other men's secrets, and he expected that he would probe him to the quick in the matter which had been confided to him by old Raggles. Let Pogey get any thing out of him if he can. Pogey is a deep fellow, but it will take a longer line than his to sound Richard Rawlings.

Turning the handle of the door, he awakened a shrill, petulant little bell, which, communicating with the parlour beyond, brought Mr. Pogey bouncing out upon him, like a fantoccini figure which leaps from its concealment the moment you touch the spring.

The dispensary was a small dark shop, scantily lighted, and disclosing a dusky array of bottles and jars, a narrow counter full of thin drawers with paper labels pasted on them, and a weighing machine in the shape of a tall wooden chair, standing bolt upright in one corner. The parlour behind was separated from the dispensary by a door, in the upper half of which was a window with a green curtain hanging inside. A round table stood in the centre of the parlour. One side of the room was occupied by a range of bookshelves, slightly out of the horizontal, filled by books much broken and tattered, and apparently not very carefully arranged, some being upside down, and others scattered about in odd volumes, varied by stray gallipots and unknown surgical instruments, a fractured plaster cast of the head of Galen, some Chinese and Indian curiosities smothered up in dust, and here and there sundry mysterious particles preserved in spirits, and fragments of bones suspended on threads. A glass case on another side exhibited a couple of punch bowls, and a hospitable supply of tumblers, interspersed with divers articles in plate and china. The room had a disorderly appearance, but was thoroughly warm and comfortable. A merry fire throwing a broad glow over the decanters and glasses that covered the table, gave it a cozy and cheerful aspect.

"Punctual," exclaimed Pogey, inflicting on Richard a

friendly thrust in the ribs; "seven to the minute. Come—deposit yourself in that easy chair. Right sort of a night for a chat by the fire—snug chair that—eh?"

"Very," returned Richard.

"Just put a hand to the table, and draw it over. Bachelors' board, my boy; we must wait upon ourselves. Nobody in the house but old Meg, and she's getting the oysters; and Pim, my assistant, and he's gone to bed with a toothache. But I know no reason why we shouldn't be comfortable for all that—do you? Now, what will you take? There's some old rum—real Jamaica—and prime Cogniac that never saw the steps of the Custom House. What will you have?"

"I think I'll venture on a little rum," said Richard.

"Good—can't make a mistake. Try a squeeze of lemon with it. Afraid of acids? A popular error. Acids are absolutely necessary to some constitutions, and act on the biliary ducts with a surprising effect. See what a deluge of lemon juice I shower into my tumbler, and I believe I'm tolerably free from bilious derangement. Come—there's the hot water—help yourself."

These hospitable preliminaries being concluded, Richard and his vivacious host drew close to the fire, and Pogey, throwing himself back in his chair, prepared to open the business of the evening. It was impossible for Mr. Pogey, when he had any object in view, to avoid a certain pomp of manner, which plainly announced that something was coming.

"Strange thing, Rawlings," he commenced, "that old Raggles should go off without making a will. Now, you know a good deal about his affairs—how d'ye think he'll cut up?"

"Can't even guess," returned Richard; "nobody knows less of his affairs."

"Pooh! pooh! you must be confidential with me: the widow has placed everything in my hands, and we can't get on without you. Did he never talk to you about a will?"

"Never."

"Very odd that!"

"There was no confidence between us on such subjects. He was a suspicious man, and never trusted anybody with his affairs."

"But you know all about his business transactions—eh?"

"Merely in a general way—he kept all the particulars locked up."

"Cautious old file—that explains how it is, that his papers are in such a mizzle. I can't make head or tail of them; and as to the widow—poor thing, between ourselves, she was quite thrown away in that quarter—she can't illuminate us. So we must go into the thing ourselves, and see how we stand."

"I will give you all the help in my power," returned Richard.

"Mysterious man, that Raggles," said Pogey; "as penurious as a rat—must have made a sight of money. What d'ye think?"

"He did n't spend much at all events."

"Spend! He lived upon cheese-parings: could make a shilling do duty for half-a-crown: must have been saving all his life, and see what it comes to. To be sure the widow will have the advantage of it—that's something. She'll know what to do with it—eh! Rawlings? charming woman—suppose we drink her health?"

"With all my heart," replied Richard.

Pogey drank her health with a loud splutter of enthusiasm, and all the honours. "She's not the sort of woman that will remain long a widow," he resumed; "soft eye and delicate skin,—sweet as a nut! Women of that kind always marry again."

"It never occurred to me," said Richard.

"Meg!" cried out Pogey at the top of his voice.

This summons had reference to a heavy tread in the passage, and was answered by a frowsy woman wrapped up in numerous shawls, one of which was drawn over her head, and pinned close under her chin.

"Where are the oysters?"

"Below, waiting your orders," replied the old woman, wheezing through the shawls, which she gathered about her mouth as she spoke.

"Below?" cried Pogey; "but we want them here. Come—be alive!" and Meg moved lumberingly out, and presently returned wheezing fearfully under a tray containing a bountiful dish of oysters and their auxiliary accompaniments.

"There, that will do—now, take yourself off," and Meg took herself off, as she was desired.

The oysters were discussed with considerable *gout*, Mr. Pogey enlightening Richard upon the natural history of shell-fish, and their action upon the fluids of the body.

"I often prescribed oysters," he observed, "for old Raggles—no—he would n't listen to it. He had a notion that they were too cold for the stomach—poor old pump! By the way, Rawlings, I haven't forgiven you for turning me out of the room, you remember."

"Oh! yes, I remember—but you mustn't blame me, Mr. Pogey—what could I do? It was his own request."

"Fish, man, you don't suppose I was hurt at it—I'm used to such things. They pass by me, as the immortal bard says, like the idle wind, which I take no notice of. It's part of my profession to be knocked about. But what had he to say to you? what was it? anything about *her*?"

"No—nothing at all. I don't think he had anything to say."

"There was something on his mind, Rawlings—I tried to get it out of him—might as well try to get gravy out of a stone—wouldn't speak to anybody but you. And after all it came to nothing—eh?"

"Why, it was nearly all over, you know, when I came in."

"Yes, but you were with him a quarter of an hour, and he had his speech plain enough when I left him. No secret, Rawlings?"

"Secret, Mr. Pogeey? Is it likely, of all people in the world, he would confide a secret to me?"

"Why not? It looked very like it. What did he want with you?"

"That's altogether unaccountable, for he never showed any confidence in me, and always treated me with harshness—cruelty; but he's gone now, and I forgive him."

"Right, Rawlings. Resentments are only a waste of time; and life is so short, that we have hardly room enough to take care of ourselves, and pick up a little pleasure as we get along."

"Pleasure, Mr. Pogeey? I haven't had much of that."

"So much the better; you'll enjoy it the more when it comes. We can't have our own way at all times, and must make the most of it when we have it. That's sound philosophy, I believe—eh? Look at me—see how I rub through—I'm never put out. I should like to see the difficulty that would put me out. I take the sunny side of the way; depend upon it there's always a sunny side, if we will only take the trouble to cross over. Raggles never could see it, and was groping all his life like a mole in the dark. He was just the man to have a burthen on his mind—and he had—I'm sure of that."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by a sharp ring of the dispensary bell, instantly followed by an apparition that popped in at the door of a sallow face, fiercely moustached, with a mop of dark clustering hair, buried under the shadow of a large white hat.

"Engaged?" said the head.

"Ha! Captain, is that you?" returned Pogeey, evidently annoyed at the interruption.

"Busy?—I'll look in again."

"Well—I *am* busy just now," said Pogeey.

"You look deucedly comfortable," said the head, thrusting itself a little farther into the room, and drawing three-fourths of its body after it. The speaker wore a frock-coat, buttoned up closely to the throat, and carried a heavy stick, which he balanced in his left hand, as he stood half-revealed in the doorway.

"We're on a little private business," cried Pogeey, "or I'd ask you to join us."

"Wouldn't break in upon you for the world, my good fellow," returned the Captain; "only just popped in to see if you were alive. No smell of frost here—cuts like a razor outside. I say, Pogeey, really busy?—very particular? Couldn't take me into consultation?"

"Why, the fact is, Captain, we're engaged upon a family matter."

"I wish I was one of the family," returned the Captain; "could n't vote me a thirty-first cousin, or something of that kind?"

"Well, for half-a-minute," said Pogey, good-humouredly; "we'll admit you as family adviser, to give us your opinion upon a recipe I have been recommending to my friend here; but—"

"On honour!" said the Captain, stretching over to the table, while Pogey brewed a rapid mixture of rum, brandy, and hot water, flavoured with a prodigious quantity of lemon and lump sugar; "on honour—don't be alarmed—I shan't sit down. I'll back Pogey," he continued, addressing himself to Richard, "against any man in England at an impromptu glass of punch. Take a lesson, sir, from Pogey—he despises measures—trusts to his eye, and hits off the quantities with precision. I never knew him fail."

"How do you find it?" said Pogey.

"Perfect!" returned the Captain; "confoundedly hot—all the better for that, you know, with the thermometer out of sight below freezing point. I tell you what it is, Pogey, I haven't the honour of knowing your friend's name, but he may take my word for it—*experientia docet*—that he has got into capital quarters for the night. I see you're in for it."

"My friend," observed Pogey, "is Mr. Rawlings—Captain Scott Dingle."

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," cried Captain Scott Dingle, gathering his stick up under his left arm, and extending his right hand to Richard, the other being engaged in poisoning his glass; "devilish sorry, though, to lose it so soon—happy to improve it on the earliest opportunity."

"So you shall, Captain," said Pogey.

"That's a bargain," returned the Captain; "I'll hold you to that. Name your own time, and I'm your man. Nothing to do, but to devote myself to my friends. Happy to come to you any night you like—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—when shall it be? I'll look in to-morrow as I'm taking my rounds. Oysters—you've been indulging in oysters. Do you recommend oysters to your patients, Pogey?"

"Not to you," cried Pogey; "it depends on constitution—and I should say —"

"That's enough—I see! no oysters for me. Very well, I'll have my revenge some night. Honour! I'm gone—*exit* Dingle into the snow. So, here goes—your health and good night. Take a friend's advice, and don't go into excess. You look devilish dissipated, Pogey—that's a fact—well—I'm gone. A rush through the ice, and home to bed like an Esquimaux. Shan't stir out of your chair—ceremony with me?—not a bit of it. Good

night, Rawlings—delighted to meet you again, and as soon as you like. Good night, Pogey, my ancient!" and, vanishing through the door, the quick tingle of the bell announced that Captain Scott Dingle had taken his departure.

"There he goes!" cried Pogey; "replenish your glass, Rawlings. We mustn't let Dingle spoil our evening. A hair-brained, light-hearted dog. You'd suppose now that he and I were old friends?"

"Certainly," returned Richard; "he seems on very intimate terms."

"Exactly so: that's his way with everybody. He'll be as intimate with you the next time he meets you. Come—I'm ahead of you—let me brew for you. I have known Dingle now, somewhere about six weeks."

"Six weeks," said Richard, "I should have guessed as many years."

"He came into my dispensary one morning, introduced himself, held me in a trance with a long rigmarole story, dropped in again in the evening, and has continued to drop in at all hours, half-a-dozen times a day, ever since. He's as much at home here, as I am myself. Meg!"

The bundle of shawls heaved up slowly out of the side door.

"Shut up, Meg," said Pogey; "and mind, if I'm wanted, call up Pim. Be alive!"

It was as much as that heap of shawls could do to be alive; and Mr. Pogey appeared to be perfectly aware of the fact from his frequent appeals to its vitality. When Meg was dismissed to the shades, Mr. Pogey resumed.

"An old campaigner, that Dingle. Served in the Peninsula, came home, was put upon half-pay, and lives like an industrious bee, by succulent extracts from every chance acquaintance he happens to light upon. Dingle's a gentleman notwithstanding. No crime to be poor, hang it! it isn't that—but he's so con-foundedly familiar, that once you let him inside your house, he establishes himself as a fixture!"

"I think I have heard the name before," said Richard; "Scott Dingle?"

"No," replied Pogey; "not likely to be much in your way. He says he belongs to an old stock—Dorsetshire, or somewhere—but the estates have gone somehow out of the family. That's always the case. No great matter, as far as he's concerned, for if he had the estate, it would run through his hands like water. Rather a different sort of man from Raggles—rather!"

"He knew the value of money," returned Richard; "although, Mr. Pogey, it appears to me that one might make a more profitable use of money than hoarding it up."

"I agree with you, Rawlings," said Pogey; "I like the sentiment. Money is necessary as a foundation; but if there was to be nothing but foundations, what should we do for houses?"

That 's my view of it. Get the foundation first—all right—no objection to that: but when you 've laid your foundation, begin to build—eh? Good sense, that, I suspect? We're not to be always grubbing in the earth—must begin to live some time. Practical that—eh?"

"Progress, sir," said Richard; "we have, all of us, a right to look forward. There 's no reason, I think, why a man with health and a clear head shouldn't make his way in the world."

"None whatever. Everything has a beginning. Where were your dukes and marquises two or three hundred years ago? They had their beginning, as well as you or me."

"True, Mr. Poge, true. It 's a thing to think of. But then the difficulty is the beginning."

"The difficulty, Rawlings, is the first guinea. Get your first guinea, and the rest will follow, just as you put a seed in the ground, and a lusty plant grows out of it choked up with seeds. I haven't lived for nothing. Where should I be if I hadn't watched the main chance? And I'm watching it every day, and, unless I make a false move, it must come to something at last."

Mr. Poge was evidently becoming very frank and communicative. Perhaps it was the liberal punch, which loosens the tongue and melts down all prudent reserve; perhaps it was that he had taken a sudden fancy to Rawlings; perhaps both. Rawlings was in a position to be serviceable to him in a certain design which was dimly shaping itself in his mind, and which, in the confidence of hospitality,—for Poge was hospitable in the most miscellaneous sense,—was prematurely betraying itself. There is nothing so dangerous to inchoate projects as a close bacchanalian *tête-à-tête*. It somehow brings them out, one cannot tell how, before their time. Men ought to wait till their projects are clearly resolved upon, and their means fully prepared, before they take people into their confidence, and then they should proceed with cautious circumspection. Had any body consulted Poge on such a point in the cool of the morning, he would have been decidedly of this opinion; but it was now waxing late into a winter's night, and Poge was snugly seated at home over the fire entertaining a guest, and that guest happened to be a person that might be useful to him, and so, in the fulness of his enjoyment, he ran his head against his own sober judgment.

"You were talking of Mrs. Raggles," said Poge; "she must administer to the property. Now what is your private opinion, Rawlings,—don't suppose I'm inquisitive,—not at all,—but I've a reason,—what is your private opinion about the property? Do you think he really left much behind?"

"I know so little about his affairs," replied Richard, "that I'm afraid, if I ventured an opinion, I should only mislead you."

"My dear Rawlings," returned Poge, "I don't ask

what you *know*—but what you *think*. In a word—do you think he died rich?”

“Rich? Well, rich certainly. I think there can be no doubt of that.”

“You think so? I’m delighted to hear it. Kind, friendly soul that Mrs. Raggles. Sweet temper!—you ought to know that, at all events.”

“We heard very little of her in the house.”

“Modest as a daisy, ‘wee, crimson-tipped flower!’ moving about like a sunbeam over the floor. That’s the woman to make a man happy,—voice as low and mellow as a flute. It goes to my heart to think she should be a widow. I take a great interest in widows,—it’s one of my weaknesses. There’s something uncommonly attractive in a young widow,—don’t know what it is—never could find out. The sensibilities of the sex seem to be awakened in a peculiar manner during their transit through that agitating interregnum. I always fancy that the second husband comes in a sort of burst of surprise upon them, making up by a wonderful provision of nature for the arrears of his predecessor. She’s safe to marry again?”

“Very probable, now that you mention it. I never thought of that; it’s quite a new light to me. But you know the world better than I do, Mr. Pogey.”

“Mark what I tell you, she’ll marry again—and soon. If I don’t mistake, Rawlings, I’ve got somebody in my eye for her.”

“Already, Mr. Pogey?”

“Already, Mr. Pogey? Why not, Mr. Rawlings? A woman with a snug settlement at her back, is safe to be picked up in no time. And such a woman as Barbara Raggles! She’s a picture to look at—grace in every step, in every gesture dignity, and—and—the rest of it! Just imagine Barbara Raggles seated there, at the head of that table, doing the honours—eh? Don’t you think it would make a great difference?”

“It would be an extraordinary change for you, Mr. Pogey, if that’s what you mean.”

“I don’t say that’s what I mean—but I do say that a professional man, like me, ought to have a wife. I’m not in love, Rawlings—though I might have been in love over and over again. It didn’t exactly suit. I don’t fancy raw girls—they know nothing of the world. I like a wife ready-made to my hand—no nonsense, training and teaching the young idea how to shoot. Haven’t time for that. A widow that has served her apprenticeship, and comes to the business wide awake—that’s the trump card for me. Now, there’s Barbara Raggles—what a combination is there! young and rich—don’t run away with the notion that I’m in love, but if I were to fall in love—I say, Rawlings, if such a thing were to happen—Barbara Raggles is the woman for my money!”

“It never struck me,” said Richard, “Mrs. Raggles marry again.”

"Is there anything so surprising in that?"

"Oh! no—of course—I see it clearly—and you really mean, Mr. Pogeys —."

"Rawlings, my boy—the fact of the matter is—another glass before you start—"

"I daren't—I feel my head a little giddy already—it isn't as well seasoned as yours, you know. But you were going to say —."

"Between ourselves—we must pull together. I am factotum there, and can do anything. Do you understand? I'm beginning to get tired of single blessedness. I've had enough of that sort of blessedness, and find it rather dismal. Just look at my books—survey my shelves in "admired disorder"—I'm a great reader, when I've nothing else to do—but I don't know how it is, I never can put a book back into its right place, or find it when I want it. Then, my rum and brandy have an ugly habit of getting very low all of a sudden; and things break of themselves; and there's nothing where it ought to be, and everything's wrong, and in short—I have been thinking seriously that I want a wife."

"And Mrs. Raggles —."

"That depends, Rawlings. I wouldn't marry any woman for her money—but to marry without money—to work up-hill, against wind and weather. It requires consideration—I tell you what it is—we must see our way a little. No harm in that. There's a good business, you know—a capital business—suppose now, by and by, a certain event should happen—why, there's a chance for you—somebody must take the business—eh! Rawlings? Let us just have a peep into the property—you can manage all that—do you see daylight now?"

"Well—I think it is near daylight, Mr. Pogeys; and all this is so new and strange to me, that we had better talk of it another time."

"Keep your own counsel—not a word about me!"

"You may be sure of that," replied Richard.

"It may never come to anything, you know, and one doesn't like to be talked about for nothing."

"Certainly not," replied Richard.

A few more admonitions about secrecy, and a shout of hilarious friendship from Mr. Pogeys, and they parted.

"And so," thought Richard, as he walked home through the frosty night, "and so Mr. Pogeys is laying himself out to marry Mrs. Raggles!"

CHAPTER VII.

Which treats of Ladies.

MRS. RAGGLES administered to upwards of seven thousand pounds. Although the amount was considerably larger than Mr. Pogey had originally anticipated, he was by no means satisfied that they had traced out the whole of the deceased's estate. This is a very common infirmity. Exorbitant desires grow upon unexpected fortune. In this case, perhaps, there was some excuse for Mr. Pogey's unreasonableness. The seven thousand were got at by degrees, item by item, through a series of discoveries amongst scrubby memoranda, sinister scraps of paper, and ill-kept books, so that Mr. Pogey was, to some extent, justified in supposing, or suspecting, that more discoveries might remain behind.

Respecting the management of this property, which was chiefly invested in mortgages and loans, a difference of opinion arose between Mr. Pogey and Richard Rawlings. Mr. Pogey was for calling it in and realizing at once; Richard thought it would be imprudent to make any sudden changes, that it would look like a pressure for ready money, and shake confidence. Between her two cabinet ministers, Mrs. Raggles was grievously perplexed. She had no very clear perception of her own as to what she ought to do; and was governed, from day to day, by the opinion of the last speaker. In this state of oscillation she left things as they were, and did nothing; which was exactly what Richard Rawlings wished her to do.

Recovering gently out of the first shock of her bereavement, Mrs. Raggles gradually resumed her natural spirits, and became very much like what she had been before her marriage, with the addition of a more knowledgable display of personal attractions, and a certain air of womanly developement that greatly improved her appearance. The shyness of girlhood was displaced by a dash of confidence that imparted an agreeable ambiguity to her manners not unlikely to be mistaken on the surface for coquetry. Everybody said she looked positively fascinating in her weeds, and you could see the effect of all this homage in the pretty capriciousness that flirted in and out of her eyes, and round the corners of her mouth.

Women of every mould—the stern, the tender, the truthful, the false,—may be said to derive their skill in flirting direct from nature; it is an instinct or primary law of their organization; nor can any period of time be safely assigned when it ceases to influence their intercourse with the other sex. Whether nature meant anything serious by this constitutional tendency must for ever remain amongst the unsolved problems of creation; but undoubtedly it has produced some serious results in the world, and in no instances with more remarkable effect than in the case of young widows. Unmarried ladies either are, or think it de-

sirable to seem, very vague and innocent in their practice of this art of flirtation, as if it were dazzling their senses without their knowing why, and drawing them, like a piece of witchcraft, into an enchanted labyrinth, of the ways of which they are profoundly ignorant. This charming simplicity and unconsciousness, apparently so defenceless and trusting, is wonderfully agreeable and bewildering, and flattering to the superior knowledge and power of young gentlemen who, with scarcely any down on their chins, and a great deal on their understandings, are thereby led to believe that they have the victim in their toils, and may wind her, and delude her at their will and pleasure. But flirtation in the hands of a young widow is quite a different affair. The art here is at its height, and is conducted with scientific strategy. There is no remote unexplored fairy-land in the distance; the *finesse* of expression has no escape in indistinct meanings, but carries avowedly the confession of its aim and end; the skilful by-play, the advance and retreat, the lures, surprises, feints, and evasions are part and parcel of the action of a real drama. Here the face of coquetry is not hidden behind an impenetrable mask; it only wears a veil of delicate gauze through which its glowing features are tantalizingly revealed.

Mrs. Raggles, now that she had become accustomed to her new circumstances, and had begun to enjoy (we hope we may be forgiven for this word) her freedom and independence, displayed a proficiency in the art of flirtation for which probably the reader, who has hitherto seen her only in her secondary relations with society, would hardly be disposed to give her credit. She came out marvellously strong, considering her opportunities. The first person who fell within the range of her influence was Captain Scott Dingle. But we must not anticipate the adventures of her widowhood. There are a few slight incidents to be cleared off before we come to this point.

Within a week or two after Mrs. Raggles had taken out letters of administration, it was considered desirable that she should recruit her health by a change of scene. Mr. Pogey urgently recommended this measure. Her nerves were affected by recent anxieties, and by the gloom and depression of that stifling and dreary house in the market-place. Mr. Pogey's friendly offices on the occasion were not limited to mere advice; he took the trouble of providing a suitable residence for her in the country, some five or six miles from Yarlton, at the cottage of a lady who was a particular friend of his own, and who, on a short notice, displayed the liveliest interest in her situation. Mrs. McSpurl was a widow, like herself, and could sympathise in her distress; and had arrived at that matronly period of life when she could, with propriety, undertake so responsible a charge. Mrs. McSpurl was remarkably small in stature, quick and terse of speech, with a sharp Scotch accent, painfully neat in her household, and perfect mistress of the secrets of domestic economy, which appeared to constitute the principal business of her life.

Her cottage stood in its own garden, through which a gravel-walk, closely boxed at each side, and buttoned up at top and bottom with vases of stone-crop, that drooped out over the edges in the same pattern, as if they had grown to order, went straight from the little gate to the door. You could see, in a moment, that a careful hand presided over the place. Trees were dropped exactly opposite to each other; every shrub on the left had its counterpart on the right; the door-step was as white as a cambric handkerchief; the creepers on the front of the house betrayed no vagrant luxuriance, every tendril clung close to the wall, and was nailed accurately to the very tip, so that not a solitary bud escaped into the air; and the interior was a model of precision, from the hall-mat, that looked so dry and crisp, to the little dimity curtains in the attic window, that pierced the centre of the blue slates, and had as prim an aspect as if they were starched to the glass. Even in the winter-time, notwithstanding the snow which mottled the ground, Bermuda Cottage, for such it was called, had a gay and bright exterior.

It was quite a little expedition, the journey to Bermuda Cottage, a world of packing and flurry and preparation preceded the departure, and when Mrs. Raggles arrived at her destination, and found herself in a cheerful little room looking out upon the open country, a few tears started into her eyes.

"We 'll try," said Mrs. McSpurl, "if we can't make you a wee bit comfortable. The pure air will set up your speerits again. You 've had a sair trial of it; but it 's a perfect waste of the animal economy to greet o'er our troubles; so, just set yoursel' down there, and don't fash yoursel' any mair. A cup o' strong tea will bring ye all right. Gude help us! but ye do luik drouthy and ramfeezled!"

Leaving Mrs. Raggles to recover her spirits under the judicious auspices of Mrs. McSpurl, we will return to Yarlton.

Agreeably to the arrangements entered into with Mr. Poge, Richard Rawlings had undertaken the entire management of the widow's affairs, and as it was indispensably necessary that somebody should reside on the premises, he was regularly installed in the house as soon as Mrs. Raggles had taken her departure. As for the difference of opinion between him and Mr. Poge, respecting the future disposal of the property, that was merely a question of expediency which they occasionally discussed, but which never interfered with their amicable relations.

The business was now substantially vested in his hands. He threw himself actively into its details, and opening a personal communication with the various individuals, of every degree, with whom Mr. Raggles had been connected, he soon acquired a complete control over the whole of the matters entrusted to him.

A striking change had taken place in Richard Rawlings. The cloud had passed away. His handsome features brightened under his new fortunes; and, although the natural tone of his

face was that of a grave and earnest serenity, it was sometimes lighted up by an expression almost amounting to gaiety. You could see that the repose of his manner was the repose of success; and if he never gave way to any bursts of hilarity such as shallower men could hardly have repressed under similar circumstances, a close observer might detect beneath his reserve the quiet exultation that made sure of the present, and looked steadily into the future.

Captain Scott Dingle was an excellent judge of the externals of character in his own way. Like most men who have passed much of their time in mess-rooms and military quarters, abroad and at home, he had a certain theory of the elements that enter into the social compilation of a gentleman. They were certainly not very profound or mysterious, and did not make a very heavy demand upon the mental or heroic faculties. It was with him rather a matter of taste than of observation. Personal appearance went a long way with Dingle: air, figure, manner, self-possession, and the absence of salient vulgarities (even if it left nothing but an inoffensive blank behind) contributed largely to his ideal, and were taken in at a glance. He saw that Richard Rawlings possessed these traits in a higher degree than Mr. Pogey, although he could not see the weightier qualities that formed the substratum of his character. Pogey's geniality and eternal flutter amused Dingle, and gave a fillup to his vacant hours; but we are afraid that the worthy apothecary's boisterous address which thundered down upon you sometimes like an avalanche, did not exactly square with the Captain's private standard. Richard had at least the advantage of a complexional seriousness, which, if it did not bring out the breeding of a gentleman, had the happy effect of concealing the want of it; and the Captain accordingly took an extraordinary fancy to Richard, and cultivated him with assiduity. As for Dingle himself, knocking recklessly about the world as he was, his somewhat Bohemian way of life rendered him by no means particular in his choice of acquaintances; he took them all as they came, and made the most of them, as it suited his humour; but he could, nevertheless, discriminate when he liked, and always preferred the man who came nearest to his notions of a gentleman, although he was too indolent to go out of his course to seek him.

Having nothing whatever to do, he had no sooner beaten up Richard's quarters than he became a constant visitor. Richard looked upon him as the type of a class of society to which he had hitherto had no opportunities of ascending, and he encouraged him as a sort of rough study.

In the confidence which grew out of this intimacy, Dingle opened his heart to Richard, whereby he found himself ultimately involved in rather an awkward *imbroglio*. It appeared that Mr. Pogey, relying upon the Captain's superior knowledge of social tactics, and the attraction of his profession—for Mr. Pogey was

of opinion, with Sir Lucius O'Trigger, that the ladies have a touch of the old serpent in them, and are caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth—had engaged him in his interest with the widow, and, taking him out one fine morning to Bermuda Cottage, introduced him, in form, as his particular friend. Mr. Pogey was not the person to conduct an affair of this nature with the requisite discretion; he could not keep his own counsel, and expecting to make a great hit with the widow through the agency of Captain Scott Dingle, he revealed to that gentleman the secret of his design upon her. The immediate result of the introduction was communicated to Richard by the Captain in a moment of overflowing cordiality. Dingle considered Richard as *safe* as Pogey had considered Dingle. Richard took up much the same position between the two as the lawyer that arbitrated the famous oyster case.

We may here remark, by way of parenthesis, that men who exhibit the highest sense of honour in other affairs, sometimes commit the most flagrant breaches of trust in the affairs of love. They will sacrifice a friend in such cases with as little remorse as if the whole thing were a jest at a masquerade. Strange that women, to whom we ascribe the most refining and elevating influences, should ruin our morals in this way! Alas! alas! there is no morality in love!

"Pogey *would* whisk me off with him," said Dingle; "no great fancy to morning visits—rather out of my line latterly; but I went to oblige him. Found the widow in the garden, clipping the shrubs with a pair of scissors; and that little Scotch woman, darting about like a May-fly. You should have seen Mrs. Raggles when Pogey introduced me."

"A little frightened, I dare say," observed Richard.

"Frightened, my good fellow? I *have* seen a pretty considerable multitude of women in my time, Rawlings,—brown, white, and red; but, in the inductive science of ogling a man,—phrooh!" said the Captain, with a long whistle; "she beats them hollow. A woman of some breeding does the thing by degrees, throws out an inuendo from the corner of her eye, calls it back again, and plays you like a trout. But Mrs. Raggles dips into the stream at once, and sweeps in her fish with a net."

The Captain did not do justice to Mrs. Raggles. He indulged in rather a loose view of that embarrassing interview with the widow. The fact was, that when he was introduced to her by Mr. Pogey, with a cannonade of bows and flourishes, poor Mrs. Raggles was taken by surprise, and her long eyelashes dropped suddenly, and the blood bounded into her cheeks and flushed up over her forehead. But feeling it necessary not to betray any timidity, or to show that she was disconcerted, or flurried, by the sudden introduction of a strange gentleman, she did open her eyes again, and casting a sidelong glance upon him, which was so natural in her circumstances, and which she meant for a mixture of bashfulness and easy confidence, she uninten-

tionally conveyed to him that dubious expression which some men are so apt to interpret to their own advantage. The Captain quickly availed himself of the opening which his vanity fancied it detected in this innocent reception, and followed it up with such a volley of compliments as to heighten the lady's confusion, and compel her to adopt a variety of ways of looking at him under the milk-white round of that coquettish cap which was now brought into action for the first time, and which only inflamed the impression she had so undesignedly made upon him. Ladies are much exposed to this sort of injurious misconstruction from that self-flattery of men which is so apt to find latent meanings in their looks. If they could only contrive to talk without making use of their eyes, they would escape a great deal of troublesome speculation.

According to Captain Dingle's account, they staid that day for dinner, and walked out in the evening (the season was now advanced into spring), Pogeey insisting upon Mrs. Raggles taking the Captain's arm, while he escorted Mrs. M'Spurl, whom he was careful to engross at a distance that he might give the Captain a better opportunity of making way with Mrs. Raggles. During that walk, it seemed (to the Captain) that the lady was even more piquant in her glances than before, looking occasionally down upon the ground, then sidling off as if she would break away from him, then turning her eyes softly upon him with a mixed expression of deprecation and playful reproach, and occasionally pressing rather heavily upon his arm. Out of all these signs and tokens and omens, and many more of a like significant kind, the Captain extracted a conviction that the widow had fallen in love with him at sight, which conviction was confirmed by a stray observation that escaped her, and to which nobody else, perhaps, would have attached quite so much importance. Arrived at the gate on their return to the cottage, the Captain, being very gallant under the excitement of his feelings, whispered something in her ear, to which she replied, flirting her muff in his face, "Get along with you, do!" He considered that conclusive.

"The fact is, Rawlings," said the Captain, "I'm not a marrying man—never dreamt of such a thing—but when a woman with seven thousand pounds throws herself at your head, what's a fellow to do! As for Pogeey—stuff and nonsense—she only laughs in her sleeve at him. I could see that clearly. I ought to know the sex tolerably—pretty extensive experience—have seen them at all ages, and in all climates. Pogeey has as much chance in that quarter as my bamboo. You may consider the thing settled, old fellow! Keep a sharp look-out, and when I have converted the widow into Mrs. Scott Dingle, won't I treat you to an explosion!"

"So," thought Richard, when the Captain had left him to meditate upon this unexpected piece of intelligence, "Captain Scott Dingle is laying himself out to marry Mrs. Raggles!"





Supper at Scott's Dingle

By J. S. Richard Perley

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CHAPTER VIII.

Which shows how Richard Rawlings begins to mount the Ladder.

SPRING and Summer had passed away, and Autumn was in the woods. The pleasant air, with a thought of chilliness in it, sang amongst the leaves, and turned them inside out, and sometimes in sport carried them away. With the changes of the seasons come changes in the lives of young and old. Amusements, occupations, hopes, recollections, anniversaries, undergo vicissitudes of bud, and bloom, and blight, just like trees and flowers; and equinox and solstice mark revolutions in the moral as in the physical world. The oak was shedding its foliage, and Mrs. Raggles her weeds.

She still remained at Bermuda Cottage; and during the intervening months, Mr. Poge and Captain Scott Dingle sedulously continued their visits, with such fluctuations in their suits as might be expected from the flickering caprice of a lady who did not exactly know her own mind, and who, if the truth in such matters could be got at, enjoyed vastly more the pleasure of keeping them both in a flutter of uncertainty than of resolving the doubts of either, which would have brought her pastime to a close. And so it happened, that when the Autumn arrived, neither the captain nor the apothecary was much nearer his object than when he started.

In the meanwhile Richard Rawlings devoted himself with assiduity to the widow's affairs. His efforts were crowned with success. His own circumstances were considerably improved, and without committing himself to any personal display, he wore the appearance of one who had acquired a responsible position. The crushed boy had risen to the stature and bearing of a man.

It was, of course, necessary for him to keep up a constant communication with Mrs. Raggles; and the contrast between his manner and that of her other visitors was very apparent to her, and, at first, not very agreeable. Reserved, quiet, and almost grave, he never attempted to flatter her foibles—he did not even seem to be conscious of them, and nearly inspired her with a belief that she possessed a respectable understanding, by always addressing her as if he believed in it himself. Poge and Dingle amused her, and when they made their appearance, nothing could exceed her high spirits. When Richard Rawlings came, the scene was as suddenly changed as if the curtain had been dropped on the play, and the lights put out. His serious temperament put her gaiety to silence; and, although he was younger and handsomer than either of her more lively friends, she could not bring herself to regard him in his youthful form, but only in that still and sage aspect which a woman's imagination usually associates with more advanced years.

Sometimes, on his way to the cottage, he fell in with one or other of the widow's suitors, and as neither of them considered Richard in any other light than as a useful deputy, he had the satisfaction of learning from both the progress and particulars of their wooing. But as this was a subject upon which Mrs. Raggles had never taken him into her confidence, the only use he made of the information he thus obtained was to keep it to himself.

One evening, towards the close of the Autumn, Joey and Crikey Snaggs (who, between them, kept house for Richard,) were sitting in the kitchen, Crikey Snaggs philosophically watching the soldiers shooting each other in the fire, and Joey rocking herself in a chair at a little distance, as if she wanted to go asleep and couldn't. Rubbing her eyes after a while, she looked thoughtfully at Crikey, apparently revolving some difficult matter in her mind, and then put the following startling question to him.

"Why did they call you Snaggs?"

"Don't know," said Crikey; "It come in turn, I suppose."

"Lord help us! do they christen of 'em like that!"

"In course they do. Who christened you?"

"I never heerd."

"Why do they call you Joey?"

"Joey ain't my name."

"It ain't?"

"No."

"What were it then?"

"Johanna. They call me Joey for short."

A pause; Joey still ruminating, then breaking silence with another interrogatory.

"Who were your feyther?"

"There's a go! I never had no feyther."

"Don't be a heathen, Crikey. You must have had a fether."

"Had *you*?"

"I should say so," replied Joey, looking at Crikey with a blaze of wonderment in her eyes. "Who were your mother?"

At this question, Crikey burst out into a laugh. "Why, Joey, you *ere* a fool, you *ere*. I'm a reg'lar orphan."

"And how did you come here?"

"I was took 'prentice, in course. What a gabey you *ere*, Joey?"

Further inquiries into this obscure bar sinister were brought to a fullstop by the parlour bell.

"That's Mr. Rawlings," said Joey; "go up, Crikey."

Crikey swirled round slowly out of his chair, and went yawning up stairs.

"There are some parcels to be delivered, Crikey," said Richard; "and a letter for the London Road, No. 2, on the Terrace." Crikey's chief business consisted in delivering parcels and letters.

Crikey gathered up the parcels, conned the direction of the letter, and asking for a piece of paper to fold it up in, deposited it methodically in his pocket, which he pinned at the top to make all sure.

"That's a careful lad," said Richard. "Now that I think of it, you can write, Crikey?" Crikey rubbed his head, and made no reply. "Didn't they teach you to read and write?"

"If you please, sir," said Crikey, "I can read, but have left off writing."

"You could pick it up again. Would you like to try?"

"Don't know, sir."

"I was thinking, Crikey, that you ought to have a little schooling. It would help you to do something for yourself by and by. Would you like to go to an evening school?"

"If you please, sir," returned Crikey.

"Well, run now as quickly as you can with the parcels. We'll talk of the school another time."

Crikey went off with his head full of this astonishing proposal. Go to school? Desks, copy-books, ink-horns, rulers, and a flock of little boys danced before his eyes all along the road. You could see by the manner he curvetted on and off the path, and spun himself like a top up and down the little hillocks, that his equilibrium was upset. Yet the thoughts that tumultuously galloped through his brain were not altogether as joyous as the vagabond delight he exhibited would seem to imply. The conversation he had had with Joey, although it produced no effect at the moment, recurred bitterly to him in the midst of these riotous images. Poor Crikey, for the first time in his life, felt how desolate it was never to have had a father or mother, and wondered how the boys would treat him when they should hear that he was a foundling. He thought also of his deformity, and shrank from the companionship of happier creatures who had straight limbs, and strong muscles and pleasant homes. These things never troubled him before, and in the turmoil of his sensations, it would be difficult to determine whether there lay more joy or sadness at the core of poor Crikey Snagg's heart that night.

The messenger was scarcely gone, when a loud voice broke upon Richard's ear. "Hillo-yo-yo-yo!" cried the voice. It was Mr. Pogeey, who had come in as Crikey went out, and who adopted this lusty mode of announcing himself.

"Rawlings, my boy," said Mr. Pogeey, "I wanted to have two words with you—can't stay three minutes—there's a patient expecting me. I begged of her to put it off a little, but time, tide, and women will wait for no man. What a wonderful thing it is, Rawlings, to look at the population of the world, and think how much it owes to us. The clergy and the lawyers may cross their legs at their ease, and 'the great globe itself,' and everything in it, would go on just the same;—but if the doctors were to take a holiday for four-and-twenty hours, the whole framework

of humanity would be dislocated. Sense in that, I fancy? What I wanted to say to you was this—when are you going out to see the widow?"

"To-morrow morning. I have business with her."

"Good—the sooner the better. Well, you know, I have been trying it on brisk in that quarter," said Pogeey.

"So you have told me," replied Richard.

"Can't fathom her. She doubles like a hare. Can't comprehend her. I'm never at fault with men—see my way to my mark, and generally hit it—eh? But women! you might know a woman all your life, and you'll have to begin again before you can make her out. Anatomical riddles, sir! There's Mrs. Raggles; I have her on Monday; she twists out of the course on Tuesday; think I've caught her on Wednesday; done again on Thursday; and so she slips on and off, like a sailor's knot. It tries a man's constitution, Rawlings, and keeps him in a perpetual state of alarm. Alarm? D—n it, sir, I'm beginning to forget everything;—I went out the other day without my hat, and only last week sent a dose of calomel, enough to kill a horse, to a child in the measles. What do you think of that? It won't do, Rawlings; it won't do, I tell you."

"Wouldn't it be prudent, then, to give it up?" observed Richard.

"Give it up? After all the time and trouble it has cost me? Lost three patients in one day, while I was philandering at Bermuda Cottage. Give it up? That wouldn't pay, my boy. Do I look like a man that would give it up? I'll tell you what,—I'll try another dodge. Sure of her in the end; that's tolerably certain. Nobody in the field but Dingle—poor devil!—a naked, worn-out, sallow-faced half-pay; not an ounce of blood in his body;—she'd as soon set her cap at a lamp-post. Now, Rawlings, she'll never suspect that I have said anything to you about it, and what I want you to do is to sound her;—sound her—do it in your own way, you know, with that precious solemn face of yours. You'll discover in five minutes how the cat jumps."

"Do you really believe, Mr. Pogeey, that, if you have failed in making this discovery, I should be likely to succeed?"

"I do. She'll betray herself to you, although she's as dark to me as an eclipse. Go to work cautiously; don't seem to know anything; watch her face—that's it; perhaps she'll not say much, but there are other ways of finding out people's thoughts besides what they say—eh? I'll trust you for that."

"Well—I'll try."

"I can't stay to say any more to you now; but I know I'm safe in your hands. Caution, my boy. I never was foiled yet, and not likely to be now. Be careful what you say about me, lest she might see through it; but for Dingle—you can pooh! pooh! Dingle. That's enough for him. See you to-morrow." And off went Mr. Pogeey.

Richard Rawlings was by no means indisposed to undertake

this mission. He had observed for some time that Mr. Pogeys was losing ground with Mrs. Raggles, and that Captain Scott Dingle was much in the same predicament; and the necessity of having such an interview with the widow as Mr. Pogeys was so anxious to bring about, although not, perhaps, exactly for the same object, had already presented itself to his own mind.

Early the next morning, Richard entered the parlour of Bermuda Cottage. Mrs. Raggles was not alone. Mrs. McSpurl was bustling about the room, settling the sofa covers and pillows, arranging and re-arranging the ornaments on the mantel-piece, very busy with a geranium-stand in the window, then back to the sofa, then back to the geranium-stand, intent, as it appeared to Richard, who did not understand household affairs, upon making work for herself, so that she might have an excuse for remaining in the room.

Richard endured this with tolerable patience at first, and talked about trifles,—Mrs. Raggles' health, the weather, the cat. These were soon exhausted. He then threw out some broad hints; but Mrs. McSpurl was not a person to take a hint. The more he hinted, the more occupation she contrived to make for herself, until, having gone the round of the room over and over again, dusting and settling, it became a matter of curious speculation what she could find to do next. It may be supposed she had a motive for lingering so officiously. She was Pogeys' friend, and didn't like the visits of Richard Rawlings. To be sure, he was very serious and distant, but he was also handsome and young, and exercised a silent influence over Mrs. Raggles, which no ingenious efforts of Mrs. McSpurl's in sundry private conversations could break down. She had often thought of talking to Mr. Pogeys about him, but then she was afraid of trusting Pogeys, whose discretion she had no great reliance upon, so she resolved to watch and keep her own counsel. Richard resolved that, whatever other use she might make of her opportunities, she shouldn't watch; and, quietly interrupting her industrial operations, informed her that he had private business with Mrs. Raggles.

"Private beesiness, have ye?" said Mrs. McSpurl; "oh! if it's beesiness—"

"Perhaps you will allow us to be alone."

Mrs. McSpurl was very reluctant to allow any such thing; but she couldn't help herself, and accordingly making the most of it with a "vera sorry to be in onybody's way," she bustled to the door, and bustled out.

Richard Rawlings and Mrs. Raggles were alone. There are occasions in human life when people feel, although they cannot tell why, a strange sensation which is commonly indicated by the phrase that there is "something going to happen." This was exactly what Mrs. Raggles felt when Richard, after a turn or two up and down the room, took a chair opposite to her, and began to speak very slowly, and in a somewhat more solemn or

premeditated tone than usual. Formerly, in the golden age, presentiments of this kind were visibly typified by untoward accidents, such as getting out of bed backwards, or putting on one's stockings with the wrong side outwards, which Mr. Foresight considered good omens; but in our age these material revelations have been displaced by omens of a different nature, such as a vague aching of the heart, slight confusion of ideas, &c. We are not enabled to say whether anything unusual had occurred to Mrs. Raggles that morning at her toilet, but there is no doubt that, at this moment, she experienced certain premonitory symptoms which plainly indicated that there was "something going to happen."

How Richard Rawlings managed to bring it round may be better imagined than described. The painter who, in despair of expressing an intense emotion, buried it under a veil, was a profound master of his art; and we will take leave to imitate his excellent example.

But as it is necessary to explain in what manner, and to what extent, Mrs. Raggles' presentiment was fulfilled, we must state that Richard Rawlings began by an allusion to the length of time she had been a widow, observing that she would soon be out of her widowhood, and that he thought some arrangements ought to be made for the future. Starting from this point, he insensibly conducted the conversation, through many starts and shivers and pretty bursts of slender fright and anger on the part of Mrs. Raggles, to the topic of marriage. At first she was indignant, and paced about as royally as a queen, repulsing the bare suggestion, with a mincing and petulant toss of the head, and a true womanly assertion of those indefinite rights of the sex which are always so ready to take arms, and so easily persuaded to lay them down again.

Richard preserved his composure heroically. He was at a signal disadvantage. The antecedents of his life were terribly against him; and the relation in which he stood to his fair, pampered mistress, more than once made the case look desperate. But it was the crisis of his career, and his courage was equal to it. She considered it very strange, to say the least of it, that he should talk to her on such a subject, and was thrown into such a flutter of irritation, that he ventured to deprecate her wrath by gently taking her hand, and hoping that she was not really angry with him. It would have been difficult to be angry with him at that moment. He looked too handsome for that.

Having obtained possession of her hand, which, in spite of sundry twitches, he could not be induced to relinquish, he led her to the sofa, and, seating himself beside her, endeavoured to calm her agitation by a stratagem of little arguments, suggesting that he had many things to say to her which he never could summon up resolution to say before, and hoping that she would allow him to say them then. There could be no harm, at all events, in hearing what he had to say.

Mysterious are the ways of women. One never can tell how it is that they sometimes fluctuate in a breath from tears and storms into sunshine, with the fitfulness of an April day; and how, at the very height of a passion of scorn, they lapse into compliance. Assuredly it is a very happy thing for us that their sensations have such an ascendancy over their reason, and that the logic of cause and effect so rarely interferes with the gracious flexibility of their natures.

Mrs. Raggles might have been really nervous, and unable to exercise a proper control over herself at this critical juncture, or she might have felt an irresistible curiosity, which most women will regard with indulgence, to hear what he had to say; but, from whatever cause it was, she did consent to let him say what he wished. We will not go into the details of that conversation, a great part of which was addressed to her hand; every individual finger being, from time to time, drawn out lovingly for separate audience. The particulars would hardly justify the formality of publication; and any reader who cannot divine the substance of them by the help of his own experience, may readily enlighten himself on the subject by inquiring of the first friend he meets.

It was late before Richard took leave of Mrs. Raggles. He left her, as may be supposed, in a state of considerable perturbation.

Some natures, being feeble, must, of necessity, cling to stronger natures. They twine round them for support like creepers round trees. Mrs. Raggles was one of them. She thought much that night of Mr. Pogeys and Captain Scott Dingle, and being brought at once to a close inspection of their characters, she felt how weak and insecure they were in comparison with Richard Rawlings. His strength, imposing in its reserve, his grave earnestness, and the power he wielded over her thoughts, feelings, and opinions, came out in palpable relief from the involuntary contrast. And, mixed with these reflections, were certain by no means disagreeable references to his personal appearance, his youth, energy, and that promise of wordly success which was brightly stamped upon his whole bearing. It was not very surprising, therefore, that Mrs. Raggles, considering that her tendrils were floating on the wind looking out for something to cling to, should have resolved to cling for life to Richard Rawlings.

About two months after the date of this interview, Mr. Pogeys was surprised one evening by a visit from Captain Scott Dingle. They had not seen much of each other lately, and their meeting opened with a little mutual shyness on both sides, which, however, soon wore off.

"Why, Pogeys, my ancient," exclaimed the Captain, "how deucedly thin you've grown! Your face is drawn in like a dried raisin. 'Pon my life, seriously, though, you *are* thin. Anything wrong? Taking too much of your own physic, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," returned Pogeys; "we medical men don't generally indulge in luxuries of that kind—thin? A man's

never so well as when he's thin. A sign of lively circulation—no weight—no oppression. Never better in my life, my boy. Can't say so much for you, though, Captain. You were always a lean Cassius; but there's that peculiar yellow in your eyes that makes you look like a man just going to have a fit of the jaundice. How's your appetite?"

"You think if a man's appetite's good, it's all right?"

"An infallible test."

"Then make your mind easy about me. I have got the appetite of an ostrich. Happy to establish the fact by an experiment. My good fellow, there's nothing the matter with me, depend upon it."

These last words were not uttered with the Captain's usual gaiety. Lapsing for a moment into silence, he flung himself across a chair, and, stretching out his legs, began to yawn.

"I'm confoundedly tired," he resumed; "have hardly sat down all day. Walking and talking, and eternally moving about, it's astonishing what a quantity of fatigue a fellow goes through without thinking of it."

"So it is," said Poge; "but I'm used to it. I like it. It agrees with me. There's nothing like action for driving away thought and keeping up a healthy state of the system. Action and re-action—mind and body—cause and effect—irritation and counter-irritation—there's the whole philosophy of life in a nutshell."

"I don't know how it is," observed Dingle; "but when I have anything bothering me, I can't walk about. Some men are thrown into a fidget; now, I get the blue devils, and am ready to hang myself. How do you account for that?"

"Constitution—temperament. You want regular exercise—tonics. You should keep yourself calm, and, above all things, avoid mental excitement."

"Easily said, old fellow. I should like to see the *homo* that has gone through the world without mental excitement. How the devil is it to be avoided? I thought I was pretty clear of that sort of thing; but latterly I begin to get infernally moody. I suppose it's because we're getting old, Poge. The worst of it is one doesn't know what to be at. If one had an understandable annoyance one would know what to do; but this dismal feeling creeping all over you, that you don't know where to begin, or how to get at it—it's devilish uncomfortable, and makes a fellow as flat as ditch-water. I'm desperately low to-night, Poge—that's the fact."

"The truth is, Captain," said Poge "that men at our age—we're not chickens exactly—shouldn't fish in troubled waters."

"I should like to know, just by way of curiosity, what you mean, by that?" said Dingle.

Mr. Poge began to stroke his chin with his finger and thumb. "Well, I suspect you're a little thrown out of your calculations by the widow."

"Ah! it's there you are, is it?" returned the Captain; "thrown out of my calculations, am I? I should like to know how you find your own calculations?"

"Oh! pretty well, thank you," replied Poge, with a gloomy attempt at a smile.

"Pretty well, do you? Well, I confess, I shouldn't have thought so from what the widow said to me yesterday?"

"And may I ask," inquired Poge, "what she said to you yesterday?"

"With the greatest pleasure in life," replied the Captain; "she said that if there wasn't another man in the world she wouldn't marry a certain little Doctor that—"

"She did, did she?" demanded Poge. "That's curious."

"Do you think so?"

"Very, considering what she said to me only the day before."

"And pray may I inquire what she said?"

"Merely observed that she'd rather pick a husband out of the streets, blindfolded, than marry a battered half-pay who—"

"She said that? Listen to me—this is a serious business, Poge—no nonsense with me, you know. You're only playing off one of your absurd jokes. Don't be stupid."

"Jokes, is it? Shall I tell you anything more she said?"

"Pish! I don't care what she said. I have it from her own lips that your visits are a nuisance to her—a nuisance—"

"Ditto—ditto, Captain."

"I wonder you haven't the sense to see that she was only throwing you off the scent."

"And how do you know that she was n't doing the same thing with you—eh? There's gravel in that, Captain!"

By this time they were pacing up and down, as well as the dimensions of the room would allow, in a state of high exacerbation, the Captain with his arms crossed, and his bamboo sticking out behind; and Poge with one hand plunged into his breeches-pocket, and the other violently twirling a pestle, that threatened to fly off out of the window at every jerk. While they were thus engaged, John Peabody made his appearance.

"Ha!" said John Peabody, "how lucky to meet you both together. This will save me a walk, Captain. I've a note for you, and another for Mr. Poge. There—read them. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Poge slowly opened the note. Captain Scott Dingle did the same.

"Mr. Peabody," said Poge, "will you be good enough to explain to me the meaning of this?"

"Why it's pretty plain, Mr. Poge," returned Peabody.

"Plain?" cried Dingle; "this isn't the first of April, is it?"

"Well," said John Peabody, "I really thought, now, that you'd both be so delighted."

"Delighted?" said the Captain; "of course, so we are."

What do you say, Poge? Delighted!—you're delighted—to be sure—of course you are! d—"

"Yours is the same, I suppose?" inquired Poge.

"The identical same," returned the Captain.

"And so, Mr. Peabody," said Mr. Poge, "Mr. Rawlings—Mr. Richard Rawlings—is going to be married to Mrs. Raggles?"

"On Wednesday morning," replied John Peabody; "is n't it a glorious bit of luck?"

"Luck!" repeated Dingle, with an expression of infinite disgust.

"I wish him joy of her, that's all!" said Poge.

"I knew you would," said John Peabody.

"So do I!" exclaimed the Captain, fiercely.

"Come—that's as it ought to be," remarked John Peabody.

The notes were notes of invitation. Remembering all the trouble Mr. Poge had taken in Mrs. Raggles's affairs, and the numerous polite attentions of Captain Scott Dingle, Richard Rawlings thought he could not do less than request their presence at the wedding.

"Your hand, Poge," said Dingle, "if I have said anything—"

"Not a word," returned Poge; "will you go?"

"Go?" reiterated the Captain; then, turning a look of thunder upon John Peabody, he exclaimed, putting on his hat at the same time, and crushing it down with a slap of his hand, "Good night, Mr. Peabody!" and rushed out. Mr. Poge at the same instant darted out of the other door. John Peabody walked home in a condition of profound bewilderment.

Mr. Poge was very much enraged at first; but, after a little cool reflection, he compromised his mortification on professional grounds, and, turning off his disappointment with a philosophical laugh, he made himself extremely sociable and merry on the occasion. The Captain took the matter with more dignity. He considered himself jilted. But then it occurred to him that Mrs. Raggles was a woman, and that women will sometimes, in the face of sun, moon, and stars, jilt the most eligible men for their inferiors; that his case was by no means an uncommon one, and that he should only look foolish if he betrayed any annoyance at it. And so, consoling himself, like a man of the world, who took its rubs with habitual *nonchalance*, he, too, went to the wedding, as if nothing had happened, and did himself the honour of proposing the bride's health in a glass of punch, which Poge insisted upon brewing after dinner specially for that purpose.

THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS.*



A STEAMBOAT on the Mississippi frequently, in making her regular trips, carries between places varying from one to two thousand miles apart; and as these boats advertise to land passengers and freight at "all intermediate landings," the heterogeneous character of the passengers of one of these up-country boats can scarcely be imagined by one who has never seen it with his own eyes. Starting from New Orleans in one of these boats, you will find yourself associated with men from every state in the Union, and from every portion of the globe; and a man of observation need not lack for amusement or instruction in such a crowd, if he will take the trouble to read the great book of character so favourably opened before him. Here may be seen jostling together the wealthy Southern planter, and the pedlar of tin-ware from New England—the Northern merchant, and the Southern jockey—a venerable bishop and a desperate gambler—the land speculator and the honest farmer—professional men of all creeds and characters—Wolvereens, Suckers, Hoosiers, Buckeyes and Corn-crackers, beside a "plentiful sprinkling" of the half-horse and half-alligator species of men, who are peculiar to "old Mississippi," and who appear to gain a livelihood simply by going up and down the

* By T. B. Thorpe, of Louisiana. The following is a specimen of American Humour, taken from the "Library of American Humorous Writers." The writer, though by profession a painter, has, for several years past, equally divided his talents between the brush and the pen. His inimitable delineations of South-western characters, incidents, and scenery, early attracted attention. He is alike felicitous in the use of crayon, brush, or pen. The following story will give the reader an idea of his peculiar style in hitting off the original "characters" frequently met with in the great valley of the Mississippi.—EDIT.

river. In the pursuit of pleasure or business, I have frequently found myself in such a crowd.

On one occasion, when in New Orleans, I had occasion to take a trip of a few miles up the Mississippi, and I hurried on board the well-known "high-pressure-and-beat-everything" steamboat "Invincible," just as the last note of the last bell was sounding; and when the confusion and bustle that is natural to a boat's getting under way had subsided, I discovered that I was associated in as heterogeneous a crowd as was ever got together. As my trip was to be of a few hours' duration only, I made no endeavours to become acquainted with my fellow-passengers, most of whom would be together many days. Instead of this, I took out of my pocket the "latest paper," and more critically than usual examined its contents; my fellow-passengers at the same time disposed of themselves in little groups. While I was thus busily employed in reading, and my companions were more busily still employed in discussing such subjects as best suited their humour, we were most unexpectedly startled by a loud Indian whoop, uttered in the "social hall," a part of the cabin fitted off for a bar; then was to be heard a loud crowing, which would not have continued to have interested us (such sounds being quite common in that *place of spirits*) had not the hero of these accomplishments stuck his head into the cabin and hallooed out, "Hurra for the Big Bar of Arkansas!" and then might be heard a confused hum of voices, unintelligible, save in such broken sentences as "horse," "screamer," "lightning is slow," &c. As might have been expected, this continued interruption attracted the attention of every one in the cabin; all conversation ceased, and in the midst of this surprise the "Big Bar" walked into the cabin, took a chair, put his feet on the stove, and looking back over his shoulder, passed the general and familiar salute of "Strangers, how are you?" He then expressed himself as much at home as if he had been at "the Forks of Cypress," and "perhaps a little more so." Some of the company looked a little angry at this familiarity, and some astonished; but in a moment every face was wreathed in a smile; for there was something about the intruder which won the heart on sight. He appeared to be a man in the enjoyment of perfect health and contentment: his eyes were as sparkling as diamonds, and good-natured to simplicity. Then his perfect confidence in himself was irresistibly droll. "Prehaps," said he, "gentlemen," running on without any person speaking, "prehaps you have been to New Orleans often; I never made *the first visit before*, and I don't intend to make another in a crow's life. I am thrown away in that ar place, and useless, that ar a fact. Some of the gentlemen thar called me *green*—well, perhaps I am, said I, *but I arn't so at home*; and if I ain't off my trail much, the heads of them perlite chaps themselves wern't much the hardest; for according to my notion, they were *real know-nothings*, green as a pumpkin-vine—couldn't, in farming, I'll bet, raise a crop of turnips: and as for shooting, they'd miss a barn if the door was swinging, and that, too, with the best rifle in the country. And then they talked to me 'bout hunting, and laughed at my calling the principal game in Arkansas poker, and high-low-jack. 'Prehaps,' said I, 'you prefer chickens and rolette?' At this they laughed harder than ever, and asked me if I lived in the woods, and didn't know what *game* was? At this I rather think I laughed. 'Yes,' I roared, and says, 'Strangers, if you'd asked me *how we got our meat*

in Arkansaw, I'd told you at once, and given you a list of varmints that would make a caravan, beginning with the bar, and ending off with the cat; that's *meat* though, not game.' Game, indeed, that's what city folks call it; and with them it means chippen-birds and shite-pokes; maybe such trash live in my diggins, but I arn't noticed them yet: a bird any way is too trifling. I never did shoot at but one, and I'd never forgiven myself for that, had it weighed less than forty pounds. I wouldn't draw a rifle on anything less than that; and when I meet with another wild turkey of the same weight I will drap him."

"A wild turkey weighing forty pounds!" exclaimed twenty voices in the cabin at once.

"Yes, strangers, and wasn't it a whopper? You see, the thing was so fat that it couldn't fly far; and when he fell out of the tree, after I shot him, on striking the ground he burst open, and the way the tallow rolled out of the opening was perfectly beautiful."

"Where did all that happen?" asked a cynical-looking hoosier.

"Happen! happened in Arkansaw: where else could it have happened, but in the creation state, the finishing-up country—a state where the *sile* runs down to the centre of the 'arth, and government gives you a title to every inch of it? Then its airs—just breathe them, and they will make you snort like a horse. It's a state without a fault, it is."

"Excepting mosquitoes," cried the hoosier.

"Well, stranger, except them; for it ar' a fact that they are rather *enormous*, and do push themselves in somewhat troublesome. But, stranger, they never stick twice in the same place; and give them a fair chance for a few months, and you will get as much above noticing them as an alligator. They can't hurt my feelings, for they lay under the skin; and I never knew but one case of injury resulting from them, and that was to a Yankee: and they take worse to foreigners, any how, than they do to natives. But the way they used that fellow up! first they punched him until he swelled up and busted; then he sup-per-a-ated, as the doctor called it, until he was as raw as beef! then he took the ager, owing to the warm weather, and finally he took a steam-boat and left the country. He was the only man that ever took mosquitoes at heart that I know of. But mosquitoes is natur, and I never find fault with her. If they ar' large, Arkansaw is large, her varmints ar' large, her trees ar' large, her rivers ar' large, and a small mosquito would be of no more use in Arkansaw than preaching in a cane-brake."

This knock-down argument in favour of big mosquitoes used the hoosier up, and the logician started on a new track, to explain how numerous bears were in his "diggins," where he represented them to be "about as plenty as blackberries, and a little plentifuler."

Upon the utterance of this assertion, a timid little man near me inquired if the bear in Arkansaw ever attacked the settlers in numbers.

"No," said our hero, warming with the subject, "no, stranger, for you see it ain't the natur of bar to go in droves; but the way they squander about in pairs and single ones is edifying. And then the way I hunt them—the old black rascals know the crack of my gun as well as they know a pig's squealing. They grow thin in our parts, it frightens them so, and they do take the noise dreadfully, poor things.

That gun of mine is a perfect *epidemic among bar*: if not watched closely, it will go off as quick on a warm scent as my dog Bowie-knife will: and then that dog—whew! why the fellow thinks that the world is full of bar, he finds them so easy. It's lucky he don't talk as well as think: for with his natural modesty, if he should suddenly learn how much he is acknowledged to be ahead of all other dogs in the universe, he would be astonished to death in two minutes. Strangers, that dog knows a bar's way as well as a horse-jockey knows a woman's: he always barks at the right time, bites at the exact place, and whips without getting a scratch. I never could tell whether he was made expressly to hunt bar, or whether bar was made expressly for him to hunt: any way, I believe they were ordained to go together as naturally as Squire Jones says a man and woman is, when he moralizes in marrying a couple. In fact, Jones once said, said he, 'Marriage according to law is a civil contract of divine origin; it's common to all countries as well as Arkansaw, and people take to it as naturally as Jim Doggett's Bowie-knife takes to bar.'

"What season of the year do your hunts take place?" inquired a gentlemanly foreigner, whom, from some peculiarities of his baggage, I suspected to be an Englishman, on some hunting expedition, probably at the foot of the Rocky Mountains.

"The season for bar hunting, stranger," said the man of Arkansaw, "is generally all the year round, and the hunts take place about as regular. I read in history that varmints have their fat season, and their lean season: That is not the case in Arkansaw, feeding as they do upon the *spontaneous* productions of the sile, they have one continued fat season the year round: though in winter things in this way is rather more greasy than in summer, I must admit. For that reason bar with us run in warm weather, but in winter they only waddle. Fat, fat! it's an enemy to speed; it tames everything that has plenty of it. I have seen wild turkeys, from its influence, as gentle as chickens. Run a bar in this fat condition, and the way it improves the critter for eating is amazing; it sort of mixes the ile up with the meat, until you can't tell t'other from which. I've done this often. I recollect one perty morning in particular, of putting an old he-fellow on the stretch, and considering the weight he carried, he run well. But the dogs soon tired him down, and when I came up with him wasn't he in a beautiful sweat—I might say fever; and then to see his tongue sticking out of his mouth a feet, and his sides sinking and opening like a bellows, and his cheeks so fat he couldn't look cross. In this fix I blazed at him, and pitch me naked into a briar patch if the steam didn't come out of the bullet-hole ten foot in a straight line. The fellow, I reckon, was made on the high-pressure system, and the lead sort of bust his biler."

"That column of steam was rather curious, or else the bear must have been *warm*," observed the foreigner, with a laugh.

"Stranger, as you observe, that bar was *WARM*, and the blowing off of the steam show'd it, and also how hard the varmint had been run. I have no doubt if he had kept on two miles farther his insides would have been stewed; and I expect to meet with a varmint yet of extra bottom, who will run himself into a skinfull of bar's grease: it is possible; much unlikelier things have happened."

"Whereabouts are these bears so abundant?" inquired the foreigner, with increasing interest.

"Why, stranger, they inhabit the neighbourhood of my settlement, one of the prettiest places on old Mississippi—a perfect location, and no mistake; a place that had some defects until the river made the 'cut-off' at 'Shirt-tail bend,' and that remedied the evil, as it brought my cabin on the edge of the river—a great advantage in wet weather, I assure you, as you can now roll a barrel of whiskey into my yard in high water from a boat, as easy as falling off a log. It's a great improvement, as toting it by land in a jug, as I used to do, *evaporated* it too fast, and it became expensive. Just stop with me, stranger, a month or two, or a year if you like, and you will appreciate my place. I can give you plenty to eat; for, beside hog and hominy, you can have bar-ham and bar-sausages, and a matrass of bar-skins to sleep on, and a wild-cat-skin, pulled off hull, stuffed with corn-shucks, for a pillow. That bed would put you to sleep, if you had the rheumatics in every joint in your body. I call that ar bed a *quietus*. Then look at my land—the government ain't got another such a piece to dispose of. Such timber, and such bottom-land—why, you can't preserve anything natural you plant in it unless you pick it young; things thar will grow out of shape so quick. I once planted in those diggins a few potatoes and beets: they took a fine start, and after that an ox-team couldn't have kept them from growing. About that time I went off to old Kentuck on business, and did not hear from them things in three months, when I accidentally stumbled on a fellow who had stopped at my place, with an idea of buying me out. 'How did you like things?' said I. 'Pretty well,' said he; 'the cabin is convenient, and the timber land is good; but that bottom land ain't worth the first red cent. 'Why?' said I. 'Cause,' said he. 'Cause what?' said I. 'Cause it's full of cedar stumps and Indian mounds,' said he, 'and it *can't be cleared*.' 'Lord,' said I, 'them ar 'cedar stumps' is beets, and them ar 'Indian mounds ar tater hills.' As I expected, the crop was overgrown and useless: the sile is too rich, and *planting in Arkansaw is dangerous*. I had a good-sized sow killed in that same bottom land. The old thief stole an ear of corn, and took it down where she slept at night to eat. Well, she left a grain or two on the ground, and lay down on them: before morning the corn shot up, and the percussion killed her dead. I don't plant any more: natur' intended Arkansaw for a hunting ground, and I go according to natur'."

The questioner who thus elicited the description of our hero's settlement, seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and said no more; but the "Big Bar of Arkansaw" rambled on from one thing to another with a volubility perfectly astonishing, occasionally disputing with those around him, particularly with a "live Sucker" from Illinois, who had the daring to say that our Arkansaw friend's stories "smelt rather tall."

In this manner the evening was spent; but, conscious that my own association with so singular a personage would probably end before morning, I asked him if he would not give me a description of some particular bear hunt, adding, that I took great interest in such things, though I was no sportsman. The desire seemed to please him, and he squared himself round towards me, saying, that he could give me an idea of a bar hunt that was never beat in this world, or in any other. His manner was so singular, that half of his story consisted in his excellent way of telling it, the great peculiarity of which was,

the happy manner he had of emphasising the prominent parts of his conversation. As near as I can recollect, I have italicised them, and given the story in his own words.

"Stranger," said he, "in bar hunts *I am numerous*, and which particular one, as you say, I shall tell, puzzles me. There was the old she-devil I shot at the Hurricane last fall; then there was the old hog-thief I popped over at the Bloody Crossing, and then—yes I have it! I will give you an idea of a hunt, in which the greatest bar was killed that ever lived, *none excepted*, about an old fellow that I hunted, more or less, for two or three years; and if that an't a *particular bar hunt*, I ain't got one to tell. But, in the first place, stranger, let me say, I am pleased with you, because you ain't ashamed to gain information by asking and listening; and that's what I say to Countess's pups every day when I'm home; and I have great hopes of them ar pups, because they are continually *noising* about; and though they stick it sometimes in the wrong place, they gain experience any how, and may learn something useful to boot. Well, as I was saying about this big bar, you see when I and some more first settled in our region, we were driven to hunting naturally; we soon liked it, and after that we found it an easy matter to make the thing our business. One old chap who had pioneered afore us, gave us to understand that we had settled in the right place. He dwelt upon his merits, until it was affecting, and shewed us, to prove his assertions, more marks on the sassafras trees than I ever saw on a tavern-door 'lection time. 'Who keeps that ar reckoning?' said I. 'The bar,' said he. 'What for?' said I. 'Can't tell,' said he; 'but so it is: the bar bite the bark and wood too, at the highest point from the ground they can reach, and you can tell, by the marks,' said he, 'the length of the bar to an inch.' 'Enough,' said I; 'I've learned something here a'ready, and I'll put it in practice.'

"Well, stranger, just one month from that time I killed a bar, and told its exact length before I measured it, by those very marks; and when I did that, I swelled up considerable; I've been a prouder man ever since. So I went on, larning something every day, until I was reckoned a buster, and allowed to be decidedly the best bar-hunter in my district; and that is a reputation as much harder to earn than to be reckoned first man in Congress, as an iron ramrod is harder than a toad-stool. Did the varmints grow over cunning by being fooled by green-horn hunters, and by this means get troublesome, they send for me as a matter of course; and thus I do my own hunting, and most of my neighbours'. I walk into the varmints, though, and it has become about as much the same to me as drinking. It is told in two sentences—a bar is started, and he is killed. The thing is somewhat monotonous now; I know just how much they will run, where they will tire, how much they will growl, and what a thundering time I will have in getting them home. I could give you this history of the chase with all the particulars at the commencement, I know the signs so well, *stranger, I'm certain*. Once I met with a match, though, and I will tell you about it; for a common hunt would not be worth relating.

"On a fine fall day, long time ago, I was trailing about for bar, and what should I see but fresh marks on the sassafras trees, about eight inches above any in the forests that I knew of. Says I, 'Them marks

is a hoax, or it indicates the biggest bar that was ever grown.' In fact, stranger, I couldn't believe it was real, and I went on. Again I saw the same marks, at the same height, and *I knew the thing lived*. That conviction came home to my soul like an earthquake. Says I, 'Here is something a-purpose for me: that bar is mine, or I give up the hunting business.' The very next morning what should I see but a number of buzzards hovering over my corn-field. 'The rascal has been there,' said I, 'for that sign is certain:' and, sure enough, on examining, I found the bones of what had been as beautiful a hog the day before, as was ever raised by a Buckeye. Then I tracked the critter out of the field to the woods, and all the marks he left behind, showed me that he was *the bar*.

"Well, stranger, the first fair chase I ever had with that big critter, I saw no less than three distinct times at a distance: the dogs run him over eighteen miles and broke down, my horse gave out, and I was as nearly used up as a man can be, made on *my principle, which is patent*. Before this adventure, such things were unknown to me as possible; but, strange as it was, that bar got me used to it, before I was done with him; for he got so at last, that he would leave me on a long chase *quite easy*. How he did it, I never could understand. That a bar runs at all is puzzling; but how this one could tire down and bust up a pack of hounds and a horse, that were used to overhauling everything they started after in no time, was past my understanding. Well, stranger, that bar finally got so sassy, that he used to help himself to a hog off my premises whenever he wanted one; the buzzards followed after what he left, and so, between *bar and buzzard*, I rather think I was *out of pork*.

"Well, missing that bar so often took hold of my vitals, and I wasted away. The thing had been carried too far, and it reduced me in flesh faster than an ager. I would see that bar in everything I did: *he hunted me*, and that, too, like a devil, which I began to think he was. While in this fix, I made preparations to give him a last brush, and be done with it. Having completed everything to my satisfaction, I started at sunrise, and to my great joy, I discovered from the way the dogs run, that they were near him; finding his trail was nothing, for that had become as plain to the pack as a turnpike road. On we went, and coming to an open country, what should I see but the bar very leisurely ascending a hill, and the dogs close at his heels, either a match for him this time in speed, or else he did not care to get out of their way—I don't know which. But wasn't he a beauty, though? I loved him like a brother.

"On he went, until he came to a tree, the limbs of which formed a crotch about six feet from the ground. Into this crotch he got and seated himself, the dogs yelling all around it; and there he sat eyeing them as quiet as a pond in low water. A green-horn friend of mine, in company, reached shooting distance before me, and blazed away, hitting the critter in the centre of his forehead. The bar shook his head as the ball struck it, and then walked down from that tree as gently as a lady would from a carriage. 'Twas a beautiful sight to see him do that—he was in such a rage that he seemed to be as little afraid of the dogs as if they had been sucking pigs; and the dogs warn't slow in making a ring around him at a respectful distance, I tell you; even Bowie-knife, himself, stood off. Then the way his eyes flashed—why the fire of them would have singed a

cat's hair; in fact that bar was in a *wrath all over*. Only one pup came near him, and he was brushed out so totally with the bar's left paw, that he entirely disappeared; and that made the old dogs more cautious still. In the mean time, I came up, and taking deliberate aim as a man should do, at his side, just back of his fore-leg, *if my gun did not snap*, call me a coward, and I won't take it personal. Yes, stranger, *it snapped*, and I could not find a cap about my person. While in this predicament, I turned round to my fool friend: says I, 'Bill,' says I, 'you're an ass—you're a fool—you might as well have tried to kill that bar by barking the tree under his belly, as to have done it by hitting him in the head. Your shot has made a tiger of him, and blast me, if a dog gets killed or wounded when they come to blows, I will stick my knife into your liver, I will: 'my wrath was up. I had lost my caps, my gun had snapped, the fellow with me had fired at the bar's head, and I expected every moment to see him close in with the dogs, and kill a dozen of them at least. In this thing I was mistaken, for the bar leaped over the ring formed by the dogs, and giving a fierce growl, was off—the pack, of course, in full cry after him. The run this time was short, for coming to the edge of a lake the varmint jumped in, and swam to a little island in the lake, which it reached just a moment before the dogs. 'I'll have him now,' said I, for I had found my caps in the *lining of my coat*; so, rolling a log into the lake, I paddled myself across to the island, just as the dogs had cornered the bar in a thicket. I rushed up and fired; at the same time the critter leaped over the dogs and came within three feet of me, running like mad. He jumped into the lake, and tried to mount the log I had just deserted, but every time he got half his body on it, it would roll over and send him under; the dogs, too, got around him, and pulled him about, and finally Bowie-knife clenched with him, and they sunk into the lake together. Stranger, about this time I was excited, and I stripped off my coat, drew my knife, and intended to have taken a part with Bowie-knife myself, when the bar rose to the surface. But the varmint staid under—Bowie-knife came up alone, more dead than alive, and with the pack came ashore.

"'Thank God,' said I, 'the old villain has got his deserts at last.' Determined to have the body, I cut a grape-vine for a rope, and dove down where I could see the bar in the water, fastened my queer rope to his leg, and fished him, with great difficulty, ashore. Stranger, may I be chawed to death by young alligators, if the thing I looked at wasn't a *she-bar*, and not the old critter after all! The way matters got mixed on that island was onaccountably curious, and thinking of it made me more than ever convinced that I was hunting the devil himself.

"I went home that night and took to my bed—the thing was killing me. The entire team of Arkansaw in bar-hunting acknowledged himself used up, and the fact sunk into my feelings like a snagged boat will in the Mississippi. I grew as cross as a bar with two cubs and a sore tail. The thing got out 'mong my neighbours, and I was asked how come on that individ-u-al that never lost a bar when once started? and if that same individ-u-al didn't wear telescopes when he turned a she-bar, of ordinary size, into an old he-one, a little larger than a horse?

"'Prehaps,' said I, 'friends,'—getting wrathful—'prehaps you want to call somebody a liar.'

" ' Oh, no,' said they, ' we only heard such things as being *rather common* of late, but we don't believe one word of it ; oh, no,'—and then they would ride off and laugh like so many hyenas over a dead nigger. It was too much, and I determined to catch that bar, go to Texas, or die,—and I made my preparations accordin'. I had the pack shut up and rested. I took my rifle to pieces, and iled it. I put caps in every pocket about my person, *for fear of the lining*. I then told my neighbours, that on Monday morning—naming the day—I would start *THAT BAR*, and bring him home with me, or they might divide my settlement among them, the owner having disappeared.

" Well, stranger, on the morning previous to the great day of my hunting expedition, I went into the woods near my house, taking my gun and Bowie-knife along, just *from habit*, and there sitting down also from habit, what should I see, getting over my fence, but *the bar* ! Yes, the old varmint was within a hundred yards of me, and the way he walked *over that fence*—stranger, he loomed up like a *black mist*, he seemed so large, and he walked right towards me. I raised myself, took deliberate aim, and fired. Instantly the varmint wheeled, gave a yell, and *walked through the fence* like a falling tree would through a cobweb. I started after, but was tripped up by my inexpressibles, which either from habit, or the excitement of the moment, were about my heels, and before I had really gathered myself up, I heard the old varmint groaning in a thicket near by, like a thousand sinners, and by the time I reached him he was a corpse. Stranger, it took five niggers and myself to put that carcass on a mule's back, and old long-ears waddled under his load, as if he was foundered in every leg of his body, and with a common whopper of a bar, he would have trotted off and enjoyed himself. 'T would astonish you to know how big he was : I made a *bed-spread of his skin*, and the way it used to cover my bar mattress, and leave several feet on each side to tuck up, would have delighted you.

" It was, in fact, a creation bar, and if it had lived in Samson's time, and had met him in a fair fight, it would have licked him in the twinkling of a dice-box. But, stranger, I never liked the way, I hunted him and *missed him*. There is something curious about it, I could never understand,—and I never was satisfied at his giving in *so easy at last*. Perhaps he had heard of my preparations to hunt him the next day, so he jist come in, like Capt. Scott's 'coon, to save his wind to grunt with in dying ; but that ain't likely. My private opinion is, that that bar was an *unhuntable bar and died when his time come*."

When the story was ended, our hero sat some minutes with his auditors in a grave silence ; I saw there was a mystery to him connected with the bear whose death he had just related, that had evidently made a strong impression on his mind. It was also evident that there was some superstitious awe connected with the affair,—a feeling common with all " children of the wood " when they meet with anything out of their every-day experience. He was the first one, however, to break the silence, and jumping up, he asked all present to " liquor " before going to bed,—a thing which he did, with a number of companions, evidently to his heart's content.

Long before day, I was put ashore at my place of destination, and I can only follow with the reader, in imagination, our Arkansas friend in his adventures at the " Forks of Cypress," on the Mississippi.

THE MIDDLE WATCH.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FREDERICK WALPOLE, R.N.

"TWELVE o'clock, sir," said the small, but in this case potent, voice of the midshipman, as, pushing aside the curtain, he entered my cabin; and the most delightful visions of rest disturbed and rest regained floated through my mind as I turned from the light, and sank again into sweetest sleep. "Twelve o'clock, sir, and Mr. Smith hopes you will be quick, for there is a heavy squall coming, and he does not wish his watch to get wet."

How sleepy, yet how active, the mind! Sleepy, for the strong resolve not to hear the summons, glued my body to the bed; active, for the half-awakened mind in a second of time turned over every means of croaking the irksome, sleep-dispelling call. Sudden sickness, a cough even, (what complaint is there that would meet the occasion?) any disease would be welcome, so it were sufficient excuse: the cure, the same mind did not include in the wish,—*that* was left to doctors and daylight. Head-ache, violent, irresistible, and a kind messmate—the request was half out to call old James, but the possibility of a sad reverse appeared, of old James calling me. Mutiny, but mutineers must be active and stirring; drunk, and appeal to the hearts of my messmates,—but then the morning! So, by the time he had lighted the candle, the spell was broken—the pay seemed very small, and I sat up.—Par parenthesis, I may mention, that the Americans are said to be allowed to elude a watch for a deduction in their pay, which is handed over to some more laborious, money-loving officer; hence the term "stop a dollar," as expressive among them of a lazy fellow. How short now seemed the hours devoted to rest! Why had I sat up listening to that proey, improbable story of the purser's, of the girl who broke her heart because her lover went to sea,—had he middle watches she was well revenged. And Master Smith's kind request, that I may hurry up to get wet,—the worst relief, himself too, that ever trod. I don't believe it is twelve; the sentry cheats the time. However, *necessitas, &c.*, so the clothes are heaped on; scarce is one arm in the sleeve of the overall coat, than the bell strikes one. In most well-regulated men-of-war, it is an order for each lieutenant to be present at the mustering of his watch; this is done at the ten minutes, and the bell is struck one, to hurry the sluggards to be in readiness for the pipe of the boatswain's mate, which calls the watch to muster directly afterwards. And now with rapid haste the toilette is complete, and the candle extinguished, the buffet of the gun-room is sought for a tumbler of water; one is filled, and half the contents down, before the fact is detected that it is the night-glass of some creature-comfort-lover, whose secret hiding place you have thus disturbed. The deck is gained, and the impatient Smith bridles his passion as you ask him the orders. He had probably meditated a remonstrance on my tardiness, but an attack in his hurry drove him to the necessity of a defence.

"Well, there are no particular orders, here is the book. The squalls come down very sharply, we had a heavy one at six bells: the rain is worth experiencing once. And," added he, as he backed jauntily

down the ladder, "it came up very much like that one now rising on our bow, only not so black. Good night!"

What selfish beings we are!—there he goes, and now has forgotten all he said in one absorbing wish to sleep. And now the order book in my hand is all that remains of him. "Watch to muster!" and after piping and calling, the deep voice of the boatswain's mate echoes the words to every part of the ship; the men flock aft, and one after another their names are called over. Each, as his name is called, or as near an attempt at it as the midshipman chooses (Jack is not particular), passes round, repeating his number and station, as he touches his hat: the absent are accounted for by the non-commissioned officer of their part of the watch and ship, and if one is absent without due cause, he is found and punished. When mustered, and all are reported present, or satisfactorily disposed of, those not actually wanted lie down along the decks, under the boats, or wherever they choose, save they must not go below. "Sentry, a light!" and the small red volume is referred to for directions as to course and other orders. A turn or two of the deck to digest the matter. How authoritative naval people are! here is—"Keep her WNW.—blow high, blow low, blow where it will, keep her WNW." England is a great nation, her captains are the true Rajah Loots, or water kings,—the bell strikes one. Well done, half an hour since—but that is passed; half an hour sooner, how sweet, how soundly sweet I slept! Three hours are nothing: come, when once up, a middle watch is not so bad,—the smell of coffee justifies the remark,—the servant boy who makes it knows by sad experience how sleepless his night is, if it is not good.

It is done—like all pleasures, soon passed. But why waste time in vain regrets; can they recall one second of the past. The walk is resumed, one rapid glance to windward, and the mind is far, far away.

Castles, no, homes; how rapid the building, how quickly pile on pile is reared; but then how rapid the consummation of the fancied life. The very absolute controul over events destroys the pleasure, for it is the doubt, the struggle, and the hope, that render pleasures pleasure. The want of these robs our traced future of half the pleasure it should yield; we lose all the excitement of expectation, and the wearied mind, satiated in every wish, can but finish—like the novelist—with length of life and happiness ever after. Fancy, however—or, richer yet, memory—has stores not easily exhausted. Now, a word is pondered over—a word long lost amidst deeds, actions, protestations: but now, when thus submitted to scrutiny, in quiet and alone, how different its meaning! Oh! had we known this then, perhaps,—well, never mind.

The night grows chill. How deep are now the regrets for opportunities wasted; how cold the passions which once whiled us on. But why is the step now fast and hurried? Ah, memory shows up too much; in the dimmed mirror of the past are things that will not bear to dwell on—vices, passions, wrongs, follies. How bitter thus to look back! Oh! who would sin, could he feel the present as he feels the past, when, all the tinsel stripped from off it, it stands behind, indelible, ineffaceable, not to be forgotten. But, happy man, the last treasure in the casket, Hope—blessed Hope—yet remains, and the step grows lighter as Hope soars upwards: as they dare to breathe of better things, of a better past, in the untracked future.

The watch wearies on, and, save the calls of the look-out man,

nothing varies the tedium of its monotony. Vainly the eye roams in search of something to alter ; the sails draw beautifully, and all swims quietly along. But, see, a speck on the ocean, far, far away on the lee-quarter. It scarce breaks the unclouded brilliancy of the night. At each turn the eye watches it, but it seems at rest, and the "very well does" of the quarter-master at the conn, alone breaks the silence ; not a sound else, save the ripples of the seas, as, in mimic sport, they flap beneath the slowly-moving bow. Yet, within one hundred feet of where I stand, are collected nine hundred living souls. The midshipmen, after making too much noise, have dropped away ; and clever would he be who could find them. The mate of the watch is catching straws in the lee-gangway. All is quiet and deep stillness. But now, the mind at work, the time flies on : three bells seem followed by four ; scarce are the calls of the looks-out for the one lost, than, like an echo, out they rise again, in varied tones, as they go round the ship.

But nearer menaces the foe ; like coward dastard it has crept round, gathering fresh vigour in its course, and now, in undisguised hostility, menaces on our weather-quarter. Still stronger, stronger it stalks upon the beam, and casts a deep and lurid shade on the ocean around it. In each turn, now, the eye menaces its strength to learn how much sail must be reduced ; and yet not one stitch too much. The vane still holds to the old quarter, but the storm nears, and will soon be on us. No more, now, a confused mass of black clouds : it has assumed the form of a bent bow, its upper part clearly defined on the thick white background, which shows it out in high relief from the pure blue of the heavens around ; its lower edge is cut and torn, as if already weary of its strife. At either end attendant clouds crowd down to the horizon ; the water foams and frets below, and all now bears down upon the ship. The storm is abroad. Æolus has withdrawn his wand. "Watch, shorten sail !" The shrill pipe carries the order to the heaviest sleeper's ears ; the heavy coats are cast aside, and all stand ready and alert to every call. The top-men spring aloft ; the ropes rattle through the sheeves. Oh, this is sport ! The sail is soon reduced. Yards after yards of canvas flutter in petulant resistance for a moment ; but the rapid turns of the gasket close out the wind, and all is secure. No laziness now ; each call is well obeyed ; and the "Down, down from aloft ! come down, lads !" is given before the squall has reached. All is yet calm ; our friendly breeze has left, and fled before this mad rover of the air ; the vessel shakes herself, with short rolls, as if to nerve her frame for battle boldly. There is

"A silence in the heavens, the earth stands still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death ; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region."—*Hamlet*.

Now, like armies of wild horses, it rushes through the pause : each timber shakes, and deeply heels the ship before—with brave defiance she too rises to resist. Ah, search away ! It yells with rage to find us thus prepared : no sail or spot is left unmasked to its fury ; each rope is taut—each sail, now left, is well secured, and its rage is wasted where it cannot hurt. I have tried all sources of excitement : the lover's part—the gambler's nights of toil—the wine-cup drained—the field of battle, too, but none can compete with this—the victor of the fiercest, wildest nature—the mastery of skill over maddest force. No

triumph is so proudly won, no victory more keenly prized. Here, no girlish whim can raise to highest hope, or sink to dead despair. No fickle fortune woo on to excitement, and then with one adverse chance heap ruin on our lives. No cup that cheers and thrills through every pulse, to leave us dry with fever and regrets. No stern mandate of command condemn to calm, while comrades fall, and friends die unavenged. Though science has been learned by years of toil, by nights of watching—though only months of practice have given the power—the thrill that fills the sailor's heart, as his skill masters the storm, is deeper far than any other sense. The noise appals, but he has done his work; the tempest rages, but his charge careers on in safety beneath his master-hand: promptly she obeys each guidance of the helm,—secure

“A sailor watches and a seaman rules.”

Roar on, brave wind—gale, look, look your closest; yell midst the ropes, crack every spar, all, all is secure, and you may do your worst. The army of wildness flies on to seek for other less prepared fleets; the peaceful waters drift about in wreathy sprays; the waves curl up their crests with sympathetic feeling to the savage blast; but on it goes, and now the black clouds pour down their load, like woman's tears for woman's wanton work. At first they flow in scattered drops; the eyelids too surcharged to cast their bursting floods; but soon let loose, they faster, faster fall, in almost sheets of water. Thus after rage has raved its full it melts away, and the very torrent of the flow but the more quickly clears the scene. Meanwhile is Jack asleep—do these hardy fellows sculk below, fearful of the rain?—No, see how they pour from each hatchway and retreat; each bears a tub, a votive offering to the storm, and places it to receive the precious store—tubs, kettles, and pots are all now in great request, and while they fill, Jack stands looking on, with no more clothes than decency compels. The weather is hot and, like ducks after drought, many of the younger seamen are dipping and soaking with extreme delight wherever it has accumulated. The rain is over, and were it not for the wet decks and dripping gear the storm would seem to have been a dream. So calm, so clear, so peaceful is the night! Far, far away to leeway the black mass, like spectral fury, makes its rushing orgies through the night, but all else is calm and clear as nights of fabled story. The sails again are set. Each as it takes its strain flaps fretfully and scatters the wet about in mimic showers; but, soon content to rest, swells with the breeze, and with heaving bosom sinks to sleep. Or own old wind, scattered before by that wild wanton, now creeps back; the dog vane that had dropped its pretty feathers sadly spoiled, spirts up, and beneath the soft influence of the wind again blows out and marks its course. The excitement is over, a calm of feeling, all the sweeter for the ruffle, follows. We value what we have always in proportion to what is lost—what sorrow without its balm!—what joy, alas, without its pain! But listen, the bell has tolled, the drowsy orderly has struck a very funeral dirge: a prescience of death seems hovering round; and yet it cannot be, the very air refreshed with rain seems redolent of life—the warmth of tropic heat sends each drop of blood in steady coursing through every vein—all man seems life, the air itself is breath,—can Death be here also? has he found us out in this vast sea,—has he not enough to do in crowded city or on battle fields,—why wander here among the few, the homeless? No spot obscures the moon—the stars twinkle in joyous

glitterings. Have they no sympathy — have they no hearts that feel and weep? Oh! quiet moon, thy sight is joy; shine on, dim not thy lustre for the dead; shine on for us the weary-hearted waiting ones; light our paths of action or endurance, and breathe on us the hope that we too may find a rest. It is too true the doctor, worn with watching, all his skill exhausted, reports a death. Was that wild tumult sent to bear the spirit off? was that the herald to escort him home? Might not the sailor die in calm and rest? Where is the spirit now? He knows what we all dread, yet long to know; the Rubicon is passed for him, the immortality begun: but how was he prepared? Here's hope, sweet hope again: nor hope alone, 'tis hope with certain promise; small his advantages, small the talent committed to his rough keeping, and well he did his duty here. His cause, we know, needs no sinner's pleading. In certain trust it rests with Him who is all love—the Lord of storms, of deeps, of time, of all. The log is marked, amidst its technical details the one line is his only epitaph, the sigh, the firm hope, the only remark that one the less is now with us amidst this world of waters—this troubled sea of life.

The men gather in knots about and speak in low tones and abrupt sentences; stories of his good deeds are told and find ready listeners, and though, perhaps, the sympathy expressed is but "well, poor fellow!" still it is hearty and soul-full. And now the night grows cold and weary, the angel of death is abroad, and the cloak is tighter drawn as his damp presence seems to fill the air; star after star fades, but, like play-house, when the parts are done, and the few lingering lights yet by their dimness but enhance the gloom, the eye is tired and seeks rest; the mind works sluggishly, nor clearly thinks,—the bell strikes eight, the gloom is broken, the merry call for other watchers rings: what matter now for rain or wind,—how warm the bed—how sweet, how sound the rest thus won by toil and watching!

THE SUNDIAL AND THE FLOWER:—BORROWED IMPORTANCE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

A DIAL stood of model chaste,
With every proper sign,
To point to all the time of day
A moral in each line;
Indeed, for strict propriety,
'Twas famous in its way,
And told much better than the clocks
The proper time of day.

Vain of its pow'r, its face of brass
Look'd boldly at the sun,
Not thinking that the better part
Was by its brightness done.
Its head was full of other's lore,
Which it believed its own,
And thought the world's full gratitude
Was due to it alone.

A flower of tendrill fairy fine
Had climb'd around its base,
Then creeping on by slow degrees
Reclined upon its face.
"Begone, vile weed!" the dial cried,
"Base child of earth away!
Your puny shadow puts me out,
I lose the time of day."

"Oh, oh! my friend," the flower cried,
"I now perceive the truth,
That all your boasted mightiness
Is not your own, forsooth;
That you are but a bit of brass,
With wisdom in your face,
Not worth a thought, when yonder sun
Deserts your resting-place."

THE NOTE-BOOK OF A CORONER'S CLERK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A GAOL CHAPLAIN."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GUESS AT THE RIDDLE.

"Yet life hath bubbles too, that soothe awhile
The sterner dreams of man's maturer years;
Love, Friendship, Fortune, Fame, by turns beguile,
But melt 'neath Truth's Ithuriel-touch to tears."

ALARIC A. WATTS.

HUMBLING are the feelings which the contrast of the duration of existence in the animate and inanimate creation suggests to that hasty and superficial observer—man. The river glides on murmuring and glistening as in our boyhood's careless days; the forest which witnessed our childish sports still wails and trembles in the breeze; the tree which flourished in majesty in our infancy flourishes in majesty still; the beetling cliffs—a favourite shelter in our schoolboy-hours—against which the foaming billows hissed and lashed in vain, still frown on the angry waters which toss and fret below. But man—the sport of destiny, ever in a state of progressive and sure decay—passes swiftly from the scene: Nature, enduring and majestic, remains the same.

The Court lay smiling under a bright May sun, when the jurors wended slowly thither upon their last sad duty. The fountain threw up its taper column, glistening with a thousand hues, and played merrily and musically in the sunshine; the deer were cropping leisurely the dainty herbage; the oaks waved their massy branches slowly and heavily in the breeze; the squirrel leapt gaily from bough to bough: while he,—the late owner of all,—lay still and silent in his darkened chamber.

The usual formal preliminaries disposed of, Bohun proposed that the jury should at once proceed to the Baronet's room and view the body. Those whom he addressed rose in silence, and proceeded in the direction he indicated.

The sleeping-room was large, and filled with curiously-carved furniture, the fashion of which had long since passed away. On an antique bed, the hangings of which were crimson damask,—once handsome, but now faded and moth-eaten,—lay the late Sir Philip. On a little stand by his bed were placed one or two books of devotion, a small MS. journal which he kept of the passing day's occurrences, and a beautifully-finished miniature of his father. He lay precisely as death had seized him. There seemed a profusion of covering strewed over the limbs; the face, however, was fully exposed, and the small, gentle, delicate features were distinctly visible. By the body, attired in deep mourning, her eye watching intently the movement of every juror—sat Mrs. Ravenspur.

She curtsied distantly and proudly as the jury entered: this was the sole intimation she gave of being conscious of their presence. No exclamation, no remark escaped her. Save to issue some indispensable order, she had never quitted the apartment since her master

breathed his last ; and then, by locking up the room and possessing herself of the key, she effectually barred the entrance of all intruders. A faithful guardian was she of the dead. The jury stood for a few seconds grouped around the bed, and two or three, bolder than their fellows, commented in a low and muffled tone on the strange fate of him who lay before them ; but not one—and the anxious woman's eye watched with lightning glance their every movement—attempted to approach the corpse, or to disturb the folds of the various dressing-gowns with which it was encircled. The brief examination over, the jury retired.

What made the watcher, thus far so impassive, clasp her hands joyfully as the last visitant left the chamber, and hiss between her thin and compressed lips the strange monosyllables, "*Over*" and "*Well ?*"

The first witness called was the attendant surgeon, Mr. Hopeman. His testimony was given rapidly and off-hand ; but Bohun, contrary to his wont, noted down every syllable.

"I was summoned to the Court," he began, "somewhere about seven on Tuesday morning. I found on my arrival that Sir Philip had just expired. My presence was, therefore, useless ; and I had other patients elsewhere who required my assistance. I did not remain in the room more than fifteen minutes at most : there was nothing for me to do. Mine was a bootless errand. I consider the death of the deceased fully accounted for on natural grounds. He died of hæmorrhage on the lungs. I had expected for many weeks previously some such fatal result. Nothing could quiet the agitation of his mind. He had become impressed with an idea that the proceedings *de lunatico* would be renewed, that another commissioner would be sent down, and another investigation become necessary. Nothing could disabuse his mind of this chimera. It killed him. I told him that *to live* he must keep his mind tranquil, and resist, not encourage, painful impressions. My counsel he did not or could not follow ; and the result is—what the jury have seen to-day. I am perfectly satisfied there was no foul play. Death was the effect of disease."

Hilda was next summoned. She deposed,—calmly, and without the slightest appearance of emotion,—that hearing her master's bell ring violently about seven in the morning, she hurried into his room, where she found him gasping for breath, and blood oozing freely from his mouth and nostrils ; that she instantly raised him upright in her arms and held him there, calling loudly for assistance, which was soon given ; that the Baronet only spoke once, and then but a few unimportant words, which she declared she had forgotten in the alarm and agitation of the hour ; could not recall them if she tried. Sir Philip died ten minutes before Mr. Hopeman, the surgeon, arrived, whom she had summoned to the Court by a mounted messenger.

Patience Orme, the still-room maid, deposed to seeing her master the night before, when he appeared more nervous and fluttered than usual, and repeatedly asked the witness whether she "had heard that another commissioner had arrived, and that there was to be a fresh inquiry ?" She told him she "had not ; and that she believed all was ended." He replied, he feared she "was wrong ;" that "the matter was not at rest." Paid no very great heed to his remarks, as

he often appeared frightened and tremulous. Was in the room when he died. He spoke clearly and with great firmness to Mrs. Ravenspur. His words were, "Do you remember your promise, and will you strictly fulfil it, as you hope to meet me in heaven?" Would swear those were the words—the very words—those, and no more. Mrs. Ravenspur made no reply; but raised her finger to her lips, and then pressed her dying master's hands. Could not even form a guess to what he alluded. Sir Philip was always "weighed down with frets and fears; but he was a kind and considerate master: and a benevolent, good man."

Other testimony was given of similar tendency, when the jury remarked that they were satisfied that death had been caused by disease, and were prepared so to shape their verdict.

Bohun was proceeding to give effect to their opinion, when Spinkle bustled in. He at once addressed the Coroner, lamented his unavoidable absence elsewhere, hinted his strong suspicions of foul play, begged that the inquiry might not be abruptly closed, declared himself an open enemy to the "hush-system," and ended by desiring that Bohun would give orders that he might inspect the body.

The Lawman hesitated. Spinkle's dashing and decided style of address startled him; but soon rallying from his momentary indecision, he negatived the request. The other, unabashed, renewed the application, and was indulging in a vast amount of iteration, when the jury protested against a needless waste of time—particularly as they were unanimous that no cause for suspicion existed. My principal then saw his advantage, and seized it.

"Pardon me for saying," cried he, with emphasis, "that in the relative position which the late Baronet and yourself occupied during his life—you being neither his medical attendant nor private friend, but during a most painful period in his career assuming a hostile bearing towards him,—your present request appears officious and indelicate: I am at a loss to understand how, *as a gentleman*, you can urge it!"

"Hear! Hear!" vociferated the jury with one mouth.

A day was fixed for the performance of the last sad obsequies. Mrs. Ravenspur, as sole executrix, possessed and exercised full powers. Sir Philip's earnest desire that he might be laid among his flock, in the humble village cemetery, was obeyed, as well as his written injunction that all funeral pomp, all idle parade, should be avoided. His confidant never left him: and his oft-expressed wish to be "meddled with after death by no strange hands," was strictly and literally carried out;—*she desired, and she had none to help her!*

The will was the next mooted point. Count Fontenay submitted it to more than one legal casuist, with the intention of disputing its provisions; but the document was too plainly and clearly drawn to admit of cavil. By it passed to Hilda Ravenspur every shilling in the shape of personalty which the Baronet could bequeath. She swept all. But her season of playing the great lady was brief. It lasted—to anticipate events—but three years. Sharp and severe illness laid her, after that interval, by Sir Philip's side. She wandered much in her last hours; spoke of certain persons in terms which startled and distressed those who

watched by her ; and repeatedly desired to be "buried by her *mistress*!—her dear, kind, persecuted *mistress*,—in Priorstream church-yard!"

Whether this admission was part of the ravings of delirium, or whether, as Spinkle said, it was "frightful truth," and what he "had all along suspected," abler heads than mine must determine.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE 'THANKS' LINE OF BUSINESS.

"The greatest of fools is he who imposes on himself."—SHAFESBURY.

"IN Town at eleven—not a minute later than eleven!" was the alarm which roused me from my reverie one dark winter's morning. "Templeton, in Jermyn Street, requires a confidential clerk, to whom he proffers a liberal salary. I am old, failing,—think of retiring very soon from business,—*must*, ere long, from *life*,—sigh for quiet and repose, and fancy this is *the berth* for you. Yes ; your knowledge of German would suit Templeton, and Templeton's salary would suit you. Be stirring. Jermyn Street at eleven—eleven to the minute."

Such was my kind employer's counsel. I was loth to adopt it ; loth to entertain the possibility of leaving him ; but he was earnest and decided.

"We *must* part ere long ; go while I have an opportunity of serving you. Concealments are idle between us. I meditate an early retreat from professional life : there should be an interval for reflection between the conflicts and annoyances of business and the grave. Try Templeton's office, if he offers you a stool there. Try it for a couple of months. If the principal is too particular, or the hours too long, return to me. During my life you know where you've a home. Now, lock your portmanteau, you careless fellow, and begone."

I presented myself to Mr. Templeton at the hour and place appointed.

He was an elderly gentleman, very youthfully attired, who at fifty-five was desirous to pass for thirty. His address was somewhat pompous ; and his sentences authoritatively uttered. He referred proudly to the estimation in which he was held "by the noblesse, and people of consideration." These latter terms were rarely long absent from his lips.

"Your credentials are to the purpose," said he, as he laid aside carefully my letters of introduction,—*"in truth, without credentials of unassailable weight and authority, I could not listen to you one moment. My leisure is too limited and too valuable for trifling ; the nobility take care of that. My line of business is peculiar, and my connexion peculiar. I am closely connected with the noblesse, and transact a mass of confidential business for people of consideration. You understand German ?"*

"Slightly."

"Can speak it ?"

"Yes."

"And write it ?"

"Not rapidly; but with tolerable correctness, if time be given me."

"Ah! that may do. German is valuable to an aspirant for employment among people of consideration: they are your true patrons. No German relatives, I presume?"

"None whatever."

"Ah! if you had;—However, a knowledge of German is something. Sure you can converse in it? Good! Familiarity with that tongue is an open Sesame—" and he dropped his voice to a mysterious whisper—"an open Sesame at Court. It's a portable ladder to all sorts of preferment: the noblesse are unanimous on that point."

"I require," he resumed, after we had arranged the dry but necessary particulars as to business hours, department of labour, and salary,—“I require,” said he, “a young man by no means in robust health, but subject to many maladies.”

I stared.

"—Many maladies, recurring at uncertain periods. For example, his sight must occasionally fail him, and his hearing. His memory, too, must now and then be truly treacherous. He is neither to see, hear, nor recollect, under peculiar contingencies,—Do you take me?"

"For a most consummate knave," thought I. Then aloud—"Yes, sir; I comprehend your meaning." And this man is recommended to me by Bohun—Bohun, the sincere, the true-hearted, the frank-spoken, the upright! Thus my train of thought proceeded. Oh! any permanent arrangement is impossible.

"I understand your drift, sir," I repeated; loathing myself the while heartily for the bare assent to his iniquity.

"Then, since that is the case, you will undertake the 'Thanks' line of business."

I gazed at him, vacantly enough, I dare say, for he exclaimed, pettishly, "What endless explanations you require! The Thanks line of business. Don't you now catch my meaning?"

"No," said I, surlily.

"Have you lived to your years and never read *The Times*?"

"Daily," was my reply, growled rather than spoken.

"Then you must have seen, unless purblind, advertisements without end, in which from five hundred to a thousand thanks are offered by adventurous individuals."

"I have noted these proffers, and thought what vast multitudes of grateful people there were in the world."

He paused for some seconds, looked at me fiercely, angrily, bitterly, and then said—"We don't jest in this office; we do business: by far the most lucrative employment of the two."

"Sir, matters are beyond a jest *here*," was my rejoinder.

"Then understand, once for all, that there are capital pickings to be secured from a dainty handling of these speculators; and that your principal business will be the preliminary correspondence with those who dabble in the 'Thanks Line of business.' Enough by way of outline. I've now an appointment in the City: be here at nine to-morrow."

I bowed and left him.

THE BLACK RING.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEONIE VERMONT."

I.

"WHAT, in heaven's name, is that great big thing you wear upon your fore-finger?"

"What? This? look at it."

I was breakfasting the other day with George Heatherstone, and could not refrain from the above exclamation upon seeing him stretch forth his arm to help himself to some Scotch marmalade.

The object of my surprise was handed to me. It was an enormously large ring made of black lava, and bearing engraven on the flat surface which stood in place of a stone the grinning semblance of a peculiarly frightful death's head, supported by the traditional cross-bones.

"A most funereal bauble, George," I could not help observing, as I returned the trinket to its owner.

"So you might well say if you knew the history attached to it," he replied, looking for an instant at the ring ere he replaced it on his finger.

This was, of course, sufficient to excite my curiosity to the utmost pitch.

"What history?" I anxiously rejoined—my looks, I suppose, exhibiting even more eagerness than my mere words. Heatherstone did not at first reply, but continued gravely looking at the black ring upon his finger. At length, in answer to a second demand from me—

"Do you believe in witchcraft?" he asked.

"Why?" I hesitated.

"I see,—you do not," he immediately added: "neither do I, and for that very reason will I tell you the story of my ring."

I rang for my servant, ordered away the breakfast things, and having desired that no one might be let in, opened all my senses to the reception of the marvellous tale I was so greedily anxious to hear.

"Did you never meet a man of the name of Henry Darnley?" said Mr. Heatherstone, lighting a cigar.

"Never—but what a name! you surely don't mean the murdered husband of Mary Stuart, or his ghost?"

"Neither—but a collateral descendant—a man who pretended that his family sprang from an elder brother of the luckless King of Scotland's father—well! never mind: I dare say you never did meet him. I did, and—but I must begin at the beginning.

"Some ten years since I was travelling through Spain, and on my road home I fell in with three young Englishmen, who were also, like myself, journeying towards France. After a few days spent almost entirely in each other's society at Saragoza, where we had first met, we agreed to travel together as far as Toulouse, where

* The leading facts of the following story are strictly true, and were related to me by my esteemed friend, Lord D—*Note of the Author.*

I proposed to winter. Of one of the trio I knew something, my father having been at Oxford at the same time with his, and though they were not intimates still their college acquaintanceship had been sufficient to render the name of Eliot familiar to my ears. With young Walter Eliot, therefore (and young enough to be sure, he was, being barely two-and-twenty at the period of which I speak), I was rapidly *en pays de connoissance*, though, to say the truth, he was by far the least remarkable of the three. The remainder of the party consisted of a cavalry officer of the name of Milnthorpe, and the Scotchman I first mentioned to you, Henry Darnley.

"We journeyed on as far as Pampeluna, and there we determined to get rid of all incumbrances, and, sending on our servants as far as Pau with the baggage to cross the Pyrenees on foot, each man carrying his knapsack on his back.

"We had time before us, and therefore we scrupulously avoided everything in the shape of a direct road, and went lingering on in the mountain wilds, with often no shelter, save the sky, as long as we found a patch of unexplored ground beneath our feet. Milnthorpe had still six weeks' leave of absence to exhaust. Eliot certainly did, from time to time, evince symptoms of a desire to return home, which we set down to an inordinate love of shooting, and the circumstance of his father having just started with a younger brother of Walter's for a newly rented moor,—Darnley seemed utterly indifferent as to whether he ever beheld the chalky cliffs of England again, and as to myself, why, you know I always find considerable delight in being there where it is not in the natural course of things that I should be. So on we went, and at the end of a week's time we were still within five-and-twenty miles of our starting point.

"One day we had done what would in ordinary cases be termed losing your way, but as any way was our way the term could not hold good in this instance; but we had not found that which we expected,—namely, a *posada*, and our hunger was such that the strongly perfumed messes usually offered to travellers in these Pyrenean haunts seemed to our fancy 'dainty' dishes 'to set before a king.'

"On we went, clambering amongst rocks, breaking through forest paths, wading through streams, but no sign of any village or any *posado* could we see.—"

"Are you not often struck," said Heatherstone, suddenly interrupting his narrative, "by the fidelity with which the habits of a people are mirrored in its language? Now take that word *posada* for an example: with the word *Hostel* or *Hostelry*, and its derivations, we in England, France, and Germany contrive to designate a place where hospitality is exercised (freely given or paid for that matters little). The human * element, implied by the word *host*, used in many languages to mark equally both the receiver and the received, animates our expression, and makes you understand that its meaning implies an interchange of services; but in the Spanish word, far from that, you are made at once to comprehend that it is a question of nothing further than a mere halt, a place wherein you may taste of a sort of one-legged repose, and

* Query? In English is it not *humane*?

whence you are expected to hop off as soon as possible. Hang them! these devilish *posadas*—they carry out, too, with a vengeance, the intention implied by their name, for I never yet saw the man who did not opine that the shorter time he spent in them the greater was the gain; but, however, upon the occasion I speak of, sliced onions upon bread would have been a welcome meal, and a *gaspacho*,* have appeared to us a repast worthy of the gods.—

“A considerable quantity of rain fell towards the middle of the day, forming a portion of one of the most magnificent thunderstorms I ever beheld. When the excitement produced by this splendid spectacle was over, we began to speculate seriously upon the chances afforded us of dying of absolute hunger. Every crag we scaled, every tree into whose branches we climbed, only served to reveal more plainly to us the utter hopelessness of our position. We had, I must tell you, exhausted at sunrise the very slender stock of provisions which I alone had had the forethought to bring, and as far as eye could reach, no sign of any habitation was visible. We were luckily not wet, having sheltered ourselves under some rocks during the storm, but we were rapidly growing very disconsolate, and the laughter and the jokes with which we had at first greeted our prospects were gradually giving way to short ominous sentences, and to silence more ominous still.

“We had entered the precincts of a cork-wood coppice, and were dragging our weary footsteps along a tangled path we had struck out, when a sudden exclamation of Milnthorpe’s, who was the foremost man, drew our attention towards him.

“‘By Jove!’ that was all we heard at first, but he looked into the thicket on the right hand, as though he were piercing into its very depths; and then repeating, ‘By Jove! but it really is something!’ he plunged into the wood before any of us could rejoin him.

“As we prepared, however, to follow in his track, we saw him standing before us, trampling down the branches on all sides, brandishing aloft in one hand a huge loaf of black bread, and with the other cramming into his mouth a monstrous slice of the same.

“‘A new Orlando!’ sputtered he from between his ravenously occupied teeth. ‘A new Orlando, and no duke to prevent the feast!’

“I never saw a fellow’s face so altered as Milnthorpe’s at that moment, and I suppose his exultation excited us, for we set up simultaneously a halloo that you might have heard at Bayonne, and darted off like so many hungry wolves after the bread held in Milnthorpe’s right hand. As soon as each one had torn off a crust, Milnthorpe proposed to show us his newly-discovered larder. Opening the branches, he let us into an open space formed round a fine old cork-tree, and whither the waving of a tattered and torn brown cloak suspended to one of the boughs of this tree had drawn our companion’s attention. Small were the appearances of festivity but they were enough. Besides the lumps of bread Milnthorpe had secured, and which was already cut, another whole loaf of the same kind lay upon the ground, flanked by a string of fresh onions, several huge cloves of garlic, a bunch of tomatas, and four or five moderate-sized *chorizos*.† To one of the lower branches of the

* A peculiar kind of salad made with onions and tomatos.

† A sausage, boiled and served habitually in the *olla podrida*.

tree a well-swollen, portly goat-skin was tied by a leathern thong, and gave promise of liquid, water or wine—we at that moment did not much care which—so long as our thirst stood a chance of being slaked. Many were the congratulations, and much the jubilation over this food for the young ravens, so unexpectedly furnished forth by the wilderness. I am grieved to say that our consciences smote us but little, and that we were far more busy with the idea of our own forthcoming meal than with that of the person or persons to whom this said meal might rightfully belong. I had just taken the fourth slice from a raw *chorizo*, wherefrom my three companions had already extracted a very respectable luncheon, when a sharp sound struck my ear somewhat resembling the click of a gun or pistol. No one save myself noticed the noise, but the sound of a human voice soon caused us to suspend our gastronomical operations.

“ ‘Who are you who steal my bread?’ exclaimed the hoarsest and most guttural tones I ever heard, even in Spain.

“We all four looked up, and, I assure you, if at such a moment there could be room for any sentiment save that of apprehension, the pencil of a caricaturist would have found no unapt subject for ridicule in the representation of those four half-open jaws, brought to a dead stop over the escape of their recently purloined prey. It was one of the things which made me think highly of Henry Darnley, that the next morning he showed me a *croquis* on the leaves of his pocket-book, which proved that in the very moment of danger his *sang froid* had been so imperturbable as not to let him pay even passing attention to the interrupter of our repast.

“What met our glances, however, as we looked up was anything but pleasant. First the muzzle of a gun protruded from amongst the boughs, eager, as it seemed, to vomit destruction; and next, from under a vast *sombrero* glazed two eyes such as might have done honour to a Pawnee or a Naragansett. I cannot say, for my own part, that the sudden apparition of a red-skin on his war-path would have seemed to me much less terrible than this copper-coloured son of Iberia, whose musket appeared to bode as little good as any tomahawk of the western wilds.

“After an instant’s pause—

“ ‘Will none of you answer?’ repeated the man in the same menacing tones: ‘Why do you steal my food?’

“Darnley spoke Spanish like a native; advancing now slowly, he placed himself immediately under the fire of the Spaniard.

“ ‘*Caballero*,’ said he, with a cool dignity that seemed to impress the other; ‘we are no thieves—we were hungry—we have taken your bread, it is true; shall we pay you for it, or will you break it with us?’

“The man let drop his gun, turned round as if to speak to some one behind him, and then grumblingly opening to himself a passage into the circle where we stood, he bade us a surly welcome.

“He was followed by a woman bearing a basket filled with chest-nuts, the gathering of which accounted for the absence of the pair.

“ ‘*Gitanos*,’ whispered Henry Darnley to me, as the couple stood fully exposed to view.

“ ‘*Ingleses*,’ grumbled the man to his mate.

“Notwithstanding that Darnley was the only one amongst us who spoke Spanish fluently, we contrived at the end of a few moments to

get into a kind of disjointed conversation with our vagabond host, and ere half an hour had elapsed, we were upon tolerably friendly terms with him, and were anxiously awaiting a dinner, such as it was, which was to unite us all in a bond of peace and amity.

"The woman, with her chestnuts, was occupied over a huge black iron pot, which had till now been concealed from us by the trunk of the cork-tree, and from the dark jaws of which our future repast appeared destined to be drawn. These same chestnuts, which to Spaniards supply the place of potatoes in an Irish labourer's meal, were now intended to do duty as *garbanzos*, the large dried pea, commonly cooked together with the *chorizos*. A fire was quickly kindled by the gipsy woman, and the fumes of the *pot-au-feu* slung over it, soon began to attract us into its nearer neighbourhood.

"With the Gitana, however, we got on by no means so well as with her husband. She seemed to eye us all with distrust, if not with positive aversion, and refused somewhat disdainfully all our offers of assistance. When the meal was ready, and a few rude wooden bowls were ranged round the smoking *marmite*, now unhooked and placed upon the ground, the mistress of the feast called her spouse to come and eat, and in his train we followed. The Gitana had spread at the foot of the tree the identical brown cloak, which had first attracted Milnthorpe's attention, and led him to discover the gipsy retreat, and with the help of this garment she managed at any rate to secure a dry seat for her husband and herself. The roots of the cork-tree, overgrown with moss and grass, formed a sort of mound, upon which the gipsy pair seemed raised, as it were upon a throne. We, it was evident, were not judged fitting to sit above the salt.

" 'Don't sit there, Eliot,' cried Darnley, in Spanish, as Walter was about to establish himself to the left of our host. 'The earth is soaked through and through, and it is enough to kill you; go over to the other side, the ground is higher there, and the grass shorter.'

"The Gitana cast a look at Darnley, such as I have not forgotten, even now.

" 'It won't hurt him,' said she in a most singularly gloomy tone, and with what I thought an almost infernal smile; and then, letting her eye wander slowly from one to the other of us. 'There is but one here who need fear to catch his death by a chill,' continued she. And as she fixed her piercing glance upon me, she threw towards me a coarse piece of woollen horse-cloth, which lay rolled up beside her.

" 'We have in our country a proverb,' rejoined Darnley, laughing; 'by which it is averred that he who is born to be hanged need never dread being drowned.'

" 'I did not say *hanged*,' interrupted the woman, with an accent and with a look that some how or other made us all feel uncomfortable.

"We dined, however, *tant bien que mal*, and the impression wore off, but our swarthy hostess evinced no greater sympathy for us at the close of the repast than at its commencement.

"Whilst the man was occupied in unpacking some boxes in order to tempt us by an exhibition of his wares (he and his wife gained their livelihood by selling smuggled goods), Darnley approached the gipsy woman, and looking her stedfastly in the face:—

“ ‘Why did you tell me just now,’ said he, ‘that one only among us had cause to fear death from illness? do we then bear charmed lives?’

“The Gitana answered his look by one as firm.

“ ‘Charmed!’ echoed she with a curl of the lips that seemed to imply at once pity and contempt, — ‘who knows? for a time perhaps.’

“ ‘Do you dabble in fortune-telling?’ asked he.

“ ‘Dabble!’ she retorted almost fiercely. ‘Boy!’ and her glance was literally withering with scorn.

“I now stepped in with an earnest entreaty that she should open the book of our future destinies before us.

“ ‘There is nothing written in it for you,’ replied she haughtily — ‘the old story, page after page all blank.’

“ ‘But I,’ — and I,’ — and I,’ — burst in quick succession from the remaining three.

“The Gitana looked stedfastly at the group, but this time her glance was rather more subdued.

“ ‘I should not mind telling you,’ said she, turning to Darnley, and speaking in a lower tone.

“ ‘Then tell,’ was his reply, and he held out his hand.

“ ‘I need the palm of none,’ said the weird woman; ‘I have read what I have read elsewhere, and the hands of the doomed are cold to my touch — and now,’ she continued, her whole attitude gaining gradually in dignity, and her tone and glance becoming irresistibly impressive, — ‘listen to me since you *will* disturb the secrets of the times which are to come. Do you see yon pale light that is just beginning to shine among the distant woods? well, mark what I say. So sure as that, in an hour from hence, the moon will be riding high in the heavens, so sure will not one of you three, who now stand here before me, number the twenty-fifth year of your lives.’

“A laugh from Milnthorpe interrupted the gypsy.

“ ‘Why then,’ said he, ‘I have a deuced short time to go, for I was twenty-four last month.’

“ ‘Then,’ retorted the Gitana, with perfect calmness, ‘there stand two’ (pointing to Darnley and Eliot) ‘who, this time next year, will bear witness to the truth of my words.’

We all of us tried to laugh, and I believe we succeeded pretty well, but we gave up our plan of remaining any longer with the wandering pair, and, before night was very high in the heavens, we started upon a path they pointed out to us.

“In order to remunerate them for their hospitality, we each of us bought some small trifle from the Gitana. I bought a beautifully embroidered tobacco pouch. Milnthorpe, a purse of scented pastilles. Eliot, a filigree brooch for one of his sisters. Darnley bought this ring.”

II.

MR. HEATHERSTONE paused, and seemed earnestly employed in examining the black ring.

“I must give you,” he recommenced, “some idea of Henry Darnley, before I proceed further with a history of which he is the principal hero.”

“At first I thought him rather disagreeable than otherwise; he

was cold, haughty ironical, and especially remarkable for that kind of uneasy impertinence which belongs to those persons who are perpetually fancying they espy impertinence in others. Poor fellow! I found out from Milnthorpe the reason of all this. His mother had gone wrong some five or six years back, and this had soured the tempers of both her husband and her son, but in a different way. Old Darnley, who was, it seemed, but a coarse-minded man, had sought relief in intemperance of every kind, and had so entirely lost all command over himself, and all feeling of self-respect, that he made his runaway wife's misconduct the theme of his discourse with every passing stranger. This, as I discovered, had so tortured Henry (whose resentment of the wrong done to his name and family was in proportion to the deep love he had borne to the culprit) that he no sooner attained the age of his majority than he resolved to quit Scotland and go abroad. Leaving his father in the care of a long-tried and faithful domestic, Henry Darnley, determined to put the widest possible distance between himself and the bitter memories of the past, and at first starting shaped his course towards the banks of the Nile. When I met him he had been travelling about from east to north, and from south to west, for upwards of two years, and this actively idle life, this constantly hurried *far niente* did not certainly appear to have improved his temper. He was nine days out of ten, what the French call *maussade*.

"I confess that the moment Milnthorpe had told me his history my sentiments towards him took a totally different turn. I have, you know, a little domestic drama of that description in my own family, and the sufferings of my dear unfortunate Uncle Edward had taught me compassion in all cases of this kind. I was very patient with Darnley, and, from the moment he saw how unmistakable was my sympathy for him, we gradually grew to be *really* intimate, that is, *sincere* friends. He attached himself to me with a delight that showed me rapidly how much pain his susceptible disposition made him endure. When he became quite sure of me, and when I had won his confidence, how he did cleave to me! how he would, hour after hour, pour forth the secrets of his aching, bursting heart! Poor Darnley! his was a generous, noble nature, but too much wrapt up in self, and warped by this eternal, unhealthy trick of bringing everything home to his own personality. I did him a great deal of good, I believe, for I ventured to oppose, nay, more, to *brusquer* him. 'Who the d—l do you think, now, cares for you, Darnley,' have I sometimes said to him, or, 'who on earth do you fancy gives himself the trouble to remember whatever may have gone amiss in your domestic annals, in order to taunt or insult you with it? You don't shake yourself off enough, man, but strap on the load of your vexations upon your back as though you were saddled with the Old Man of the Sea.'

"At first, he wanted to be affronted with me, too, but it would not do,—he knew too well that my roughness came from affection, and that the pricks I inflicted on him must be endured as those of the lancet in a surgeon's hand; he felt I wanted to *cure* him, and at last he grew to see his own weakness, and, as I said, I really did him great good.

"When we reached Toulouse, Milnthorpe and Eliot went through Paris back to England. Darnley could not make up his mind to

quit me, and he lingered on in the old city of Clemence Isaure for a couple of months. At last, however, an irrepressible desire to go to Italy took possession of him, and away he went, telling me he would return to Toulouse for the end of the carnival. Three weeks after his departure, however, I was called over to London to assist at the settlement of my grandmother, old Lady Elizabeth Heatherstone's affairs, and I lost sight of Darnley for somewhere between seven and eight months. At the expiration of this time I met him in Paris, where I soon discovered the favourable, and, I hoped, then radical change that had taken place in him.

"It was at a ball at Madame D——'s that to my utter astonishment I found myself suddenly accosted by Darnley. With his joy at meeting me there was mixed such a joyousness that had its source only in himself, such a new strange expression of happiness that I could not divert my glances from his face, or account to myself for the change. A very short time sufficed to instruct me fully upon the subject.

"A waltz was commenced by the orchestra, and I saw Darnley busily buttoning his gloves.

" 'Do you waltz, Heatherstone?' said he.

" 'No!' replied I, amazed. 'Do you?'

"He looked at me as though he had totally forgotten that there could have been a time when he did not, and darted off to the room where dancing was going on. I followed. He was already threading the crowd with something white upon his arm, something very feminine and feathery, that fluttered, fanned, and flirted, as is the custom of the race. Into the whirl they went, and round and round they turned, she seemingly supported by nothing earthly than by his arm; and that one arm was enough. I never need to see more than the way in which a man—(I mean a well-bred man, with whom *le respect des convenances* is instinctive)—encircles the waist of the woman with whom he is dancing, to know with what feeling she inspires him; there is a world of magnetism in all this, and I could preach for hours thereon—but there lies not the question—I understood at once the reason of the alteration I had noticed in Darnley, and I now watched the pair with an eager and intense interest.

"I discovered his partner to be a Miss Warrington, a girl of between eighteen and nineteen, of an excellent old family, and tolerable expectations as to fortune. This latter merit was superfluous in the present case, as Darnley's fortune would be very considerable. I now began to watch the girl herself. She was not exactly beautiful, but she was what the French call *distinguée* to an extraordinary degree. She was tall, rather thin, with small feet and long hands. Her neck, too, was even *too* long, but the shape of her head was perfect. A delicate complexion, dark hair, divided into two shining braids upon her forehead, and plaited behind *à la Grecque*, a remarkable pretty mouth, and a pair of dark, intelligent eyes, united together to form a whole that was passing pleasant even to a wholly uninterested looker-on, and I could conceive that to a lover there was more than enough to furnish a reasonable pretext for raving. For several minutes I could only watch the pair from afar. After the waltz, Darnley had conducted his partner to a seat at the end of a gallery fitted up with flowers, so as to imitate a conservatory. She was seated, and he leaning over her. I did not want to be any

nearer for I well knew all they were saying. At those moments there is such sweet solitude around one!—none but *the one*—no fathers, mothers, friends—no lookers on, no listeners, no crowd.

“‘Ah! well,’ murmured Heatherstone, with a half-stifled sigh, “*nous avons tous passés par là*, but never mind that.”

“When Darnley rejoined me half an hour after, he looked more serious than I had yet seen him, and still, beneath that seriousness you felt there was a deep, deep source of joy; it was the gravity of him who is on the brink of supreme happiness.

“I could not help congratulating him, and taking his hand in mine. ‘My dear Henry,’ said I, ‘I am so rejoiced!’ His look interrupted me—returning the pressure of my hand, he smiled, an eloquent smile, but I saw that at present the secret lay too deep for words. I passed my arm in his, and we walked through two or three rooms in silence.

“‘George,’ whispered he to me as we entered a salon tenanted only by a few whist-players; ‘I have not yet told her how much—’ he stopped short, and I could feel his heart beat under my arm. ‘How insufferably hot it is!’ he added, and we seated ourselves upon a sofa in the embrasure of an open window.

“‘She is an angel, George!’ were his first words, as he threw back his head against the wood-work of the casement, and looked up at the starlit heavens.

“‘Have you told her so?’ I inquired.

“‘I have told her nothing yet,’ he replied. ‘I wanted to be *sure*—but I will tell her all before we leave this house.’ There was in the tone in which he uttered these last words, something that delighted me for him, for his whole attitude, voice, smile, and look all revealed the innate conviction, that in confessing his love he should cause a pleasure sincere and great as that which he should feel.

“At the whist-table immediately before us, the game was just ended, and two of the players arose to be replaced by two fresh comers.

“‘There is the end of to-night’s campaign,’ said one of those who had left the card-table, dropping into a purse one single coin, whether gold or silver I did not notice. The speaker had a strong Irish accent, and he added some other sentences to the one I had already heard, but I paid no attention to what was going on in the little group before us. The next words I heard were—

“‘How long ago was it?’

“‘Not two months,’ was the reply,

“‘And how came his regiment to be quartered in Ireland? I thought they were ordered off for Jamaica.’

“‘I don’t know, I’m sure,’ resumed the Hibernian; ‘I only know that it was a most foolish affair, and I tried to settle it amicably, and so did Hemmings, who was the other man’s second, but it would not do, and so fight they needs must, and much good it did them!’

“‘And you may depend on it that devilish purse is charmed,’ observed a bystander.

“‘If I were you, O’Donnell,’ added another; ‘I would at any rate never wear it at cards.’

“‘Poor fellow!’ said the Irish officer. ‘He gave it me just at the last moment, just as the breath was leaving his body. No!

hang it !' he continued, drawing from his coat-pocket a purse that I could only imperfectly see, and looking at it earnestly. 'No ! hang it ! I could not do that either—I should expect him to come out of his grave to reproach me with discarding the last remembrance he had to give.' And so saying he put the purse back into his pocket, and the group separated.

"Darnley had risen, and till then, I had not noticed the strange expression of countenance with which he listened to the last portion of the conversation I have recounted ; but now, I was struck with his extreme paleness and with the ardent look he bent upon the Irish officer's receding figure. A moment after we were both upon the traces of the latter. Going up to him with an earnestness of manner that quite accounted for the absence of all the polite preliminaries usual on such occasions.

" ' You were second in a duel some two months since, as I have gathered involuntarily from your conversation ? ' said Darnley.

" ' I was,' replied the Irishman, looking rather wonderingly at his questioner.

" ' And one man fell ? ' pursued Henry.

" ' He did,' answered the officer.

" ' Pray forgive me,' resumed Darnley ; ' but what might be the name of the gentleman who was shot ? '

" ' Captain Milnthorpe of the —th,' rejoined the Irishman with great politeness.

" I now entered into some slight conversation with the stranger, and apologised for our want of ceremony, for Darnley was absorbed in his own reflections.

" We went arm-in-arm through the different rooms, but we did not speak. At last Darnley disengaged his arm from mine, and looking at me as he walked away—

" ' *Premier coup de cloche !* ' said he (and they were his first words) with a smile, he thought, perhaps, to render gay, but which was not so.

" The next day he had started upon a whaling expedition to Greenland.

III.

" THIS sudden disappearance of Darnley's made me aware of what, till then, I had not discovered ; that he was superstitious in spite of himself, and that he was so to an extraordinary degree. This discovery, I confess, caused me great pain, for though I have, all my life, laughed at everything in the shape of dreams, witcheries, predictions, and the like bedevilments, I have a considerable aversion for the

' Wise saws and cunning prophecies,
Cause of their own completion.'

and I am always disposed to guard a superstitious person scrupulously from any contact with those who purport to dispose of secret powers and hidden agencies. I fancied that Henry Darnley was far superior to any feeling of this kind, and I cannot describe to you the annoyance with which I found out how entirely I had been mistaken.

" I was not long, as you may suppose, without making Miss Warrington's acquaintance and a most interesting creature she was. A

very little time sufficed to make great friends of us two, and as Mr. and Mrs. Warrington, *père et mère*, were a good-natured, frivolous couple, who, so long as they could amuse themselves, asked no better than to see by their daughter's eyes, I soon became an established *ami de la famille*. Poor Charlotte Warrington! I never saw her dance from the time Darnley left Paris, and the first time I mentioned his name to her, her eyes filled with tears, and I thought she would have fainted. She really loved him, and had been cut to the very heart by his sudden and inexplicable desertion. As I was the first to tell to her the one sweet secret which most lovers tell for themselves, and to assure her of Henry's ardent devotion to her, you may easily conceive what a place I held in her preoccupations. Still no one had any news of the wanderer, nor did I dare explain to Charlotte the real reason of his flight. I could not throw this chill upon her hopes, nor cast this death-shadow across her path, but I let her imagine that some circumstance connected with his father, about whom she knew he never liked to talk, had called him away at the very moment when he would have given most to be allowed to stay. Miss Warrington had implicit confidence in me, and I obtained from her the promise that, as long as she herself cared for Darnley, she would pin mistaken faith upon his love, and not believe in the possibility of a change upon his part. She not only promised this, but she kept her promise in a way that was to be expected from very few women. She sincerely believed in Darnley's love although undeclared by himself, and feeling that she could love no other upon earth, she waited his return with a patient submission that nothing ruffled or disturbed.

"In the spring (six months after Darnley's departure) I lost sight of the Warringtons, for her physicians had for some wonderful ailment, of which no one alive had ever seen the slightest symptom, prescribed for Mrs. Warrington the waters of Carlsbad. Charlotte and I corresponded, and I did not need her assurances to convince me that my letters formed the charm and solace of her life. At last, as they were returning home by the Rhine, a letter of mine reached Miss Warrington at Bonn, and brought a recompense for all her resignation. I enclosed to her a letter I had myself just received from Darnley, and in which he announced at length his return to Europe after nearly a twelvemonths' absence. The letter was full of Charlotte Warrington at every line, and never were the anxieties and hopeful fears of timid and yet passionate affection better expressed. As this letter contained no allusion to the motive of its writer's disappearance, I tore off the name of the place whence it was dated (a town on the coast of Norway) and sent it straight to Miss Warrington, well knowing what honey it must be destined to distil into her heart's ears.

"The answer I got was such as I had expected; and with it was an invitation from Mr. Warrington to spend the month of October at his place in Staffordshire, whither they were all to return in the course of a fortnight. We were then in the middle of September. I, of course, accepted. Charlotte, in her letter, gave me a full account of all their proceedings. They were returning home not quite alone, for they had with them, as she informed me, a most interesting young widow, whose mother had been a schoolfriend of Mrs. Warrington's, and who, after a series of domestic misfortunes,

had agreed to seek for such comfort as could yet fall to her lot by the hospitable fireside of one of her childhood's intimates.

"I contrived so to manage matters with Darnley, as that he should agree to accompany me to Fernwood, provided I obtained an invitation from its master. This, as may be supposed, was no difficult affair, and although some delay in Darnley's arrival in England prevented him from actually going with me to Mr. Warrington's, it was settled that he was to follow me within a few days. In the eyes of the father and mother of his beloved, Henry Darnley passed for a very handsome, clever, and rather eccentric young man, destined moreover to be exceedingly rich; here was *plus qu'il ne fallait* to constitute an unexceptionable guest during the shooting season.

"For my own part I began to feel perfectly happy, and at my ease, upon the subject of Darnley's future welfare; for shall I avow to you my weakness? Immediately after hearing of Milnthorpe's death I had taken the trouble to make minute enquiries after Walter Eliot and had ascertained that he was in perfect health, and spending the winter with his family at Naples.

"All was then *couleur de rose*, and I assure you I have seldom felt happier than when, on one fine brilliant October morning, the Stafford mail deposited me at the lodge-gate of Mr. Warrington's family place.

"Mr. Warrington was already out shooting, and his better half had not yet rung for her breakfast in her own dressing-room. I found Charlotte alone with the friend of whom she had spoken to me, a young, delicate-looking woman in deep mourning. You may guess, but I need not dwell upon the reception I met with. I was, indeed, the harbinger of 'glad tidings,' and before I received my reward from Charlotte's cordial welcome, Charlotte's brighter eye and rosier cheek had attested to me the efficaciousness of the remedy I had applied to her ill.

"After luncheon, Miss Warrington proposed to show me the grounds, and out we went together. But there was no thought of 'the grounds,' or of showing me anything. Rapidly and in panting silence did Charlotte lead me through the park over the bridge beyond the entrance-lodge across the high-road, and into a pine-planted stag-stalked wilderness, called the Fern-wood, and whence the entire place took its name. Once hidden in these dark avenues, lost in these wild heathery paths, far from mortal ear or ken, then began the outpourings of the too full, too happy heart.

"But here you will allow me to interrupt my story," said Mr. Heatherstone, "I do not care even to myself to revive the memory of those days, or to conjure up before my own fancy the image of the trusting, enthusiastic girl, whose joys and sorrows were so intimately my own! *Passons!*"

"As we were returning from our walk—

"'How selfish one is!' said Miss Warrington, stopping suddenly, and laying her hand upon my own; 'I had almost forgotten to caution you about poor Emily—Mrs. Mannering I mean.'

"'What about her?' asked I.

"'Only this,' replied Charlotte; 'that you must, as much as possible, in conversation, avoid speaking of sudden deaths, for her misfortune is so recent that an unguarded word has often the most shocking effect upon her.'

“ ‘How did she lose her husband?’ said I.

“ ‘Not only her husband,’ answered Miss Warrington; ‘but her husband and her brother at once. They were out together upon the Lake of Lucerne, when a storm came on, and both were drowned—the bodies were not found until two days after, and then Emily was incapable of recognising them: she was ill of a brain fever and delirious, and to Mr. Mannering’s servant fell the task of rendering the last duties to the victims. Poor thing! it is a most horrible history—she had not been married a year!’

“ ‘And this happened?’ I enquired.

“ ‘Four or five months ago,’ was the reply; ‘she was sent for her recovery to Carlsbad, and there we met.’

“ ‘As we were entering the hall-door—

“ ‘What was Mrs. Mannering’s maiden name?’ said I.

“ ‘Bainbridge,’ answered Miss Warrington; ‘her father was killed at Waterloo.’

“ ‘The next day Darnley arrived, and here again,’ pursued Mr. Heatherstone; ‘there will be no gratification of your curiosity.’ The walk Miss Warrington had taken with me the day before she this day took with him, whilst I, who was intended to be their chaperone, discreetly discovered paths wherein to lose my opportunity. Oh! the bright sweet sunshine that sat upon those faces! On our return homewards we met, and both pressed my hands with an effusion that warmed my very heart.

“ ‘As we were taking our seats round the dinner-table, Mrs. Warrington addressed to her daughter the following words:—

“ ‘Well, Charlotte, dear, the Eliots will be here next week.’

“ ‘Darnley was busily listening to Mr. Warrington’s account of the damage done to one of his farms by the last month’s heavy rains. I bent towards the lady of the house, and scarcely knowing why I asked at that moment,—

“ ‘What Eliots are those?’ said I.

“ ‘Emily Mannering’s father and mother,’ answered she.

“ ‘But I thought Mrs. Mannering was a Miss Bainbridge,’ pursued I.

“ ‘So she was,’ replied Mrs. Warrington; ‘but her mother married a second time, and—but, hush!’ she added, ‘Emmie is looking this way. There is a history about it, and I will tell it you another time.’

“ ‘I could not get over the uncomfortable feeling that had seized upon me, and more than once old Warrington rallied me with more good humour than good taste upon my gravity. Darnley, who was too happy to conceal his delight, joined in this, and I had to make immense efforts to escape from the jokes of the whole table.

“ ‘As soon as I could find a pretext for drawing Miss Warrington aside, I put to her the question I was burning and yet, I will confess it, trembling to ask. Coming close to her, as she was searching for I know not what in the leaves of a book,—

“ ‘Tell me,’ said I, with an earnestness I could not control, ‘was Mrs. Mannering’s brother named Walter?’

“ ‘No,’ answered Charlotte, rather carelessly, I thought. ‘His name is Charles.’

“ ‘I breathed, and then another thought struck me.

“ ‘Is,’ I repeated; ‘but I mean the one who was drowned.’

“‘Oh! Walter, poor fellow!’ she rejoined, shutting the book and pronouncing herself the ill-fated name. ‘Yes,’—she continued, with more serious attention to the sad subject I had recalled to her mind,—‘Yes; his name was Walter—but how did you know that?’ she suddenly inquired. ‘Did you know him?’

“‘No—yes!’—stammered I,—‘a little.’

“‘Don’t you take coffee, Mr. Heatherstone?’ drawled out Mrs. Warrington from the other end of the room, and I hastened towards her, glad at the moment to escape from her daughter’s further investigations.

“When I retired for the night, which I did somewhat earlier than usual, Darnley was sitting beside Miss Warrington, watching her as she miscounted the stitches of her tapestry, and as I turned upon my pillow to go to sleep, her voice struck upon my ear, warbling forth the *complainte* of Eloisa in the “Puritani,”—

‘Ah! rendete mi la speme
O lasciate mi morir!’

IV.

“THE next day, before any one was stirring, I betook myself to Darnley’s room. He was up, and smoking at the open window.

“‘Why, what the devil, man!’ exclaimed he, seizing my hand: ‘you have your same long face of last evening,’—and then, in a gentler tone,—‘dear George,’ he added, ‘has anything happened? Is anything serious the matter?’

“‘That depends upon yourself,’ I replied, looking at him steadily. ‘If it were *my* affair, I should at once say *no*: but you have Scotch blood in your veins, and there is no answering for the crotchets that may harass your brains. But, however, just put down your cigar and answer me one question. How old are you?’

“Darnley hesitated for an instant, and seemed undecided whether to smile or frown.

“‘I was twenty-four last July?’ said he.

“‘Humph!’ growled I, beginning really to feel savagely sulky against something I could hardly understand or define. ‘Well, now listen to me, Darnley, and try to be a man, and not give way to all sorts of superstitious absurdities. Walter Eliot was drowned five months ago in the Lake of Lucerne, and Mrs. Mannering, who is staying here, is his sister.’

“A shudder he could not control passed over Darnley’s whole frame. He went to the fire, stirred it, and then, seating himself in a low chair, began picking out small bits of coal from under the grate with the tongs, shivering all the while as he did it.

“‘It is very strange, Heatherstone, is it not?’ said he, at length, making prodigious efforts to keep the words, as it were, straight in his mouth, and prevent them from knocking one against the other like his teeth.

“‘Why, as to that,’ I commenced, ‘I must say that I am not struck by the great mystery of all this as you are.’ (At the moment this was not precisely true, for Darnley’s chilliness was communicative, and I was not myself at all free from a certain shivering sensation in the back.) Henry interrupted me—

“ ‘Such as we are, George,’—he stuttered, for by this time his teeth had set to clattering, as though the very wind of death were whistling through them,—‘such as we are, you and I, we can never understand one another upon some points. Leave me a little to myself now, and come to me again in a couple of hours. I will wrestle with this phantom, George,’ he added, holding out to me an ice-cold hand ; ‘I promise you I will, but I must do so alone.’

“I left him then ; and I had hardly returned to my own room, when I caught sight of a figure I had no hesitation in recognising to be his, striding across the park towards the Fern-wood, in whose sombre recesses he was soon lost to view.

“When I again sought Darnley at the end of the two hours, he was perfectly composed, though very pale, and though the nervousness was gone, the chill remained behind, and the touch of his hand froze me to the core.

“His resolution was taken, and it was an inflexible one. He would never, he said, consent to associate Charlotte Warrington in the anxieties of a life overhung with so dark a shade. His plan was formed, and I cannot say that I found any reasonable argument to oppose to it. He meant to leave England immediately, as he said he could not support the thoughts of being so near to her whom he had condemned himself not to approach.

“ ‘Right or wrong,’ said he, ‘reasonable or absurd, I will not see Charlotte again, until the period has elapsed when I am to hold existence as a forfeit. Laugh, if you will, Heatherstone’ (I was not at all inclined to laugh), ‘not until my twenty-fifth birthday is passed, will I reclaim from the only woman I ever loved, her promise to be mine. But, *when* that day is passed, not an hour will I lose in flying to her, and in laying my whole life at her feet, for I must either cease to be, or be happy with her. I know of no other alternative.’

“As he said, so he did ; and when I joined the party at breakfast, I announced, in as careless a way as possible, that Mr. Darnley had been suddenly called to London upon some pressing law business, and had begged me to explain an unavoidable absence, which he hoped, upon his return in a day or two, to excuse. This was all very well for the rest of the party, but as to Miss Warrington, it was useless to dream of deceiving her.

“The explanation which I sought for came, and left her calmer than even I expected.

“ ‘On the 20th of next July, Darnley will return, never to leave you.’ These were the words which, often repeated, gave Charlotte courage to affront all contingencies. It was but nine months, and what were nine months to ensure a long life of happiness?

“Not a word of the real motive of her lover’s departure did I whisper to Miss Warrington ; it was enough that it was absolutely necessary—necessary to him—and that *when the time came*, and that he judged fitting to do so, he would tell her all.

“There lay one of the great beauties of Charlotte Warrington’s character. She bowed her head with serene submission to that which they, in whom she had confidence, told her *must be*, and never evinced one particle of that uneasy, unhealthy hankering so common to the greater portion of her sex, after what it was unadvisable or unwise that she should know.

"During the month I spent at Fernwood, not a day passed without my receiving some new proof from Miss Warrington of the strength and depth of her devotion for Darnley. Once I asked her if she did not regret not having his picture, but she instantly answered me in the negative, and taking from her bosom something folded in a piece of white silk—'You would laugh at me,' she said, 'if you were to see how very, very slight is the only material remembrance I have of him, and yet I prize it beyond all the miniatures that could be painted.' The little *relique* was nothing else than a small sprig of white lilac that had dropped from Darnley's coat at the ball at Madame D—'s on the night when I first saw Miss Warrington. It was faded and dry, but, as she told me, nothing could persuade her that it was not redolent with the spring-time of their love.

"In the first days of November I left Fernwood, and that winter was the one, my dear S——, in which I made your acquaintance at Munich. Three or four times I heard from Darnley in those nine months, and both his letters and those by which I answered them, were, as you may imagine, full of Miss Warrington, nor was the history of the white lilac forgotten; this, indeed, made such an impression upon him that he begged me to send him as accurate a design as I could execute of the little faded flower his Charlotte never parted from.

"Time wore on, and in the month of June I betook myself to the banks of the Rhine, meaning to return to England by Belgium and Paris, and be one of the witnesses of Charlotte Warrington's joy at the return of the long absent and so faithfully awaited bridegroom.

"As day after day passed by, Miss Warrington's letters to me became more and more cheerful and sure of happiness; in Darnley's last ones, on the contrary, there was a feverish excitement, a something that worried me, *malgré moi*, and, spite of all I could do, I found it impossible to surmount a certain uneasiness that amounted almost to positive apprehension. This feeling increased as the period approached which was, as I believed, to deliver me of it for ever. I intended to be in London on the 16th of July, and to pay a visit to Fernwood on the 20th, certain that I should at that period learn something decisive concerning my two friends. The 19th, I must tell you was Darnley's birthday, and he had, in all his letters to me, repented the determination not to let four and twenty hours elapse, after the expiration of the term, during which he felt himself bound by the spell of the prediction, without hastening to the side of his beloved.

"Unavoidable delays, however, which have nothing to do with my story, prevented my reaching Paris until the 19th, and, whatever might be my annoyance, I was forced to give up my project of reaching Fernwood so soon as I expected. The idea that, this day once passed, this mysterious 19th of July, on which Darnley was to complete his twenty-fifth year, once numbered with its parent days in the sepulchre of eternity, I might laugh to scorn, as I had been till then used to do, all the ghostly train of superstitious fancies, and rest secure in the well-being of those whom I so much loved; this idea, absurd as it was, tormented me to such a degree that I could find peace and tranquillity no where. In the evening after I had rambled up and down the Boulevards till I was tired, I, from sheer want of knowing how to kill time, turned into the *Théâtre*

des Variétés, and, finding nothing but a spare ticket in an already tenanted box, took my place on the bench allotted to me, behind a rather nice looking woman and two gentlemen who were with her.

"What piece was played is more than I can now recollect, but it was something so attractive that the house was filled to overflowing.

"Between the acts, the lady I have mentioned, and an elderly man who seemed to be her husband, were busily employed in explaining to the other person who was with them, some event which seemed to have caused a sensation in "*la Société*."

"'But,' said the person who was being instructed, 'if this association of the Prince de M— is a public one, as I understand, why should not this Madame *Varburton* belong to it? She is, to be sure, dazzlingly beautiful," and, following the direction of his *lorgnon*, I perceived that the lady of whom they spoke (and whom I now made out to be an Englishwoman by name, Mrs. Warburton) occupied a box on the opposite side of the house. Splendidly beautiful she certainly was, though not apparently very young. They resumed their conversation.

"'Why,' said the elderly gentleman, 'you see, though the association is after a fashion a public one, still the patronesses form a private body, and must be composed as much as possible of persons in a position to visit one another.'

"'And,' interrupted the other gentleman, 'Mesdames de M—! and D—, and de V—, thought themselves too virtuous to be exposed to the impure contact of la belle Madame *Varburton*—*quelle modestie!* to think that anything could hurt them.'

"'No,' said the lady, 'that was not exactly the case; but unfortunately the English ambassadress was one of the patronesses, and she declared that she must retire, if this other lady, her *compatriote*, were to become one of the twelve dames patronesses, and it seems there was such a scene as never was heard of, and Monsieur *Varburton* went to Lord X—, and was in a great rage, and Lord X— told him he had better be quiet, and in his particular position, accept gratefully from society what society might be willing to give him, but never exact or expect more."

"'Then what is so terrible in this *particular* position?' asked the listener.

"I was, during this colloquy of my neighbours, leaning against the door of the box, and trying to inhale a little air by opening every now and then the *lucarne* which looked into the lobby. I could not at the moment recollect to what train of ideas in my mind this name of Warburton corresponded, but that I ought to know more of it I instinctively felt—to say the truth I took no very great notice of what my companions in the box were saying. However, my attention was soon awakened by a circumstance of which I found out too late all the gravity.

"Turning round to answer the last speaker's question—

"'It is certain,' replied the lady who sat before me; 'that for the English ambassadress, Madame *Varburton* has a position that prevents her mixing in good society. She is a *divorcée*, and that under, as it seems, most scandalous circumstances. I cannot think of her first husband's name, but she ran away from him with Monsieur *Varburton*, and it seems the *procès* was a most horrible one, quite *affreux*.'

"Before the sentence was finished our box was literally shaken by the violent manner in which the door of the adjoining one was shut.

"*'Ah ! mon Dieu ! quel bruit !'* exclaimed the French lady.

"As I looked out of the *lucarne* a figure dashed by me, which for a second rooted me to the spot. And then without reflecting upon how mad it must appear, I snatched up my hat and burst from the box in breathless pursuit of this apparition. I thought I had seen Darnley.

"My pursuit was vain, and I returned to my hotel more than half inclined to believe that the over-excited state of my nerves had made me also a fit subject for superstition to play its tricks upon. I had, however, now discovered the link which connected the name of Warburton with my perceptions ; it was the name of Darnley's guilty mother, and once, but once only, in the first days of our friendship, had he mentioned it to me.

"At four o'clock on the following day I was to leave Paris. Just as I was about giving the last instructions to my servant, and getting the bill of the house paid, a man, looking like a *lacquais de place*, entered my apartment, bearing in his hand a small sealed packet.

"*'De la part de Monsieur Darnley,'* said he, taking off his hat and looking round the room. 'Does Monsieur *Aderston* live here ?'

"I sprang forward with one bound. 'Is Mr. Darnley in Paris ?' I exclaimed. 'Where is he ? Why did he not come himself ?'

The man gave a melancholy stare. "Poor gentleman !" said he, "*he died last night at twelve o'clock !*" * * *

"Mr. Heatherstone walked once or twice up and down my room, and then resuming his seat, "The packet the man gave me," continued he, "contained this ring, which I have worn ever since, and which I will carry to my grave."

"When I came to question the messenger I found that Darnley had been in Paris upwards of a month, that on his arrival he had been seized with a tremendous attack of typhus fever, from which he was recovering gradually but slowly. On the previous day, the fatal 19th, it seems his nervous excitability had arisen almost to madness ; he could not remain still a moment, and, notwithstanding the peremptory orders of his physician, he had gone out towards evening, and had been brought back two hours later by two gentlemen in a hackney-coach, who said they had found him in a fainting fit in the Rue de Richelieu, and had discovered his address from a jeweller's bill contained in his pocket-book. When the doctor arrived, all hope was over and five minutes before twelve he breathed his last, exhausted by the ravings of delirium.

"In his writing-case, which lay open on the table, the first thing found was a paper superscribed, 'To whoever may be near me when I die,' and in which he earnestly entreated that the black ring worn by him upon his forefinger might be carried, or sent as quickly as possible to me, wherever I might be to be found.

"And how did you find me so soon ?' I asked.

"It was not difficult," replied the man, 'I had the honour of serving Monsieur two years ago, when Monsieur and Monsieur Darnley were lodging together at the Hotel du Rhin, and then the near neighbourhood—'

" 'How!' I ejaculated; 'near neighbourhood—why, where did Mr. Darnley lodge?'

" 'In the room above this,' replied the man.

" 'And no one came to tell me?' I exclaimed.

" 'Helas! Monsieur,' he answered; 'it was not till this morning that the paper was discovered, and Monsieur was out until a few moments back.'

"The jeweller's bill, which was the means of poor Darnley's address being discovered was for an object that was but ill specified on this *facture*.

" 'It is, nevertheless, my firm belief,' remarked the *lacquais de place*, 'that Monsieur Darnley came to Paris for no other reason than to get that *bijou* made, for he talked of nothing else during all his illness.'

"When the little *écrin* containing this trinket was put into my hand, I discovered a brooch representing a sprig of lilacs in diamonds; upon the back of one of the leaves which hung down over the stalk, were engraven these words:

'Liebe ist des Lebens unsterbliche Frühling.' " *

"And Miss Warrington?" said I, when the tale was ended.

"I purported not to tell you *her* history," said Heatherstone, gravely; "there are sorrows too deep to be disturbed by idle words."

"Well," resumed I, "you must allow that the '*Prophecy*' was not in this instance the '*cause* of its own completion,' and there certainly was something very extraordinary."

"Oh!" interposed he, "if once we get upon the chapter of 'extraordinary' occurrences, coincidences, and the like, we have small chance of bringing it to an end. I ask you now again, after the story of my black ring, and of poor Darnley's catastrophe, as I asked you before,—do you believe in witchcraft?"

"No," I unhesitatingly replied.

"Neither do I," added Heatherstone, "*E pure!*"

* Love is life's eternal spring.

LOVE AND THE WORLD.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

LOVE bore me on his radiant wings,
From off this dull cold earth,
And tried to prove in winning tones,
How little was its worth.
"Behold," he cried, "my only home
Amidst this sapphire sky,
Where pure and undefiled I reign
And earth-born clouds defy."

I turned upon the wicked boy,
And laughed him into scorn,
And told him all that he possessed
Within my world was born.
An instant, and my loved one stood,
Before the urchin's face,
He smiled, and bade us look for earth,
But we had lost the place.

THE BYE-LANES AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND;

WITH

TURF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

BY SYLVANUS.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Comparing-day at the Corner.—The Sunday before the Derby.—Scotch Turf-ites, Railways, and Sunday Sanctity.—An Old Military-Medico.—His opinion of the Clan.—Limmer's Hotel.—The *Habités*.—Rencontre with O'Fay.—The Cream of the News.—The Limmer Clique.—Despots and "Nobodies."—More Turf Illustrations.—Horace Pitt.—The "King of the Gipsies."—The "Facer."—Lord Edward Russell.—Handsome Jack and Tommy Garth.—The "Dollar" in Paris.—Badinage.—A Dangerous Customer.—O'Fay's Elucidation of Matters.—Nimrod's Opinion.—A "Selling" Stake.—Turf Mercenaries.

WITH the important "Comparing Day," and final High 'Change on the *Sabbath*, immediately preceding the race for the Derby, the transactions at the Corner may be said to be closed; or rather, to be transferred to other corners of the metropolis, till the *dramatis personæ* once again, prior to the solution of the great mystery, muster in the main street or on the downs of Epsom, where the struggle of half-landed victims to "get out" from the iron meshes cast so skilfully by the fishers of men, serves to shew some pretty sport in the art of seine-drawing.

The comparing of betting-books to the studier of Lavater, is an interesting ceremony, for the better against safe horses is not to be mistaken, as he beckons to his customers with a "Biddy, biddy, biddy" air, to come and call over the liberal odds laid them through the winter! These he clenches with an attempt at suppressed *non-chalance* not to be misunderstood; whilst a heavy bet against a really dangerous horse, the book-maker being sought in this instance by the delighted taker, is compared in a mood equally difficult to dissemble.

The public display of sporting devotees on the Sunday at Tattersall's, when magistrates, M.P.'s, and if not the actual Premier of England, his very nearest relatives—supposing a Peel or a Russell—to have possession of the "Box," may be seen book-in-hand, or handling a horse's points, surrounded by grooms and "chaunters," must be an edifying spectacle to the simple student of national character—native or foreign—and is no slight reflection on our boasted consistency.

The Scotch muster strong on the Turf, their nobles and gentry being both keen and staunch competitors for the good things going, and, of course, regular attendants at Tattersall's on most occasions, as well as on the Holy Day specially selected for the High 'Change of betting.

Here, in this indecent arena for the *display* of public immorality, the remark having allusion to the day and its desecration, may doubtless be seen numbers of shareholders, if not directors and chairmen of those northern railway lines, whereon an afflicted lady was denied a seat in a *passing* letter-train, because it was the

Sabbath, though to close her dying father's eyes was her pious errand!

There was something so humiliating to our national reputation,—something so libellous on decency and common sense, and above all, so much redolent of pharisaical imposture,—in this recorded fact of the stoppage of the Duchess of Sutherland on her journey to England on a late occasion, that, upon being asked by a French gentleman if such a “horrid statement could really be true,” the writer *blushed with shame*, and replied that he hoped—nay, he fain believed it could *not*! Immediately previous to this unfortunate Scottish escapade—*on parade*,—we had given it a more Anglo-Saxon definition, but forbear from sincere respect for the many sterling traits of the “Land o’ cakes,”—we met at a table d’hôte with a fine old Scotch surgeon of dragoons,—a high-bred, silvery-haired veteran of the Staff, who, though he had witnessed the siege of Seringapatam, and had resided for thirty years in Paris, yet retained not only all his nationality unimpaired, as well as a deep seated veneration for the service, but an accent in untainted Aberdeenshire purity.

The old military-medico in appearance partook of “The Duke” and the late Sir Astley Cooper,—not a very bad style,—and was as intelligent and amusing a companion, after you had stormed the conventional approaches, as a travelled, educated countryman of Scott or Lockhart, Fox Maule or Allan Cunningham, may be said to be with scarcely an exception; if I may be permitted to speak from experience.

On parting with the doctor on the French coast, he gave me to understand that, much as he regretted leaving Paris, solely as a place of residence, and without reference to, or any great reverence for French character (as who would not regret the convenient, pleasant, and reasonable city?), he yet thought it would be anything but a quiet abode for some time to come; and, consequently that he was on a sly pilgrimage to Auld Reekie, where many of his kinsfolk resided, just before he finally broke up his little establishment, and packed up his wife, and “other baggage,” to see if it was “possible to live wi’ thae d—d psalm-singers!”

The look, exquisite accent, and emphasis with which this was uttered are not, unfortunately, to be given by pen and ink, though the little anecdote—an honest fact—may serve as a meet commentary upon the Sunday piety of Scotland, coming from the style of man it did, howbeit a chieftain, and an elder of the clan. It is only a wonder that these strainers at gnats, and swallowers of far more huge monsters than camels, when sanctity and self are implicated, should suffer the very railway engine to “whistle o’ the Sabbath,” especially when its dwarfish, yet single-hearted kinsman—the “toddy-kettle,” is encouraged to sing on the hob of the puritanical conservers of the public morals and rails so incessantly and jovially.

The many canny Campbells, Johnstones, Baillies, and Macs-Alpine and Nab—all from their several ilks,—whom memory recalls to have seen betting right and left against Aristides (say, by way of specifying), a horse belonging to their noble, straight-forward countryman, Lord Eglinton, and then all but broken down, during the afternoon service on the special “Sunday before the Derby” alluded to in our narrative, might surely use their influence with the “board” at home, to prevent a recurrence so absurdly puerile, yet

so perverse, if not subversive of Scripture,—for thou shalt surely see thy dying parent on the Sabbath-day,—and, moreover, so provocative to this trifling illustrated discrepancy between precept and practice, as the stoppage of the monopolized high-roads of Scotland on the score of mock morality.

One of the metropolitan corners to which the West-End denizens of the parent nook in Pimlico resort in great force is Limmer's Hotel in Conduit Street, where some heavy bye-play is done on the few days, or rather nights immediately preceding the Derby; and where the long-room of the hotel, the bar, and even "George's pantry," are crowded by all sorts and conditions of men; some lipping out an abortive oath at their infernal luck in not having backed the favourite; others on the hover, or crouching, ready for a spring, though apparently the most jolly, trustworthy, delightful set of fellows who ever shared a magnum of claret, or essayed to shake a man's arm off.

Hither we repaired after a late dinner, and rejoiced at meeting our amusing friend, O'Fay, at the doorway of the house, mellow as a nectarine in October, and quite as delicious in the mouth. He was in cut-and-thrust humour, and hardly required interrogating before he pointed out the notables of the rendezvous, and gave us the cream of the news of the day.

"Ah! my rustic friend," exclaimed he, as I crossed over the street; "*en route* for Epsom, and standing on Gaper, I suppose, as usual? Plenty of gape-seed hereabouts; but not safe to speak as well as stare, I assure you. A pretty game is a-foot; they tried to burn Scott's stables at Leatherhead last night; Cotherstone is "potted," but will win; Gaper is "potted;" Old Charity, and the Atrocious Division, are upon an extreme old 'un. John Day has been obliged to hedge 20,000*l.* to 3,000*l.* with Lord George (a tidy bet to make with an old servant). They take 6 to 4 about Bowe's horse; here's Old Fatty inside. Two new hells open to-night. But, come in, and see the fun." Thus rattled on O'Fay, and in we went.

The house was crammed with loungers and lookers-in, in addition to the few real inmates of the hotel and coffee-room *habitués*; all more or less speculators on the forthcoming race at Epsom, and indued with that dominant, if not rude and overbearing air, which so distinguishes every sporting-man about town, who, no matter what his extraction or propensities, has contrived, through the influence of all levelling betting, to insinuate himself into the Limmer clique.

If a chance feeder at the "Clarendon," a Household trooper, or, by the rood, a Lord! as well as a lisper out of odds in the ring, the *recherché* leg and mess-room shark, is an example of English manner,—infinitesimal, heaven be praised! though it be equally curious and affecting. An effeminate, drawling effrontery is the prevailing characteristic. The character and accomplishments of these brigands of fashion have been too racily, and, we regret to add, too accurately delineated by our amusing friend Sam Slick, in the true and biting satire which so often hangs between jest and earnest, to require further illustration than a single quotation from the quaint and keen-sighted moralist. It is in relating his experi-

ence of Tattersall's that he says,—"Gentlemen is the lowest, lyingest, bullyingest blackguards there is, when they choose to be; 'specially if they have rank as well as money. A thorough-bred cheat, of good blood, is a *clipper*! that's a fact. They ain't right up and down like a cow's tail in their dealin's; and they've got accomplices, fellows that will lie for them like anything for the honour of their company; and bettin' under such circumstances *ain't safe*!"

The O'Bluster family, the Nazarene brigade, the sporting "stiff-melters," and other "nobodys" of Turf and Play, have to endure an iron despotism of "cut" or chance familiarity at the hands of these ephemeral rulers of Conduit Street *ton*, the ignoble adventurers being compelled to retire to the "Coach and Horses," Evans', and other plebeian haunts to come, in turn, the magnifico over the "Manchester men" and smaller fry of turfites.

On the special evening to which we would recur in our narrative, the originals, from whom the "Attaché" sketched his speaking likeness, were grouped in high relief; for, foils as they were to the *Hall-marked* metal of another order of English gentry, namely, the stray, yet many visitors from the hall and hamlet who throng London and its varied nooks at this season, and merely contribute their liberal quota to its insatiable maw, there was no mistaking the studies from whence he had drawn his portraits.

Sir Xenophon Sunflower, a man who, from taste and sympathy, would have gloried in being a foot-pad, had he flourished in the "lower walks" of life, in lieu of being obliged to play the baronet, was "in office" for the great Scott party; picking up all the good money in the room with the dashing ease of a venturesome sportsman, imbued with the half-reckless pluck and gallantry of a genuine lover of excitement. *In reality*, he had three horses to lay against that were morally *dead*, and another to back who had been so highly tried, as to leave his winning, bar accident, a matter of little less than certainty.

Old Crocky paddled about as usual, laying his favourite thousands to ten against his young country friends, "naming the three winners," leering masonically at any patrician Greek who perchance caught his eye, occupied like himself in doing a steady, safe business in the midst of the human Maelström, as the scene at midnight appeared to our uninitiated eye.

Poor old Fatty Sutherland was in the chair, wheezing like a slumbering grampus, and betting occasionally with anything but an excess of judgment!

Horace Pitt, the nicest-looking and most pleasant-mannered fellow of that set,—far away,—Ginger Stubbs, honed and set to the finest possible edge, and the King of the Gipsies, had formed a conversational trio, and brought their beaks into a focus. The latter personage, a fashionable yokel of the true collop and sanded-floor cut and lineage in reality, endeavoured to make up for the absence of our gentler attributes, by assuming an air of ineffable superciliousness, added to a complaining lisp, when addressed by the handsome, natural, high-bred Guardsman.

The "Facer," a tendril from the Wellesley tree, for it was too fragile to be termed a twig, a delicate ruffler of the ring, formerly of the "Guards," the Celeste of the regiment, whose sole happiness

consisted in blowing a long tin mail-horn, principally in Old Thorn's shop, in Regent Street, escaping from "Servers," and spending his evenings with Jem Burn and his bull-dogs, sat on a table drumming the bright leaf with his boot heels, swathed in the unadulterated *nil admirari* vacuity and impertinence.

This gentle creature was a fortune to Mr. Sloman and the sponging-houses for a considerable portion of its existence, the "Facer" never hesitating to relate the history of his many hair-breadth escapes and captures in the course of conversation, without an atom of compunction. He spoke in the most approved icy drawl, and would have put up his glass at the very hangman, had they been introduced to each other in the way of business. With all this girlhood of frame and manner, the "Facer" had the pluck of Old Crib, with no contemptible share of his science, and would have returned blow for blow with a giant, if assaulted, or had he imagined an insult intended, being one of those singular anomalies of effeminacy and courage that so often puzzle presumptuous strength and brutality.

He once gave us an anecdote of himself, that he considered a "most amusing episode of the Stone-jug," and related with inimicable *sang-froid*:—

"Do you know," said the "Facer," "that I was captured the other morning, before the Sunday was run out half-an-hour, upon an infernal 'Ca sa' of the 'Count's,' and taken to the old quarters; when, upon naturally inquiring 'Have you any swells here?' I was told there was only one, but that he was a *very heavy* one; and whom do you imagine I found up stairs? Why, the very Count himself who had served me with the demned *capias*! and who had been nabbed late on Saturday night on another suit. It was a singularly droll coincidence," continued my sweet friend; "but, of course, we sent out for some wine and turtle, and, with a little *écarté*, spent a very pleasant afternoon together."

We could relate other "amusing episodes" from the "Facer's" own telling, did not our sketch of the West-End hostel require our handiwork.

Three portly gentlemen, hailing north about and all pretty well drunk, sat chatting in the pantry with "George," amongst whom the Assassin fitted to and fro on the sly, trying, as he expressed himself, to "play a back-hand."

There was a frightful hubbub of voices, over which might be heard at intervals the deep West-Riding *basso* of the owner of Cossack, or the querulous, high-pitched *falsetto* of the little Milesian M.P. All had dined, and were conformably excited.

Lord Edward Russell, Handsome Jack (running to seed), and Tommy Garth, all of the despotic dynasty, had got the luckless "Dollar" into a confab, evidently dispensing the familiarity of the capricious moment, and making slight effort to conceal the contempt it had—as per Old Saw—long since engendered towards its not quite unembarrassed recipient.

"They tell me you cut it very fat, Dollar, at Paris," commenced Lord Neddy, winking at Tommy Garth, and surveying the sporting Hebrew with a quiet, yet unmistakable air of finished badinage. "They say that you make a 'good book' in other places besides London, and are down to more dodges than we simple Britons wot of."

"How about that *petit souper* at the 'Hotel des Princes,' when you provided the 'chicken,' and invested so heavily in the French 'fives' the next morning?"

"Ah! what a man you are, my Lord," replied the Dollar (he would have called him "my dear," had they been alone).

"It is all calumny and jealousy, because I got a little money out of Ratan. I thank G—d I have never been 'had' in Paris, as some big swells have, who might be named. No, I am very quiet in Paris, and never out of bed later than five in the morning, and only play chicken with friends."

"You got more out of Sting than ever I or Bluemouthal (a sad slip!) did out of Paris in our best day. But you are such a man my Lord! so droll, and so quick, that no weight can bring us together."

"For which, heaven be praised!" muttered his Lordship aside.

"Ah! somebody wishes to back Gorhambury for a little pony. I must go to business—I must go to business;" and away strutted the Dollar

We had not long entered the coffee-room at Limmer's, before we were joined by a peculiarly mild, agreeable fellow of about middle age, to whom Dallas (arrived in town over-night) was slightly, and O'Fay intimately, known. These addressed him as "Captain," and soon fell into an animated conversation on the merits of the coming Derby, during which racy chat the Captain became extremely amusing and communicative, and struck me as being in every respect a gentle and "proper" man.

On his leaving us, finally, to join a noisy ring just forming in the centre of the room, of which O'Bluster—redolent of satin—Macassar, and huge figures was the promising nucleus, and Billy Bullrush from York, high fed and lordly, the disputed member for the nonce, I inquired of my old Newmarket cicerone, who was his friend the Captain?

"An infernal Bonnet," replied he, without the slightest attempt at circumlocution; "neither more nor less."

"I will not pretend to be ignorant of the meaning of the word now," said I; "I am too much indebted to your former lessons to have forgotten the term; and suppose you mean that the Captain is a partizan of some stable, and, by consequence, ready to bolster a horse into favour for the Derby or other race whose pretensions are not of the highest order."

"I mean," retorted O'Fay, "that he is a 'Bonnet' to the Berkeley hell; to more than one notorious money-lender; to Madame ———, to a match on any one-sided affair; and that he is, in fine, a commissioner in any thing whereby money is to be got. Do you understand me now?"

"I should be dull indeed to mistake you; yet how shocking that the evident good-breeding, profession, and connexion of such a man should be so prostituted and degraded!"

"He *loves* the game, I firmly believe, from his heart," continued O'Fay, "for he has not the excuse of being 'hard up,' and never bets but on a certainty. To complete the list of his accomplishments, I must tell you that he is the most finished billiard sharp in the West-End, or at Harrogate or Leamington in the season, and out and out the most dangerous man you can meet with, should you

ever become intimate or confidential. He will be to you your Iago or your Stukeley ; and you will never suspect him till he has ruined you. I know he has an unlimited commission at this moment to lay against the horse he just offers to back for a pony."

"How atrocious and damnable!" ejaculated I, in amusing indignation.

"Not in the least," replied my knowing friend, "it's all in the way of business, and nothing when you're used to it. I will tell you how the matter stands. A man has two or more horses entered in the Derby ; one, or say two of which, having run through and won their two-year old engagements, probably in a canter, have become, reasonably enough, favourites for the great event at an average of ten to one, or less. These are frequently—no matter how good—quietly yet resolutely intended to pay the owner's training and personal expenses for the year, by an act of judicious gambling on his own part—namely, by betting against him through emissaries, and thus securing a certain sum in hand from his animal's well-earned reputation. These men are like old hazard players, being better content with throwing in a few mains and 'pocketing the difference,' than in flirting with luck or wooing contingency through an evening and morning. It is neither more nor less than a man backing himself out, with an *effectually loaded die*, on the verdant course, as the dicers do, when so disposed, on the green board of hell."

As every just critic demands a modicum of circumstantial authority, in support of an author's assertion on any point of interest sufficient to attract his notice, we quote from the very, very few animadversions to be met with in print having reference to the most flagrant mal-practices of the turf, in accounting for which reprehensible silence, "villanous as have been the proceedings of the last twenty years," "Nimrod," in an article which appeared in the "Quarterly," some fifteen years ago, said—"The reason why exposures are not oftener made, arises from the value of the prize that tempts the pirate, and the fact of the immensity of the plunder—a plunder so unfailing and feasible *with management*, that secrecy is purchased at any price." But even our scantily-furnished wig-wam table supplies us with evidence that our friend O'Fay did not in the least exaggerate, when he stated that men backed themselves *out* or *in* according to fancy ; for, in a journal specially devoted to the turf and its interests—namely, the *Sunday Times*, of November the 19th of this present year—we read that at "Newport Pagnel" the "Selling Hurdle Race" was a "sell" indeed ; for, though the first heat appeared to be right enough, the second was thoroughly disgraceful, and one of those "jobs" that are such foul dishonour to the turf. In the last dozen strides of the deciding heat, the Taglioni mare reached Sovereign's quarters, but her jockey kept his hands so hard down upon her withers that she could not get an inch nearer.

"To mend the matter," continues the reporter of the race, "after passing the post, he, the jockey, dismounted and led his mare in to scale, saying, he feared she had *broken down*!" Mr. George Payne, who was the steward at this meeting, must have greatly admired this bit of consummate villany and impudence ! In the same journal, though of the preceding week, we have an account of the Worcester Autumn Meeting, the Grand Steeple Chase included, in

which we are told that "Proceed started and won by a neck only ; but it is certain that keeping him dark as to the starting produced so many runners. The game was acted differently from the Bath system, and quite as satisfactorily to themselves. The Bath proceeding was acted, certainly, in direct opposition to this, because the party professed to start him there and did not ; here they pretended not to start him, and did. Let those who read, learn."

This turf organ, at all events, cannot consistently dissent materially from our own animadversions on the crying matter of racing fraud ; and merits the best thanks of the community for the courage and disinterestedness it has displayed in thus expressing its abhorrence of "jobs" at once so dishonourable and disgraceful as the proceedings alluded to and "shown up." The cold-blooded attributes of a thorough-going turfite, who resolutely and premeditatedly means his horse to lose a race, are something too horrible to contemplate in sober earnestness, or free from the concomitant "world's applause," which ever attends *successful* chicanery, and is accepted as all but its acknowledged and conventional accompaniment. However intimate you may be with such a man, he assures you "on his honour !" that he "stands" on his horse to an immense amount ; backing him, probably, in your very presence, with his own commissioner, who on like terms lays the odds to yourself to a couple of hundreds for the very man you are dining with and so implicitly placing faith in.

To see a gentleman of reputed honour and hectoring sensitiveness to the slightest whisper of defamation, laying the odds to a brother gentleman against a horse, from whose owner he has received *carte blanche* to "pot" at all prices !—conscience telling him that he was putting him in a position in which he *could not but lose*, perhaps effecting his ruin ;—to behold a man smiling, and dallying with his victim, and assuring him that he is but "hedging a great bet," and earnestly recommending him to "take his money" as a friend !—to contemplate this scene, as an acute observer may every hour at Tattersall's, on the "Sunday before the Derby," the assertion that "Fraud has but supplanted Violence" in this our boasted era of "Progress" and "Enlightenment of the Masses" (hateful mouthings of the phrase-monger !), our anti-feudal sympathies, and *real* interregnum of cant and double-dealing, does not seem, unfortunately, so devoid of truth as the superficial perusers of character might infer.

We refrain from citing any of the innumerable detections of the "pious fraud" of *trade* in religion, politics, or speculation, which might be adduced in proof of the sad fact averred, but shall leave our racing sketches to speak for themselves, and to *disprove* it, if possible.

"In horse-racing, as at present constituted and carried out, men may swindle with impunity, and laugh at their dupes into the bargain."

We conclude this chapter in the language of the straightforward journalist to whom we are indebted for our quotation,—namely, "Let those who read, *learn* !"

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CITY OF LONDON.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER V.

James the First's exorbitant demands for Money.—His Favourites.—His lax morality.—The Lord Mayor's boldness.—Licensing Gambling-houses.—Stow.—The Price of Milk.—Lent.—Keeping Country Gentlemen at Home.—1625.—James's Death.—His Prodigality.—The Plague.—Proclamation of Charles.—State of the Army and Navy.—Apprenticeship.—The Art of Making Glass.—Hackney Coaches.—Sedan Chairs.—Use of Coaches forbidden.—The Goldsmiths.—Forced Subsidy from the Citizens.—Massacre of Dr. Lamb.—10,000*l.* Fine.—King James's ideas of kingly Prerogative.—The Silk-Throwers.—The Freedom of the City.—Queen Henrietta's Penance.—Great fear of Machinery.—Clearing the Streets of Stalls and Booths.—Act against Engrossers, or Monopolizers.—Licensed Victuallers' Charges.—Repealing of James's Licences and Acts for Gambling, &c.—Good Feeling of the Citizens.—Grand Pageant by the Inns of Court.—Dinner at Merchant Taylors' Hall.—The Masqued Pageant repeated.—Increase of Population.—The Lord Mayor's Census.

JAMES I. appears, even by his most indulgent authors, to have passed a life of continual begging and childish wilful extravagance. The merchants of London, who were the busy bees to fill the hive with honey, began to feel alarmed at the exorbitant demands made by their silly crafty monarch. Such claims had hitherto been kept somewhat within the bounds of reason, and applied for in a business-like manner—in fact, so as not to startle the steady plodding citizens; but about this time an extraordinary demand, in amount, was made by the High Treasurer. It was for no less a sum than 600,000*l.* to meet the existing exigencies of the crown; and, further, an additional annual grant of 200,000*l.* to the King's revenue: "as the means of preventing a recurrence of those embarrassments which had so much impaired the efficiency of Government."

In return, the Commons were invited to state their grievances freely, and were informed "that the King was not more desirous of experiencing the liberality of the Commons, than of proving himself the father of his people." James proceeded so far on this occasion as to profess himself anxious that such provisions might be made, that should future Kings "have will to grieve the people, they might not have the power."

Osborne observes—"that James shared so largely in the folly of princes, that he never gratified the subject but upon urgent necessity, or by way of barter, which made the Commons consider him, at best, but in the relation of merchant, and themselves *as countrymen brought up only to be cozened.*"

James seems, with all his "King-craft," to have been an idiot in the hands of his favourites; for, even in the midst of his own distress, he conferred both money and land on them to an enormous amount. Osborne says—"that the setting up of these golden calves cost England more than Elizabeth spent in all her wars."

The citizens were much scandalized at his lavishing their good money upon such favourites, who were seldom men of parts or ability, for they had the means of discovering how these large sums were disposed of, and found that the first favourite of the King—Philip Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke,—who pretended to no other

qualification than that of being a good sportsman, and to the understanding of horses and dogs, had had both money and lands bestowed upon him, to a large amount, at the time of his marriage with Lady Susan Vere; and, on other occasions, Viscount Haddington—another transient favourite—had his debts paid by the King, which were no less than 10,000*l.*, and a grant of land bestowed on him to the value of 1,600*l.* per annum; nor was the royal bounty stayed until more than 30,000*l.* had been thus expended. But all this was moderation compared with what ensued when Somerset and Buckingham succeeded by turn in their ascendancy over the weak mind of the King.

These proceedings tended much to disgust both the common people and the opulent merchants, whose purses were freely and nobly open to any legal and justifiable call for the honour of the King or the country; but, for such “placing beggars on horseback,” they obstinately and positively refused to drain their resources, which came through honourable means, and should only be spent so.

The citizens also beheld with much fear that the King, although a strenuous assertor of orthodox opinions, was yet a great latitudinarian in morals. His “Book of Sports,” published in 1617, gave them very serious offence, as it tolerated the exercise of recreations and sports on the Sabbath-day. The Lord Mayor and citizens, together with many of the clergy, so strenuously opposed it, that they incurred the resentment of the High-commission Court. Notwithstanding which, the Lord Mayor persevered so strongly in showing his resentment and contempt at such an unchristian license, that he even caused the King’s carriages to be stopped as they were driving through the city during the time of Divine service.

This being reported to His Majesty, with the most aggravating circumstances, he swore, in a great rage—“He thought that there had been no more kings in England than himself.” After the heat of his passion had subsided, he sent a warrant to the Lord Mayor, commanding him to let his carriages pass; which he obeyed, with this declaration: “While it was in my power, *I did my duty*; but, that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey.” This well-timed concession was highly gratifying to the vanity of the King, who hastened to acquit the prudent magistrate of the breach of the royal orders. Thus the danger was avoided, and the Lord Mayor gained much reputation by his spirited act, which served as a warning to the King how far it would be advisable to go with a people who showed themselves so tenacious about their own prerogative and decent deportment.

Notwithstanding, however, this lesson given him by the hardy citizens, he very soon after gave a grant to Clement Cottrell, Esquire, groomporter of his household, to *license gaming houses*, cards, dice, *bowling alleys*, and tennis courts. In London and Westminster, including their respective suburbs, were then twenty-four bowling-places; four in Southwark; in St. Catharine’s one; one in Shoreditch, and in Lambeth two. Within these limits were also tolerated fourteen tennis courts, and *forty taverns or ordinaries for playing at cards and dice*, much to the disgust of the well-conducted citizens. The motives for this indulgence were expressed in the grant in the following terms:—“For the honourable and reasonable recreation of *good and civil people*, who, by their quality and ability, may lawfully use the games of bowling, tennis, dice, cards, tables, *nine holes*, or any other

game hereafter to be invented." These licences may appear few to the citizens of the present day, but it must be remembered how small a space was at that day covered by the localities mentioned and licensed; the outside of *Aldgate* was then fields, and beyond *Temple-bar* was but thinly scattered with houses. Stow, who wrote most of his history during this reign, marks these facts in his own simple manner; saying—"that behind the nunnerie in the Minories, were fields, in the possession of a farmer named Goodman," and, "that in the fields was a ferme belonging to the said nunnerie, at the which ferme (he says) I mysele, in my youth, have fetched manye a *half peny worth* of milk, and never had lesse than *three ale pints for a half peny* in the summer, nor lesse than *one ale quart for a half peny* in the winter, alwaies hot from the kine."

In the latter part of his reign James passed most whimsical Acts, to the great annoyance of his subjects, and his good citizens in particular, the motives for which it is in vain to endeavour to understand or fathom. In 1621 he issued a proclamation to enforce the prohibition of flesh during Lent, an ecclesiastical law, the severity of which was supposed to have been done away with at the Reformation: by this order the magistrates of London were enjoined to strictly examine the servants of all innholders, victuallers, cooks, alehouse-keepers, taverners, &c., who sold victuals, concerning any flesh sold by them in Lent. And in the following year he ordered all the Lords, spiritual and temporal, and gentlemen who had seats in the country (Privy Councillors and servants of the King and Prince excepted), to leave London forthwith, to attend their service in their several counties, and to celebrate the feast of Christmas. In a second proclamation he enjoins them not only to *remain at their seats* at Christmas, but always "*till his further pleasure be known.*" Widows of distinction were included in this order. If law business called any of these forced residents to come to London, they were commanded to leave their families and establishments in the country, so that their tenants and agricultural labourers should not be altogether deprived of the benefits derived from the residence of their landlords and masters, arising from spending their money among those who toiled for it. This last injunction does not appear so very foolish and whimsical as was then thought by those who were displeased at being forced out of the gaieties of London and the vices of a corrupt court.

After an unprofitable reign of twenty-two years James died of a tertian ague, at Theobald's, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, on the 27th of March, 1625. Hugheson, speaking of his character, says, "That it is not to be judged of either from the adulation or the passionate invective of the two parties that disturbed the realm during his government. That he was peaceable is undoubted; but this has been stated to be the effect of mere pusillanimity; that he was learned is equally a fact; but his dogmatical mode of displaying, proved his impertinence, more especially when he took upon him to devise rules for the direction of a kingdom, to the honour of which he had so badly administered."

"His liberality was misplaced; it bordered on prodigality, which was more blamable, being directed to unworthy objects. The due maintenance of his prerogative was certainly justifiable; but when he took upon him to dictate mandates to the other branches of the legislature, he committed an error the magnitude of which could not be

effaced, till the horrors of anarchy had overwhelmed the British dominions and the blood of the future Sovereign, and thousands of loyal and virtuous men had procured a dreadful expiation."

The public entry of Charles I. and his bride, to whom he had been just married, was postponed, at the request of the citizens, until the 2nd of February in the following year, on account of that fearful visitant the Plague, which, as at the beginning of the preceding reign, raged most violently in the City of London, notwithstanding the great improvements made in cleanliness, and the clearing away of confined and unwholesome neighbourhoods. The unhappy reign of Charles I. during which the nation was disturbed by rebellion and consequent distraction, was, of course, inimical to all improvements in the metropolis. The learned Howel, in his entertaining Letters, relates some singular circumstances which happened on the proclamation of this Monarch. "King Charles," says he, "was proclaimed at Theobald's court-gate, by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight-Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him, 'That whereas it had pleased God to take to his mercy our most gracious Sovereign King James of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles, his rightful and indubitable heir, to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c. &c.'" The Knight-Marshal, by mistake, said, his rightful and *dubitable* heir, but he was rectified by the Secretary. He was also proclaimed at Whitehall-gate and in Cheapside in a sad shower of rain. "But," says the same author, "the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the kingdom, which is cloudy; for he is left engaged in a war with a potent prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, *the fleet royal in quarter repair*; the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the state lightly ballasted, though it never had a better opportunity to be rich than it had this last twenty years; but God Almighty, I hope, will make him emerge, and pull this island out of all its plunges, and preserve us from worse times."

In a letter to his father this author speaks of the style and manner of apprenticeship in London at this time. He writes, "Our two younger brothers which you sent hither are disposed of, my brother Doctor Howel (afterwards Bishop of Bristol) hath placed the elder of the two with Mr. Hawes, a mercer, in Cheapside, and he took much pains in it; and I had placed my brother Ned with Mr. Barrington, a silkman, in the same street; but afterwards, for some inconveniences, I removed him to one Mr. Smith, at the Flower-de-luce in Lombard-street, a mercer also; their masters are both of them very well to do, and of good repute: I think it will prove of some advantage to them hereafter, to be both of one trade, because when they are out of their time, they may join stocks together; but you must not send them such large tokens in money, for that may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother Ned apprentice in *Drapers' Hall*, casting my eyes on the chimney-piece, I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath, Thomas Howel; I asked the clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry the Eighth's time, and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the company of Drapers, with other things; so that he is accounted one of their chief benefactors.

"I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howel came now thither to be bound; he answered, *if he be a right Howel*, he may have when he is free *three hundred pounds* to help him to set up, and

pay no interest for five years. He told me also, that a maid who can prove her father to be a true Howel, may come and demand *fifty pounds* towards her portion. I have removed my brother Griffith to the Hen and Chickens in Paternoster Row, to Mr. Taylor's, as gentile a shop as any in the city ; but I *gave a piece of plate of twenty robes to his wife.*"

The writer of these letters was the first person who brought the art of making glass from Venice into England. He is described by Granger as "master of more languages and author of more books than any Englishman of his time ;" having published more than one hundred volumes besides his "*Londinopolis.*" During the Civil Wars, after having been Member of Parliament, he was committed to the Fleet for his loyalty, and compelled to write for a subsistence. At the Restoration he was appointed historiographer, which post he enjoyed till 1666, when he died, and was buried in the Temple Church, where a monument is erected to his memory.

The use of hackney-coaches was but very trifling in 1626, having their origin only in the first year of this reign. Captain Bailey, an old sea-officer, started *four hackney-coaches with the drivers in liveries*, with directions to ply at the Maypole in the Strand, where now the New Church is, and at what rate to carry passengers about the town. A successful rival, however, soon appeared to divide the popularity with the old tar, the King giving a grant to *Sir Sanders Duncomb*, expressed in the following terms: "That whereas the streets of our Cities of London and Westminster, and their suburbs, are of late *so much incumbered with the unnecessary number of coaches*, that many of our subjects are thereby exposed to great danger, and the necessary use of carts and carriages for provisions thereby much hindered, and Sir Sanders Duncomb's petition, representing that in many parts beyond sea people are much carried *in chairs that are covered*, whereby few coaches are used among them: wherefore we have granted to him the sole privilege to use, let, or hire a number of the said *covered chairs* for fourteen years." For this lucrative grant the King, so careful to provide against his liege subjects being run over by the excessive number of four hackney-coaches, no doubt received a *douceur* of good and sufficient weight, for the patent was followed by a more stringent proclamation against hackney-coaches, commanding, "*That no hackney-coach should be used in the City of London*, or suburbs thereof, other than by carrying of people to and from their habitations in the country, and that *no person should make use of a coach in the City*, except such persons as could keep *four able horses* fit for his Majesty's service, which were to be ready when called for, *under a severe penalty.*"

At this time that part of Cheapside which extended from the Old Change to Bucklersbury was denominated Goldsmith Row ; and Rushworth, in the second volume of his "*Collection*," records an order of the Privy Council, in 1629, to confine it and Lombard Street to the trade of goldsmiths only.

Charles' poverty soon forced him into the most arbitrary measures for obtaining money, which the citizens refused in a manner that was rather startling to the King and his advisers. He soon punished them for their firmness by other means, they being ordered to fit out twenty of the best ships in the river, well manned and stored with ammunition and provision for three months, *and several of the principal merchants were imprisoned.*

It was not long, however, before a pretence was found for obtaining

money from the citizens with more colour of justice. One Doctor Lamb, a favourite of the King, and the suspected adviser of these arbitrary proceedings, being discovered in the City, was attacked by a mob, who loaded him with the most bitter invectives, and dragged him about the streets, beating and kicking him, till at length he died under their inhuman treatment. The King hearing of the tumult, hastened into the city, and in time to have saved his life had his authority been sufficiently great or his body-guard strong enough to have rescued him from the hands of the exasperated citizens; but who, in reply to the King's entreaties and promises that he would suffer the law to take its course if Lamb could be judged guilty of any offence, said "they had judged him already."

The King was so incensed, that he amerced the City in a fine of six thousand pounds, which was afterwards mitigated to fifteen hundred marks on the committal of several of the rioters, upon whom, however, he had not the power to satiate his vengeance. This murder and contumacy alarmed the King, whose father had not scrupled to assert "that kings were strictly the viceregents and images of the Supreme Potentate. As such they could raise up or bring down, award life or death, create or destroy; were the judges of all, and to be judged by none, and entitled to the services both of the bodies and souls of their people." Whatever might be said to the contrary, this was held as the abstract and proper dignity of a King. To deny this was no less than sedition, as to question the power of the Almighty was no less than blasphemy.

This year was productive of a privilege to a new branch of manufacture. The silk-workers of London were become so considerable, from their great improvement in their art and number as a body, that they were incorporated by Charles, under the name of the Master, Warden, Assistants, and Commonalty of *Silk-throwers* of the City of London, and within four miles of it. He, also finding the suburbs of the city increased to an amazing extent, and vast numbers of regular tradesmen being of necessity obliged to exercise their avocations there, without the advantage of being ranked as citizens and members of the Corporation of London, in 1636 incorporated all the tradesmen and artificers inhabiting such places of the City of London as were exempted thereby, as also those of the outparts of Westminster and Middlesex, within three miles of the said City of London; *excluding for the future* all such persons as shall not *have served seven years* to their respective operations, as well as foreigners, from exercising their respective trades, in order to save those places from being pestered with inmates, and to prevent the prejudice done to such as were Freemen of London. These suburbs were consequently added to the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor.

In this year the sober Protestant citizens were much scandalized by Queen Henrietta Maria's priests compelling her to undertake a *walk to Tyburn*, by way of penance. Of course it was not told what her offence was, but even Charles himself was so disgusted at this insolence, that he soon after sent them, and all her Majesty's French servants, out of the kingdom. At which his good citizens were much rejoiced, for they had a wholesome fear of the great ascendancy of the Queen and her priestly household, which might have militated much against the popularity of the King at a time when disputants and seceders were daily getting more dangerous by their numbers.

In our age of steam and machinery, we can but smile at the caution and timidity of the wise and practical men of that day, who were alarmed, almost out of their wits, by the erection of a saw-mill, or engine for sawing timber, on the river Thames, opposite to Durham Yard. So little was the advantage of a saving of labour understood then, that it was shortly after suppressed, "*lest our labouring people should want employment.*"

The next great improvement, carried out vigorously by an order of Common Council, was the clearing the streets from the incumbrance of stalls and stands for bakers, butchers, poulterers, chandlers, fruiterers, sempsters, grocers, and venders of oysters, herbs, and tripe, which had become a perfect nuisance, in defiance of laws hitherto enacted. It was ordered "that no inhabitant whatever should presume to sell anything in the streets or lanes of the City, upon pain of forfeiting for the first offence *twenty shillings*, for the second offence *forty shillings*, for the third offence *four pounds*, and for each after offence the penalty to be doubled." And, in 1633, the enormities of *engrossers*, victuallers, bakers, &c., had risen to such a height, that the Court of Star Chamber issued a decree, "That no person whatsoever should presume to *engross* any sort of provision: and, particularly, that no *chandler* should buy corn, grain, meal, or flour, to sell again at market, or elsewhere. That no *vintner* should sell anything but bread and wine: that no baker should sell bread at any more than twelve, or, at most, *thirteen loaves to the dozen*. That keepers of victualling houses should not take more from each guest, for a meal, than two shillings, including wine and beer, and from a servant eightpence; that no *innholder* should take more than sixpence in twenty-four hours for hay for one horse, and no more than sixpence for a peck of oats. And finally, that neither victuallers nor vintners should suffer cards, dice, tables, or other unlawful games, in their houses, under the penalty of losing their licence." This was felt by the citizens as a great boon, and hailed with pleasure accordingly, being looked upon as a most favourable change from the extravagant licentiousness given countenance to by the late King's acts, which were bought privileges barefacedly for the encouragement of all kinds of vice, debauchery, and Sabbath-breaking.

These kind of acts produced a warm and cordial feeling between the King and his citizen subjects; and although murmurs constantly arose against the oppressive acts of the ministers, the loyalty of the city remained unabated, the different influential bodies vying with each other in acts of kindness and compliment to their new sovereign. On one occasion the Royal Family and Court were entertained, on their return from an excursion in Scotland, by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, with a masque at Ely House, which, for "curiosity of fancy, excellence in the performance, and splendour, exceeded all former exhibitions of that nature," at the enormous expenditure of 20,000*l.*, which seems almost incredible, considering the value of money in those days.

After the performance, which took place at Whitehall, the masquers passed in procession in front of the building, to bow their farewell to their Majesties, who looked upon them from the windows. Their appearance so delighted the Queen that she expressed a desire to have the masque repeated. This being intimated to the Lord Mayor, Sir Ralph Freeman, he was induced to give their Majesties an invitation

to dine at Merchant Taylors' Hall, where they were entertained with the utmost magnificence. The masques, much to their delight and approval, again made their appearance, "and the entertainment was repeated with equal dexterity, splendour, and applause, as at Whitehall."

"It is a lamentable reflexion," says Hugheson, "that from the very window of the palace in which Charles placed himself to view these masquers, he was afterwards conducted to the masqued executioners, who bereft him of life on the scaffold."

The rapid increase of the population at this time, and their turbulent state, gave rise to much annoyance and fear. Bodies that had hitherto been unprovided against, on account of their insignificance, now showed a bold and alarming front, and clamoured for their rights and privileges. The census, taken only in the rough manner understood at that time, showed at the accession of James I. that London contained little more than 120,000 inhabitants. Six years afterwards, the Lord Mayor, on being questioned by the Privy Council as to "What number of mouths are esteemed to be in the City of London and the Liberty?" returned a written answer—"130,280."

SNAP DRAGON'S SONG.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I AM a Dragon—I know it well—
 But whate'er my name may be,
 No Christmas revel is worth a rush,
 Without you 've invited me.
 I dance with the lightest of you all,
 As well as the best can do,
 And treat all friends to a hearty laugh,
 Yet I make them all look blue.
 For I am the Dragon Snap!

My body 's made from the clust'ring vine,
 My crown is of Muscatel;
 My throne, 'tis true, is but painted clay,
 But it suits me very well.
 Although I 've got quite a thousand tongues,
 No scandal by me is known;
 No mortals have any fear of them,—
 The danger is in their own.

For I am, &c.

My spirit 's pure, or I could not live;
 And I teach the young and old
 To welcome me in my honest warmth—
 Not ponder 'till I grow cold.
 To greedy souls I a lesson give,—
 'Tis a lesson should be learnt—
 If they seize more than their rightful share,
 Their fingers are rightly burnt.

For I am, &c.

I 'm Snap Dragon, and I love the name
 Well known at each Christmas feast;
 And though it has such a frightful sound,
 I 'faith I 'm no scaly beast.
 I love the girls and the boys all round,
 And their joy I 'm glad to see:
 So, instead of eating up the lot,
 I let them all swallow me.

For I am, &c.

MY WINTER ROOM.

BY ALFRED B. STREET,

AUTHOR OF "FRONTENAC," ETC.

THE WINTER wind is roaring in the air,
 And crashing through the trees, upon the panes
 A dull sound tells the beating of the snow,
 And, now and then, a sharp quick tinkling where
 The hail is smiting. Hark, how bitterly
 The wild wind shrieks! and, as I glance from out
 My casement, nothing but the black sky o'er,
 And the pale ghastly snow beneath, I see.
 Within, how warm and cosy is my room!
 The broad bright blaze leaps, laughing, crackling up
 The rumbling chimney, shedding round my walls
 Its rosy radiance. Swarms of ruddy sparks,
 Like dancing fire-flies, hover now below
 The chimney's mouth, now stream up quietly
 Its sable throat, and now right at my face
 Dart swiftly, snapping out their testy lives.
 The great swart andirons stand in sulky strength
 Amidst the glowing redness. Now and then
 A brand breaks up, and falls on either side,
 Attended by a merrier dance of sparks.
 And then the play of shadows. On the wall
 The tongue has cast a straddling shape, with knob
 Nodding so wisely, every chair has lined
 Its giant frame-work all around. The tall
 Quaint clock, which ticks with such industrious tongue,
 Chiming harmonious with the silver chirp
 Of the unceasing cricket, casts its high
 And reaching figure up the wall, with breast
 Bent to an angle, stretching half along
 The ceiling, wavering to each mirthful fit
 Of the glad firelight. How the cinder-blaze
 Flashes upon the letters of my books,
 Dances along the barrel of my gun
 (Remainder of sweet Indian summer days
 In the calm forest when the smoky air
 Rang with its voice), and glittering on the joints
 Of my long fishing-rod (awakener too
 Of cool, dark forest streams, and leaping trout,
 And dashing music, and of net-work gold
 Dropped by low branches), glancing in the dark,
 Smooth polish of my cane (that also tells
 Of rambles in the fresh, green, pastoral hills
 To view the summer sunset—through the glens

To while away the languid summer heat,
And by broad waters where the harvest-moon
Beheld its face reflected). Cheery nook,
Sweet cheery nook ! how precious is thy peace
In my unquiet life ! how gladly here
My heart expands in pure beatitude,
Feeling its storms all hushed in holy rest,
All tumults soothed—at sweet peace with itself—
In kindness with all kind. The mangling day,
Cares, disappointments, sorrows, may have brought,
But all have vanished. All the bitter things
Of being—unappreciated worth—
Wounded affection—barred ambition like
The Phoenix burning in the flames it fans
With its own pinions : hopes that, like old Rome,
Are strewed in wrecks, which tell how bright and grand
Their pristine shapes ; all these roll off like mists,
And leave the crimsoned room a radiant shrine
Of blest contentment. Here the fancy, too,
Revels in its sweet dreaming, tracing things
Grotesque and beautiful from out the coals,
One glowing like a famished lion's eye,
One cracking open like a maiden's lips
(So soft and rich their velvet ruddiness),
And melting one in ashes soft and grey,
Like sunset's rim, what time the sun hath sunk
Beneath it ; and not only this, but lapped
In poetry, which dances now in sweet
And fairy music, as of harp and flute,
And marching now in stately phalanx on
To drum and trumpet. Glows the happy soul
Responsive, till the hours on downy feet
Have brought the time for slumber—then with prayer
To God, my head upon its pillow sinks,
And hearing, in the slow delicious creep
Of slumber o'er the frame, the stormy wind
And beating snow, I slide within the land,
The dim, mysterious, unknown land of dreams.

WORKING OF THE POOR LAWS IN IRELAND.

Dublin, 20th Dec. 1849.

DEAR SIR,

MY attention has been attracted by a review in the last Number of the "Miscellany," of a little work called "Paddy's Leisure Hours." I know the book, and have every reason to believe that it contains nothing but what is true. That the real state of things is quite the reverse of what the Reviewer supposes, I know for certain. If our poor dear friend, Dr. Taylor, had been alive he could have written a better review. For he knew the facts, and nothing would have induced him to disguise them. He could have told the writer that it is an utter mistake to suppose the poor laws have operated to lessen the distress in Ireland. On the contrary they have tended—especially the out-door relief bill—to aggravate and to perpetuate it. This was not only foretold by myself and many others, and has been but too strongly confirmed by experience, but moreover it was *the conviction of the very persons who brought in the bill*; as I have *proved by citing their own words* (to which I could have added more) in page 29 of the pamphlet I enclose. Doubtless they were *driven* by the clamour in England to act against their own better judgment. It must be painful to them to have their own words, which they cannot deny, cited against them. And I would never willingly give pain to any one, except when the public good requires the plain truth to be brought out. It is very well to talk about a law to make the Irish support their own poor. And we might pass a law to make "the sky rain potatoes," but the omnipotence of Parliament does not extend to physical impossibilities. Sometimes it is possible by legislation to *mitigate* physical evils; it is always very easy (as in this case) to aggravate them.

But probably the writer knows as little as people in England generally do, of the evil state of Ireland. It is possible that he does not know that there are whole districts lying waste, because the poor-rate swallows up more than the whole profit that could be made by cultivating them; and on which not even cattle can be turned out, because they would be seized for *arrears of rate*; that he does not know that large estates have been deserted by the tenants, who have fled to America without paying their rents; leaving the landlord penniless: that in numerous instances the farmers' cattle, ploughs,

and even manure heaps, have been seized for the arrears of poor-rates; that out-door-relief being given to those who are wholly out of work, and refused to those who have had two or three days' work in the week, this operates of course, as a penalty on industry and a bounty on idleness.

The attempt to promote agricultural improvement by taking away the capital of the *farmer*, and the industry of the labourer, has had the effects which might have been anticipated. In all these, and many more points, ignorance of the *facts* may account for the erroneous conclusions. But there is one error which the writer himself could not fail to perceive in a few moments' reflection. It is evident to any one of common sense, even who had never known anything of Ireland. When he speaks of a crowd of poor people "knocking at the door of the LAND-OWNER and demanding employment," he forgets that it is not a landlord, as such, who can give employment to agricultural labourers, but the OCCUPIER. If you had an estate which you had let to farmers, you would laugh at any one who should propose to set men to dig and plough fields which you had let to another. And if the Irish landlords were to turn out all their tenants (supposing that possible) and become themselves the occupiers of all their land, the clamour against them in England would not be small. I am myself an Englishman, not owning an acre in Ireland; and I have no reason to be partial to the majority of Irish landlords, or Irish Protestant Clergy, a great part of whom have shown me no favour. But nothing shall ever induce me to lose sight of truth and justice. If the writer wishes to know and to proclaim the truth, he will be obliged to me for pointing out his mistakes. If, on the contrary, he feels constrained to pander to English prejudice and passion, and to harden men's hearts by misrepresentations against the sufferings of their fellow-countrymen, I shall at least have cleared my own conscience.

You may make whatever use you please of this letter.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

RD. DUBLIN.

RICHARD BENTLEY, Esq.

Publisher,

New Burlington Street.

LITERATURE.

THE PRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

THE PRESS, the mighty Press, so ambitious and so laborious, that looks so high, that attempts, and does so much; that lends itself so readily to all purposes and to all parties,—to the vicious and the virtuous; to the cause of good order and the furtherance of disorder; that gives utterance equally to the thoughts of the wise, to the devices of the crafty, and to the fancies of fools; that is the ever ready tool of all men, and that some men use to their very great profit and honour, and others to their ruin and dishonour; this all powerful agent for evil or for good, to work weal or woe, to the thousand millions of this world's inhabitants, comes now before us, on this the first day of a New Year, to render an account of its labours throughout the year which is past and gone for ever.

Indeed, there are times with us all, when it is prudent and right that we should, for a moment or so, consider our ways, and assure ourselves that we are walking and working wisely and safely; and, as the Press, like ourselves, has a character to lose, and is often exposed to much misrepresentation and abuse, and is very properly anxious to stand well in the world's opinion, it has entrusted this office to us, to say, briefly and honestly, what, by night and by day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year of Grace 1849, the Press has been doing within the limits of the United Kingdom.

Unavoidably, and of very necessity, we must do the Press no little injustice in this matter, since of much that it does we can know but very little; so hard does it work while we are asleep, and so much does it work in places of which we have scarcely any knowledge; yet, of what we do know we will now report. The Press never knows of any intermission to its labours. Now, what these labours are, may in some little measure be judged of by this fact, that to gratify the desire, which we all more or less have to know the general news of the day, the Press sends forth in the daily papers a printed surface which amounts in the year to 549,308,000 superficial feet; and, if we add to these all the papers that are printed, weekly and fortnightly, in the metropolis and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,466,150,000 square feet, upon which the Press has left in legible characters the proof of its labours. Of the Newspapers, therefore, that have been published in the United Kingdom during the year 1849, we may say, that they would cover a surface of 33,658 acres, or would extend, if joined one to another to 138,843 miles; that is, they would nearly six times encircle the earth at the equator.

But to this daily and weekly labour to supply subjects which men will insist to be daily and weekly gratified with, must be added those many monthly and quarterly publications, for which we are content to wait somewhat more patiently. It is no light toil, however, to prepare these for our use, since these, if spread out, sheet by sheet, would cover 4700 acres, and would extend, with a breadth of one foot, to 38,000 miles. Upon these publications alone has the Press, through the year 1849, used up considerably more than 1000 tons of paper.

And who can say what the results of such labours are, or by what skill and toil, by what talents and risks, such results have been produced. It is only by unceasing vigilance, and untiring exertion, and intense application of mind and body to the work, that all the advantages and enjoyments of the daily papers are secured to us.

But let us give praise where especial praise is due, even to that giant of the Press, "The Times," than with whom none, for usefulness or completeness, can compete or compare. That paper keeps no fools on its staff, but the very ablest writers, the most acute reasoners,—men with intellects of the highest order, with minds the most gifted, with talents the most distinguished, with acquirements the most varied; and such is their energy, activity, thought, and enterprise, that they will suffer none to have equal energy with themselves. And we daily see the sum of the united daily toils of this phalanx of able men. What a mass of information they contrive, day by day, to collect together; and how ably they arrange it, how briefly they state it, how accurately they report it! Nothing of general interest escapes their vigilance or notice; no subject is beneath them, none too hard for them: whatever concerns others concerns them, and hence the patronage "The Times" receives, and the circulation it obtains.

Nor is this circulation unworthy of a paragraph. "The Times" publishes daily, according to the season, from 28,000 to 33,000 copies; but 30,000, the year through, is, probably, the daily average of the copies "The Times" sends out. Now this paper, with its supplement, if spread out on the floor, would be found to cover a space of 9 feet by 2=18 feet; and if 30,000 of these are printed daily, and the printing days are 313 in the year, it follows, that what "The Times" Office sends forth each year, would cover an estate, and would purchase two such, of 3880 acres; and what they send forth in eighteen months, would completely encircle the earth at the equator.

But we turn from the daily Press, which interest us chiefly for the moment, to those more stately publications, the folios and quartos, the useful octavos and the humble duodecimos, of which the writers too often vainly hope that they will be hailed by the world's applause, and a vast mine of wealth will be opened to them. Of all fallacies this is one of the most deceiving, the most frequent, and the most mortifying: to write a book which the reviewer cannot praise, and which the public will not purchase, is gall and bitterness indeed, and deep affliction of spirit; but it is a needful correction to the vain, and a just recompense to the presumptuous.

Of the Press's labours in this department of literature we must, on this occasion at least, confine our observations to what it has done in London alone, and from the lists now before us, should say, that about 4000 new works, or new editions of old works, have issued from the press of the Metropolis during the year 1849. Of the number of impressions of each of these which have found their way to the public, we can know nothing, and should probably say nothing, even if we knew; but it is rather more to our purpose to define the books that are published,—to discover what the Press has been the most busy upon,—what class of works the public most patronize, or that they who write to be read, conclude the public would most wish to have. Now, the result of this inquiry is in the highest degree creditable to both the Press and the public. Of trash there may have been more than suffi-

cient, and of twaddle enough to weary the most patient and wakeful of reviewers ; but the discouragement given to these in years past, may have partially acted as a check upon their production in the year 1849. We have very little to complain of on this score. The works which have most abounded are works of real usefulness, of great present interest, and of lasting importance, as we shall proceed to show.

Whatever a few may think, the thoughts of the many most decidedly are to the things of eternity, rather than of time ; the works upon Theology, or Divinity, or by whatever name we would designate what refers chiefly to the soul, exceeding four times over those of any other, of the many subjects which the Press has brought under our notice. We were not prepared for this result to our inquiries, but we rejoice at it, and regard it as a certain sign of the healthy tone of the public mind—of the strong and general religious feelings of the nation. We take into no account, in this case, the four millions and upwards of books and tracts circulated within the year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, nor of the one million one hundred thousand by the British and Foreign Bible Society,—nor of the large number sent out by the Religious Tract Society,—nor of the many thousands upon thousands of Bibles and Prayer Books which issue yearly from the presses of Oxford and Cambridge, of Bagster and others, in every variety of form, and expensiveness of decoration ; but will keep strictly to the four thousand new publications, as they appear in the trades' circular, and we announce the fact with pride and with pleasure, that one-fifth of the works which the press of London has been engaged upon, during the last twelve months, are decidedly of a religious character. The fact speaks volumes for the sound religious principles of a vast majority of the English people, and it accounts fully for the tranquillity we enjoy, and for the sober, quiet way in which we pursue our several avocations, to the enriching ourselves, without despoiling our neighbours.

Having thus proved how greatly we care for our souls, the Press then certifies to us that our next greatest care is for our property, books upon law being more in number than any other after divinity.—some of these are really most instructive books to all classes ; and to name one out of many, we consider that Colquhoun's "Summary of the Roman Civil Law," with its commentaries and parallels, would be found a very valuable class-book in every school and college in the kingdom.

Having taken due care of our property, we then give attention to what concerns our health ; and the large number of works upon Medicine, published throughout the year, testifies to the alarm the Cholera excited, and the total ignorance of medical men as to the nature of it and the right treatment of it ; and we know of nothing more damaging to the profession than their contradictory opinions and practice upon this one disease. Arrant quacks must many of them be, if the books they write are any evidence of their real opinions on this matter ; men of little useful knowledge and with very deficient understandings, if their letters and pamphlets are to be considered as the test of either.

With our property safe and our health cared for, we may next give a thought to the subject that stands next on our list, which is the History of past Ages and Nations,—of times long gone by, or barely preceding our own. Foremost among these is a reprint of Thirlwall's "History

of Greece," and a new volume of Grote's "History of Greece," a very able work, displaying great learning and research, much patient investigation, and many original and strong party views of powerfully interesting subjects, but we shall not for this displace Mitford from our shelves. Macaulay is publishing his personal opinions upon men and their proceedings during the last two hundred years in his "History of England," the great popularity of which is attested by the almost unprecedented sale of it—upwards of twenty thousand copies. It is brilliantly written, and men read it, and will continue for years to read it, from precisely the same cause that they continue to read Sir Walter Scott's historical novels; namely, for their own amusement and from their admiration of the writer's dashing style, of his dexterity and odd fancies and strong prejudices. Its value as a history, strictly speaking, will become a matter of history, perhaps, ten years hence. Of other works of this class, such as Kemble's "Saxons," we may hereafter probably speak, and more in detail.

With these more formal histories we may connect those valuable materials for history, which are to be found in the Memoirs and Correspondence of public men in times gone by, several of which the past year has laid open to us. And the first we may name, from their intrinsic value, are the Rupert Letters, which have strangely confounded all the novelist writers of the histories of the Civil Wars, and have occasioned an unpublished history or two to be thrown, as damaged property, into the fire. There is, in truth, people discover, no gainsaying what the "Rupert Correspondence" asserts; it is useless to distort facts from what we there find them to be: there we have the truth, from eye-witnesses and from the actors in those scenes, ungarbled and undisguised; and it matters not what writers now say or think, if their thoughts or words are opposed to the facts which the Rupert Letters disclose.

The "Fairfax Correspondence" is another valuable contribution to our historical stores. The numerous letters may not have been made the most of, and the political opinions of the present day may have been mixed up more than was needed with these records of the past, but their value is, nevertheless, unquestionable. They are faithful evidences of what men thought and did, and why they so thought and so acted; they unfold to us new views of some of the leading men in those stormy times, and enable us to judge far more correctly of their characters, and far more charitably of their motives, with less prejudice and with far greater satisfaction.

The "Memoirs" by Keith and Lindsay are of a later date, and read admirably well with "Horace Walpole's Memoirs;" but those of such men as Lord Hervey and Lord Castlereagh, who lived almost with us and amongst us, must of very necessity be either in some measure imperfect or in some measure objectionable: since, if *all* their letters are published, many persons who are living must be injured and many a fair character would be damaged; and if many are held back, then the value of the memoirs as helps to history is so far depreciated.

Biography supplies a very large class of publications, and they are works that in general sell well; the object of the notice being usually, in some sense or other, a party man, committed to a party either in politics or religion, or both; his party, therefore, praise and patronise the work on principle and purchase it largely.

Of Travels and researches in other lands there are above two hundred separate publications, and of many of these it would be impossible to speak too highly. Layard's "Nineveh" has procured for him a triple reputation,—European, Asiatic, and American,—a reputation that he is very likely and very speedily very greatly to increase. Curzon's "Monasteries in the Levant" is a fascinating book, and enough to drive a thorough bibliomaniac perfectly crazy. Wilkinson's "Dalmatia," Dennis's "Cities of Etruria," Werne's "White Nile," Tindale's "Sardinia," are books that give us a vast amount of information upon countries and cities that very few, indeed, amongst us have the least knowledge of; and there are three books we may name which we have read with the most absorbing interest, Lynch's "Dead Sea," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and "The Nile Boat."

But we must tarry no longer in this flowery field, and will now refer to the books on Education, to the Grammars and Dictionaries and helps to modern languages, which the past year has brought to light: of these there are above two hundred. The Geographical works number nearly one hundred; while the works on Science generally, upon the arts of Painting and Architecture, may number two hundred; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, with Mineralogy and Geology, supply about fifty new volumes; Botany about seventy; and Classics about eighty.

Sir Charles Napier's letters in the *Times* have brought out numerous writers upon Naval matters, a subject that will bear much writing upon before the thoroughly-proved incompetency of the Admiralty Board, as at present constituted, to build ships scientifically and economically is made evident to themselves. Upon the state of the army and its arrangements few pamphlets have been hazarded, and were probably, therefore, not needed.

Politics have but little stirred men's minds during the past year, and controversies upon the proper policy to be pursued by the Government, in reference to our trading interests and political institutions, have not been so rife as to call out more than one hundred and fifty volumes and tracts on those subjects; people, perhaps, generally concluding that a Whig Administration, although at times very squeezable, is at all times very unteachable.

Novels have far more engaged the public attention than matters of general policy, above two hundred works of fiction having made their appearance during the last year. Even Poetry has been asked for, or at least supplied, and to a considerable extent, one hundred and fifty effusions having come forth, but none giving promise of either a Pope, a Byron, or a Milton. Upon Natural History about two dozen works have appeared, the like number upon Music; half that number upon Agriculture, and a very small number upon that subject yearly will suffice, since book-farming is very soon found to crop the land with weeds, which no manual of farming supplies rules very quickly to destroy.

The *Times* keeps so strict an eye upon railway-boards, and is so unceasingly occupied in bringing all their proceedings under public observation, that very little remained on the subject to be said by any one else, and that little has been said in about a dozen pamphlets.

Works on Astronomy and Mathematics may close the account: they amount to about thirty, Herschel figuring pre-eminently among them.

Many of the works which we have thus briefly passed over, and many which we have not even named, are got up in a style that speaks highly

for the taste and liberality of the publishers. The Ecclesiastical Architectural works are in general singularly enriched by engravings, as is Milman's "Horace," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and far, far above all, the "Nile Boat;" while the "Rupert" and "Fairfax" volumes, and, indeed, all the Historical works sent out by their publisher,—such as the "House of Orleans," "Louis XIV.," "Francis I.,"—are ornamented with portraits of the chief characters, which, from the high excellence of the engravings, are truly ornaments.

Herbert's "Fishes of North America" is another instance of the manner in which books of this class can be decorated; but the expense must be enormous, with so many illustrations and all of such high finish.

The republication, in a 12mo form, of the first-rate Historical works of Prescott is a great public advantage; since they are works of sterling worth, and being now accessible to all classes, the very superior character of the writings of this most able historian will now be much more known, and much more generally appreciated, than they yet have been.

Of works of high Art with which the Press is more or less directly or indirectly connected, it would be unjust to do more than slightly to allude to them, since they merit a distinct notice by themselves.

Indeed, the superior character of the literature of the present day, is a subject that deserves more especial notice than it has yet received. The Press of England is yearly doing wonders, in enlarging the knowledge, in refining the taste, in promoting the civilization and happiness of the human race, and the merit of this belongs, in truth, to the men who chiefly employ and control the Press in this great metropolis. Never were the chief London Publishers more united or more resolute among themselves, without any concert, but solely from principle, to keep the press pure,—to make it a blessing to the land,—to make it the means of adding to the intelligence, the enjoyment, the information, and the welfare of all classes. There will, of course, be found some men of such depraved tastes or of such craving stomach, as to prefer the garbage that others would not touch nor look upon; and we have within our knowledge some few who will publish any profane or polluting trash that is brought to them; but these few are scouted by the whole body of Publishers besides, nor will any respectable paper or review take the least notice of their publications, and many will not even take in the advertisements of their works.

For the purity and usefulness of our general literature we are, therefore, distinctly and mainly indebted to the London Publishers; they throw from them with scorn whatever is impure, or mischievous, or immoral; and they very mercifully return to many a luckless wight, what, if printed, would expose him to the contempt or sarcasm of his fellows. Honorable, liberal, generous, and kind, it is impossible, in speaking of the Press, not to give a small measure of praise to those whose judgment controls the press, whose taste adorns it, and whose high and noble principles, whose firmness and consistency, are sure pledges that the Press of England will be the pride and glory of Englishmen, and will long continue to be that to which we shall all look and trust to, as the best human means to ensure our prosperity, and our happiness as a nation.

The Nile Boat ; or, Glimpses of the Land of Egypt. 1849 : Hall and Co., London.

This is a gem, and no small one, and of no small value ; rich in matter, rich in illustrations ; it is undoubtedly to be classed with the best and most splendidly got up books of the year. The engravings are, in fact, marvels ; and they are as fascinating as marvellous, and the author, the publisher, and engravers, seem alike to have determined that the book altogether, with its maps, its woodcuts and illustrations, its type and its binding, should be one of the most singularly beautiful things that our eye, this year, would rest upon.

Nor is it all beauty and no utility ; since we see in it, Egypt as it is, equally as it was ; in its squalor and poverty, its rags and its misery, as well as in its temples and pyramids, its mosques and its palaces. A short, but admirable historical introduction prefaces the work, and the remainder of the volume is, mainly, the author's description of what he saw in Alexandria and Cairo, and from his Nile-boat, as he sailed up the river to Philæ.

When all the illustrations are from their subjects and from their high finish, beyond the usual meed of praise that we can afford to give in most cases, and when all are highly interesting, it answers no good end, in general, to single out one or two for especial commendation ; but we think that the View of Cairo from the citadel, and of a street in Cairo, and of the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, when once seen, will never be forgotten.

And yet notwithstanding the vast superiority of this book over most of its class, there is no pretension about it, no pedantry, and no affectation ; we travel with the author as familiarly and pleasurably as the most boon companions could desire, and feel as we sail along, that we could not have had a more agreeable and intelligent guide ; of all that we care to know of the country we sail through, he tells us, and so cheerfully and sensibly converses, and supplies us with so much sound information, that we take our leave of him, at the first cataract, with great regret, and are as charmed with the clearness and conciseness of his descriptions, as with the exquisite finish of his drawings.

The publisher of such a work must be very highly gratified with his production ; and coming out at this season, it would, as a New Year's Gift, be preferable, by far, to all the Annuals that were ever published. Indeed, it ought not to be mentioned in the same page with them, holding the rank it does in the very first class of illustrated travels, and furnishing us with so much really valuable information of the most remarkable and interesting country on the earth ; a country whose historical records of thousands of years since we are still reading ; whose hieroglyphical language we are still studying ; and among whose tombs and temples we are still searching for evidences and testimonies to the truth of our Bible, and to the fuller confirmation of our faith in that book as a divine revelation.

The Pillars of Hercules ; or, A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco, in 1848. By David Urquhart, Esq., M.P., author of "Turkey and its Resources," &c. ; 2 vols. R. Bentley, 1849.

Making a liberal allowance for Mr. Urquhart's peculiar political opinions, of which he gives us a remarkable specimen in the introduc-

tion, this is a curious and highly entertaining work. Mr. Urquhart travels over Spain and Morocco with a competent knowledge of the history of each, and at every step he treads he calls up traditions and memorials that enhance the interest of his descriptions. The energy and enthusiasm with which he deals with most topics elsewhere, are exhibited in full flower in his discussions on the condition of these countries, and most readers, whatever their political creed may be, will occasionally find it difficult to agree with him; but differ as we may from Mr. Urquhart, we cannot peruse his book with indifference, or lay it down without a consciousness of the power it develops.

In spite of all irritations on the score of political feelings, Mr. Urquhart is one of the best-tempered and most sensible of travellers. He never puts himself or others out of the way. He adapts himself exactly to surrounding habits, and endeavours to extract, even out of strange usages and personal discomforts, the secret of an enjoyment, or a social moral of some sort. He tells us that there is a rule by which to make not only travelling pleasant, but life itself, and that this golden rule is to seek for, and see, in others only what is good and profitable, in order to correct, or, at least, comprehend that in ourselves which is useless or faulty. He appears to have acted upon this rule, sometimes pushing it even to an excess. So entirely does he respond to the sympathies of the populations with whom he enters into intercourse, that he sometimes commits the amiable error of thinking better of them than they deserve. We might forgive this warm-heartedness if it were not exercised at the expense of an injustice in another direction. He cannot commend the comfortable circumstances of the Spanish people without contrasting them with the burthens, animosities, and political grievances of the English. In fact, he has a higher appreciation of other countries than his own. But this is not from any lack of patriotism, but rather from an extreme sensibility on national subjects. His object is an excellent one, however the execution of it may now and then jar upon the English reader. "Wherever I have drawn comparisons," he observes, "it has been for our advantage, not for theirs. It has, therefore, been their merits, and not ours, that I have placed in evidence."

If we take the work in this spirit we shall find it full of interesting and valuable matter. The smallest customs, bearing upon national manners, are described; and so strict, faithful and minute are the pictures of the people and the scene, that we pass through Mr. Urquhart's pages as through a moving panorama, animated by living figures. We have not room for details; but if we add that the work is written with eloquence, and not unfrequently in a bold and picturesque style, and that it embraces a complete route through the most attractive parts of Spain and Barbary (the latter especially) we shall have sufficiently indicated its claims to a popularity which its literary merits will abundantly justify.

The Beauties of the Boyne, and its Tributary, the Blackwater. By William R. Wilde. McGlashan.

The Boyne is the most famous of the historic rivers of Ireland. Upon its banks was fought that unequal battle which is chronicled in

many a ballad to the still-surviving annoyance of a mercurial population, the accounts hitherto given of the fight being drawn from materials furnished exclusively on the side of the conquerors. This was delicate ground for an Irish guide to traverse, but Mr. Wilde manages his undertaking with skill and address. The Boyne has other attractions besides that of the struggle of "July the first in old Oldbridge town." Like nearly all the Irish rivers, it is a remarkably picturesque stream, and the neighbourhood surrounding it is covered with ancient ruins and remains, presenting numerous sites of earlier glories lying far back in the mists of antiquity. To the historian and the archaeologist, as to the tourist who seeks merely present pleasure, the district is replete with interest. Considered merely as an itinerary, the volume before us will be a valuable companion to the traveller, whatever may be his mission in that quarter; but it possesses higher and more solid claims. Mr. Wilde has gathered into his pages, with much judgment and industry, the results of the laborious researches of Petrie, O'Donovan, and other students of the old buried lore of Ireland, and has produced a book which, under the modest and unpretending aspect of a Guide-book, will find its way to a permanent place in the library. It is carefully written, rich in historical and antiquarian details, and throws a valuable light upon many features of scenery and memorials of past ages, which have long supplied subjects for conflicting speculation, and that sort of controversy which may be said to darken knowledge.

The History of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon. By Prosper Mérimée. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

Prosper Mérimée is one of the most brilliant and versatile of Frenchmen. He has touched almost "every chord of the lyre," and to a certain extent has been successful in each. He began his literary career with a series of feverish tales and novels, which we are happy to say, are very little known at this side of the channel. From fiction to archæology is merely a step for a man of his intellectual vivacity; and, accordingly, it is nothing surprising to find the author of "Clara Gazal" enlightening the world on the historical and monumental antiquities of his native country. We have lost sight of Prosper Mérimée in the convulsions of these latter times, and do not know whether he still holds the post of *Inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques* which he filled a few years ago; but we well remember the pleasant antiquarian lore he culled for publication from his reports to the Minister of the Interior, and with what a light and graceful pen he depicted the forms, and traced the legends of Druidical ruins and church architecture. A work of this kind in the hands of Mérimée assumes at once the colours of romance, without, however, losing the weight and authenticity of the graver department of literature to which it properly belongs. In selecting from the Spanish Chronicles the history of Don Pedro I., King of Castile, or, as he is better known in the national annals, Pedro the Cruel, for the subject of a new labour, Prosper Mérimée has chosen a topic admirably calculated to bring his varied accomplishments into full play.

Pedro the Cruel is one of those historical characters whose deeds are written in blood. He makes a capital companion-portrait to Nero and

Ivan the Terrible. The most detailed information concerning him is contained in a chronicle written by a contemporary of his own, Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala; but as Ayala was a partizan of Enrique, the rival, murderer, and successor of Pedro, some attempts have been made by modern critics to damage or set aside his testimony. It has been asserted that the true history of the monarch, representing his character in altogether a different light, is to be found in the chronicle of a certain Bishop of Jaen; this chronicle, however, much talked of, and frequently referred to, has never been seen, although all the archives of Spain have been explored in search of it; so that we are thrown, by necessity, upon the evidence of Ayala, which there is the greater reason to believe, as we find it confirmed in numerous particulars by Froissart and other writers.

Prosper Mérimée relies chiefly upon the statements of Ayala, and has had also recourse to such manuscripts as were to be found in the libraries of Madrid and Barcelona. From these sources he has collected some hitherto inedited documents; but the principal merit of his history does not consist so much in the display of original matter, for there was little to be procured, as in the completeness and perspicuity which he has employed existing and well-known materials. The life of Pedro the Cruel has been frequently written before, but never so fully or so luminously, or with so patient and earnest a desire to do justice to the real character of the man.

Like all other conspicuous tyrants, Pedro has, no doubt, been much misrepresented. In spite of his ferocities and perfidies, there were some gleams of good in him. There is no living being so base as not to possess redeeming traits, however insignificant they may be in comparison with his criminal passions. Pedro appears to be entitled to just so much tenderness from the judgment of posterity—and no more. Within the compass of five-and-thirty years, for that was the age at which he fell under the poniard of his brother, he committed a series of atrocities almost unparalleled. His brutal appetites are sufficiently testified by the number of his mistresses, and his pretended wives; while the cruelty of his nature is shown in the needless sacrifices of human life, and the wanton assassinations he committed. It is urged as a sort of set-off against his licentiousness, that he protected the humbler classes and was severe only against the barons. It is claimed for him also that he was a man of agreeable manners, when he pleased, and that his whole policy, while it was marked in its progress by the excesses and despotic immoralities that prevailed over law, justice, and generosity in the middle ages, was directed towards the concentration and solid establishment of the royal power. All this may be true without the slightest compromise of the veracity of Ayala. At that period the monarch was pitted against the great vassals, and had the bulk of the people on his side. The king, in fact, was placed in the position of making war upon the feudal system. It was a struggle between two powers in the state, whose co-existence was a feud in itself. But it no more follows that the king who acted up to the demands of this overruling exigency, was governed by patriotic motives, than that the monarch who submits to a popular concession which he may no longer withhold, can be justly regarded as the voluntary author of the benefits that ensue.

Prosper Mérimée exhibits strict impartiality in his portraiture of the life and character of this sanguinary prince. He refers much of his guilt to the spirit and usages of the times in which he lived, but does

not shrink from the individual responsibility, which, over and above all such historical allowance, attaches to the conduct of the sovereign. Tracking him carefully through his delinquent progress, he shows him at last deserted by his followers, and reduced to that naked and isolated extremity from whence he was plucked by a stratagem to be delivered up to vengeance. His death was a revolting close to a life of bloodshed. It brings the monstrous tragedy to a fitting catastrophe. The only incident in it over which we, who look back shudderingly upon these melodramatic horrors, have much reason to grieve, is the part which Bertrand du Guesclin, that gallant Breton knight, who is regarded as the pink of chivalry in France, is said to have taken on the occasion. By Du Guesclin's agency, Pedro was decoyed to the French camp, under the pretence of aiding him to escape, and when he got there handed over to the dagger under which he fell. Some of the witnesses of this scene assert that it was Du Guesclin's hand that threw Don Pedro back, when he was getting the better of his brother in the struggle, and so exposed him to his death. Froissart makes no allusion to Du Guesclin's participation in the treacherous negotiations which led to this issue, but it is attested by too many authorities to admit of any reasonable doubt. This ghastly fact in the life of the Breton, withers the laurels of his heroic career.

The Picture Collectors' Manual, adapted to the Professional Man and the Amateur; being a Dictionary of Painters, containing Fifteen Hundred more Names than any other Work, &c. By James R. Hobbes. 2 vols. T. and W. Boone.

This work supplies a want that has long been felt by the buyers and sellers of pictures, by amateurs, tourists, and, indeed, by every body who looks beyond the surface of a painted canvas into the history and scholastic *personnel* of art. There are Dictionaries and Lives of Painters to be had in abundance in all languages. Spain, Italy, and France have not failed to celebrate the works and adventures of their great masters, and amongst them are to be found some of the most romantic biographers of genius on record. We have done something towards the accumulation of similar materials ourselves; and, in addition to the labours of Pilkington, Bryan, and others, we possess several independent publications of no inconsiderable value and interest. But none of these exactly meets the want which is accurately expressed in the title of these volumes. Mr. Hobbes furnishes us with the precise information required by the picture collector, and, let us add, by the amateur, who explores galleries, cathedrals, and palaces with a sufficient knowledge of art to enable him to profit by a comparison of styles, and to discriminate between the original, and its train of skilful and unskilful imitators.

The plan of the work is simple and convenient. The first volume contains a general dictionary of painters, including under their names brief particulars of their lives, and the characteristics of their style. The second volume, which will be found of especial importance, from the novelty and practical utility of its arrangement, is divided into two parts;—the first, reproducing in alphabetical order the names of the great masters, with a *catalogue raisonné* attached to each of their prin-

principal scholars, imitators, and copyists; and the second presenting a classification of subjects, such as Scripture History, General History, Domestic Scenes, Still Life, &c., under which the names of the painters of each may be readily discovered. The value of a work of reference thus expressly designed to satisfy every point of doubt or curiosity, and to furnish a clue by which the imitator, copyist, or disciple, can be traced and hunted up at once is obvious. This is the first time the attempt has been made to reduce this great world of artists from its original chaos to something like symmetry and order, and to place the critical enquirer in a commanding position from whence he may survey the whole clearly mapped out and distributed, not according to any fantastic canons of taste, but in strict subservience to general and universally acknowledged principles. The design is new, and, taking into consideration the difficulties of so elaborate an undertaking, great credit is due to Mr. Hobbes for the diligence and judgment he has displayed in its execution.

It is not at all unlikely that in the minute details of a biographical and descriptive dictionary, containing some thousands of names, and an indefinite variety and intermixture of subjects, everybody will discover in some places occasion to differ from the author, to think that he underrates or overrates particular artists, and that in special instances he has not been sufficiently exact in his classification. But it must be remembered, apart from the absolute impossibility of rendering such a work perfect, even after it shall have been tested and improved by vigilant revision through repeated editions, that in this wide realm of art there exist irreconcilable diversities of opinion and conflicting standards of judgment; and that of all men painters are the most divided amongst themselves upon the claims and distinctions of the schools, and the relative merits of the great masters, ancient and modern. Mr. Hobbes has judiciously kept clear, as far as it was practicable, of the controversial and debateable ground; and if, in individual cases, he has not come up to the enthusiasm some readers may demand, or has shown more than they may be disposed to approve, a further examination of his labours will satisfy them that he has discharged his task upon the whole with remarkable accuracy. The work is essentially a work of facts. It is for its facts it will be chiefly consulted. Its statements of the characteristic qualities of the painters are just, clear, and concise; and it not only contains a greater quantity of information than any former publication of the kind, but conveys it in a shape which considerably enhances its value by rendering it instantly available.

The Stud, for Practical Purposes and Practical Men. By Harry Hieover. London: Longman and Co.

Strange as it may seem, here we have not a guide to enable us to purchase a perfect horse, but one that recommends, under certain circumstances, the purchase of an imperfect one. This may appear startling to the tyro; but Harry Hieover offers advice which he is well qualified to give.

Few could give more practical directions for the management of a stud than the author of this little volume, and none could have more honesty of purpose in detailing the result of his experience on that subject.





Richard. Buntings, transacts important business.

THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

In which a hasty journey is begun and ended.

It is the practice of eminent historians to dwell at great length upon the more eventful, or, as it may be, the more accessible, periods of history, and to pass briefly over the less important. Thus Dr. Smollett treats a single reign so elaborately, that it will be found to occupy more room than Mr. Hume devoted to two, or three, or half a dozen kings. Following this illustrious example, we propose to distribute our pages conscientiously according to the relative magnitude of the various matters with which we have to deal, and to condense the next few years of our narrative into the smallest possible compass, because they contain no events about which the reader would care to be more particularly informed.

In speaking of the great historians, we have advisedly employed the word "eminent;" partly from a conviction that it is the properest word for the occasion, and partly from having been much impressed with the extensive use that has been made of it latterly. It was formerly applied chiefly to physicians. But it was extremely unreasonable that the physicians should have the monopoly of a word which, looking to its derivation, strictly implies that its fortunate possessor occupies a height from whence he looks down upon the rest of mankind. Accordingly, in our day, when all the resources of language are put under contribution to help every body into notoriety, this word "eminent" has been gradually drawn from its exclusive application to advertise the claims of multitudes of people who, without some such herald of their merits, might appeal in vain to an undiscerning public. The physicians are no longer the only eminent people in the world. Good reason, too, for that. Rope-dancers and upholsterers have their own heights to climb as well as physicians, cardinals, and ambassadors, which two latter classes are eminent only by virtue of office. So many eminent persons

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come out upon us now-a-days from obscure holes and corners, that the difficulty would be to find one who is not considered by himself, or by somebody else, fully entitled to that honorable elevation, which he either stands upon, or believes that he stands upon. In this wild *melée*, it is merely an act of justice to recognise the rights of the historians. We do not say that they are more eminent than their neighbours. We only desire that in the crush of eminences by which we are solicited on all sides, the little distinction, such as it is, to which they are entitled, should not be altogether overlooked. When any other eminent 'people come in our way we shall be happy to acknowledge them in like manner.

Having relieved ourselves of this scruple, we proceed at once with our narrative.

It was not till after Richard Rawlings was actually married to Mrs. Raggles, that he remembered the curious story related to him by the undertaker on the morning of the funeral, about the glove with the ring in it. That he should have selected that very glove to attend the burial of Mr. Raggles, and that he should have afterwards married Mr. Raggles' widow, was certainly curious enough. We do not pretend to explain how it happened; but many things happen that cannot be explained, and most people are in the habit of doing a great many things that they cannot explain themselves. Richard, however, had forgotten all about the story, and would, probably, never have remembered it, if he had not met the undertaker one day in the street, and been reminded of it by that individual, who, addressing himself to Richard, in a deferential tone of voice, which contrasted remarkably with the smirking manner of his former communication, observed,

"I told you, Mr. Rawlings, it was very odd about that 'ere ring in the glove, and now it's all out. I look upon it, sir, as a miraculous coincidence."

Let nobody despise coincidences. There is not so much of chance in them as we are apt to imagine. The universe is a system of such perfect order that everything strikes in its proper place at the right moment. It may be even doubted whether there is such a thing as chance (many people will tell you that they never had a chance in their lives), and whether the newspapers are not hasty in setting apart a column for "Accidents and Offences." We know there are plenty of "offences," but cannot be quite so sure about the "accidents." Most events, from the founding of empires to the bursting of steam-boilers, are inevitable results of an absolute chain of causation. But this is too profound a matter for discussion here, so we leave it open to the philosophers.

When the attention of Richard Rawlings was thus called to the point, he, also, considered it a coincidence. If it was a coincidence, it was undoubtedly a lucky one, for from the hour of his marriage prosperity came fast and thick upon him.

They had been scarcely married a month when a letter arrived from France, announcing the death of that apocryphal uncle who had settled at Tours, and who, being what Nurse Waters called a "bachelour," had left the whole of his property to his niece, the only relative he was supposed to have in the world. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, Richard Rawlings resolved to take a journey to the Continent, and to carry his wife along with him.

The proposition was received with joy by the lady. It was the first great holiday in her life. She had never been out of England—hardly ever out of Yarlton,—knew no more of France or the French than of Otaheite or the Otaheitans,—and, in the innocence of her heart, exaggerating the perils and terrors of that delightfully-alarming expedition into an unknown land, devoted a whole month, night and day, to the laborious task of preparation. Richard good-naturedly yielded to her wishes for this exorbitant delay, because he could not make his own arrangements in a shorter period.

At last, all the preliminaries were completed for their departure. There was a wonderful number of bandboxes, trunks, valises, and bags; and when the Eclipse coach arrived at the door to take them up on their journey to London, the coachman looked terribly disconcerted at the heap of luggage which was piled up in front of the house, and which he was expected to find room for on the roof. The packing and strapping, intermingled with surly variations upon all the popular forms of malediction, made a woeful delay, nor was it finished until numerous experiments and failures in the building up of one article upon another had exhausted the patience of the guards and porters. At last the huge pyramid was accomplished and covered over with a tarpaulin; and while the coach was swinging to and fro with its superincumbent weight, and threatening to topple over at each new disturbance of its perilous balance, Mrs. Rawlings, having her foot on the step, suddenly recollected that she had forgotten something, and rushed back into the house. Once more half into the coach, and out again for something else. The coachman was one of the old school, and, proud of his integrity on the point of time, was not to be trifled with. Snatching up his reins violently, he swore with a loud oath that he would be off without her. This menace brought her to a sense of what was due to the Eclipse, and she sprang in with a sort of scattering velocity, the coach starting at the same instant, with such a shock as to fling her into the lap of a quiet old gentleman who was muffled up in the corner. Unluckily, at this awkward crisis she be-thought herself of another indispensable article, and, there being no time to move out of the gentleman's lap, she kept her position, and grasping the window with both hands, she thrust out her head, and cried aloud to Mrs. Peabody and her husband, who were left in charge of the house, and who stood making their adieus! at the door, "My basket! my basket! I can't go without my basket. Stop! stop!" But while she was uttering

these urgent exclamations, the horses were off at a gallop, and Mrs. Rawlings was obliged to set out upon that long journey without a basket.

In a condition of undisguised despair she flounced into the opposite seat, and the old gentleman relieved of a deposit that had seriously shocked and alarmed him, re-adjusted his disordered muffings, and tucking his coats and cloaks over his legs and under his knees, and drawing his comforter up round his ears and across his mouth, settled himself again in his corner. There was nothing visible of him except his eyes, which he kept constantly half-closed, as if he was listening with them. Mrs. Rawlings talked incessantly at first about the incalculable inconvenience she should suffer from the want of her basket, which contained creature-comforts and other necessities; then she rattled away about London, making it clear that she had never been there before; and then made an excursion into France, with an exuberance which her husband was occasionally forced to check. During all this time the old gentleman, although frequently courted by palpable inuendoes and indirect hints, rarely spoke, and when he did, it was in curt and dry monosyllables. Mrs. Rawlings thought him the most savage little brute she had ever met.

It was night when they arrived in London. The first peep into the metropolis is an event in one's life, and Mrs. Rawlings had her own sensations and opinions on the subject. She was bewildered by the vast number of streets, the crowds, the din, the uproar. But as the idea of immensity is slowly taken in by the imagination, which is always more forcibly struck by isolated objects, it must be confessed Mrs. Rawlings was grievously disappointed. Her route, unfortunately, lay through a ragged part of the City, where there was nothing to be seen but a great concourse of people, mixed up in a stunning hurly-burly, which gave her a very distinct ache in her head, without making any distinct impression on her mind. Such was the chaos, unrelieved by a solitary specimen of the kind of fantastical grandeur or magnificence she expected, that, by the time she found herself in a dim and very dirty old inn in Gracechurch Street, she had come to an uneasy conclusion that London was an extremely disagreeable and uncomfortable place. Nobody took the least notice of her, they even pushed by her roughly as she was making her way up the clammy stairs; everybody was occupied with his own business; and the tumult of voices, and cracking of whips, and rolling in and out of wheels, the vile odours, the slamming of doors, and the rush of porters in the dusky passages with great bales of luggage effectually destroyed the ideal she had formed of town life.

Her disappointment and mortification were increased by the placidity with which Richard carried himself through the riot. To him it was the outward sign and palpitating pulse of the great heart of commerce; and, while she was thinking only of

present vexations, his thoughts were absorbed in the contemplation of future acquisitions.

During the single day they remained in town, Mrs. Rawlings' feelings underwent no modification, on the contrary, she had reason to think worse and worse of the place. Pent up in a dingy little room that looked out, over a tottering wooden balcony, upon a horrid court filled with coaches, waggons, and ostlers, she passed a wretched morning all alone, while Richard was making the necessary arrangements to continue their journey to Dover. She could scarcely persuade herself that it really was London; and when evening came at last, and they were boxed up in a stage-coach once more, she was heartily rejoiced to get out of the loathsome den.

A journey to Paris, some three or four-and-twenty years ago, was a formidable enterprise for people who travelled by diligence, and did not know a word of French. Richard Rawlings, however, abbreviated the embarrassments by pushing on as fast as he could, and had no sooner landed at Calais than he booked himself direct through to the capital. It was necessary to wait till the next day, and they put up at Roberts' Hotel, which appeared to Mrs. Rawlings infinitely more agreeable than the nasty inn in Gracechurch Street. There was a pleasant open court, lined with boxes of aloes and evergreens; festoons of leaves dropped into the windows of the *salle à manger*, and the whole place was so gay and bright, that Mrs. Rawlings was fairly enchanted. She thought France must be the most charming country in the world. All the people seemed to be amusing themselves, and perpetually singing and taking off their hats. Their vivacity and politeness threw her into the highest spirits. She felt like a child at a play in the pantomime season for the first time, and might be said to do nothing but mentally clap her little hands and crow with delight. Every moment she was in and out of the *salle à manger*, examining the strange costumes, and listening to the chatter of the mercurial ladies and gentlemen who flew about the house like birds. Towards night everybody gathered in to supper, and the agitation of the scene, so novel and *bizarre*, put Mrs. Rawlings into such a state of ecstacy, that she talked ahead like a person bewildered.

In the midst of her hilarity, she all at once observed that a small elderly man, who sat opposite to her, was watching her closely. She thought she knew the face, but could not recall where she had seen it. Yet it was by no means familiar to her. She recognised the eyes, but that was all. Of the thin wiry mouth, and the brown wig, curled all over the top, and cropped close to the ears, she had no recollection whatever. Her curiosity was provoked, and, in her perplexity, she turned to Richard.

"Haven't we seen that gentleman somewhere before?" she inquired.

"To be sure," returned Richard, "don't you remember? He travelled with us up to London."

"So it is, I declare," said Mrs. Rawlings; "how very odd!"

It was the dumb little old gentleman of the stage-coach, who, relieved of his numerous coats and muffings, could hardly be identified except by his sharp eyes, which, through their quick and expressive motions, seemed to do the office of speech for him. The discovery shattered Mrs. Rawlings' elastic spirits. She had conceived a strong aversion to that cynical-looking individual, and, feeling that his critical gaze was fixed upon her, she relapsed into silence. The old gentleman, as if he were conscious that he had spoiled her enjoyment, appeared disposed to make amends for it, and quietly opened a conversation with Richard.

"You are going to Paris?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Richard.

"So am I," returned the old gentleman.

"We go by the eight o'clock Diligence," observed Richard.

"So do I," said the old gentleman.

"Indeed!"

"As we are likely to be many hours together, we ought to make the time pass as pleasantly as we can," resumed the little man; "will the lady do me the honour to take a glass of wine with me?"

Mrs. Rawlings blushed scarlet. The development of such geniality on the part of the glum stranger, took her as much aback as if the gleam of a dark lantern had been suddenly shot upon her. The conversation now became less reserved, and the elderly gentleman began to display much interest in Richard Rawlings' future movements.

"Do you make any stay in Paris?" he inquired.

"Oh! no," said Richard; "we only pass through. I am pressed in time, and must get back as quickly as I can."

"You are going into the interior?"

"To Tours."

"Long journey that from Paris."

Richard thought these inquiries rather officious, and for the rest of the evening kept clear of any further revelations. But the old gentleman showed so much friendliness, that he grew rapidly upon the good opinions of his new acquaintances. He was well informed about France, and gave Richard some very useful hints. And so they parted for the night, all formality having melted down between them into one of those warm impromptu confidences which travellers sometimes form over a supper at the end of a day's journey.

The next morning, in the diligence, the old gentleman renewed the conversation with unabated frankness. Being a good Frenchman, and familiar with the road, he was able to be of essential service to them, and made the time pass so agreeably that Mrs. Rawlings declared she did not know what they should have done without him. She was at the top of her florid spirits,

and whenever Mrs. Rawlings was in this state of excitement, there was no end to her communicativeness. She talked so much and so fast upon this occasion that, long before they reached Paris, she had put the little old man in complete possession of every particular connected with their expedition, where they were going, and why they were going, and what they intended to do when they got home again.

Richard, in vain, endeavoured to put a stop to this flood of gossip. But it must be remembered that he was not very long married, and that the fortune his wife had brought him gave her at first an ascendancy in her own right, which, looking back upon his recent position, could not be combated all at once.

At length they found themselves in an hotel in Paris, where the travelling intimacy that had sprung up between them was cemented over a miscellaneous supper and a bottle of Lafitte. The old gentleman being now thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Rawlings' affairs, volunteered in the most off-hand and cordial manner to give him some practical advice.

"I know these people well, Mr. Rawlings," said the old gentleman; "a Frenchman is the prince of humbugs. You musn't be taken in by their professions. Their politeness is only skin-deep. They'll cheat you with one hand, while they're hugging you with the other. I know them well. Now tell me; you're going to take up this property at Tours. How does it stand? Money, land, goods? What is it like? I don't ask from idle curiosity. I have too much business of my own to be curious about other people's; but you don't know the country, or the language, and you'll be swindled as sure as you've a head on your shoulders, if you don't set about this transaction cautiously."

"What you say is quite true," said Richard; "I am perfectly aware that I am to some extent at the mercy of others; but I don't intend exactly to take their word for every thing. I mean to see into it myself."

"Just so," returned the old gentleman; "see into it yourself; but how can you see into what you don't understand? Excuse me; I think I can do you a service, but it can't be done unless I show you your real position. You don't speak a word of French; you are ignorant, I presume, of the law of this country. Now, I who am tolerably well acquainted with both, should find myself put to some difficulty in your case. Have you an agent at Tours?"

"I have a letter to a Mons. Lavigne."

"A Frenchman? Let me offer you a little valuable advice. Put your letter in the fire. I will give you an introduction to an Englishman there—a correspondent of my own—he will see to the whole thing for you, and save you time and money for a trifling commission."

"Is he a lawyer?"

"No, a general agent, active, intelligent, and well acquainted

with the country. You will place confidence in my recommendation when I tell you that I am a lawyer myself, and have employed Mr. Sloake on two or three occasions, and found him a capital man of business." Here the little old gentleman took out a large pocket-book, and drawing a card from it, threw it across the table to Richard. "That's my card, Mr. Rawlings. It will be introduction enough to Mr. Sloake; but I will give you a letter to him in the morning to ensure his attention. You can consult him, at all events, and judge for yourself."

This was precisely what Richard had made up his mind to do. Frank and friendly as the old gentleman was, Richard Rawlings intended to judge for himself of the character and capabilities of Mr. Sloake. The card presented the following address:—

MR. TOM CHIPPENDALE,

67 A, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"I shall certainly avail myself of your introduction," said Richard, "with thanks. And if Mr. Sloake and I shouldn't come upon terms, you know, there will be no harm done, Mr. Chippendale."

"Just so; and I am greatly mistaken if it don't turn out well. You are in safe hands, Mr. Rawlings. You don't know me; but every body in London knows Tom Chippendale. I have been seven and thirty years in the profession, and no man with any brains in his head can have his hands full of law all that time without knowing something of the world."

Mr. Tom Chippendale by no means exaggerated his title to such knowledge of the world as can be acquired by long and sharp practice in the law. He knew the seamy side of the world as well as most men. He was one of the underling, working agents of the old Tory party, and a subtle hand at electioneering politics. He justly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the keenest men in a profession which affords the most favourable opportunities for the exercise of a low sagacity, and which seldom rewards as they deserve its honourable and honest members. By the indefatigable exercise of his special talents, he had accumulated a handsome fortune, and was at the top of the tree in his particular line. An extensive intercourse with all classes had educated his natural shrewdness in the quick perception of character, and few men knew how to turn that detective faculty to greater advantage. Like most persons of his stamp, he had two sets of manners—the one to freeze and repulse, the other to conciliate and cajole. He was obviously applying the latter, and more agreeable of the two, to his new friends.

His obliging proposal having been thankfully accepted, he supplied Richard the next morning with the promised letter of introduction; and before they separated it was agreed that Richard, on his return to London, should communicate to Mr. Tom Chippendale the result of his expedition.

The diligence to Tours was a very different sort of vehicle

from that in which they traversed the high road to Paris. Mrs. Rawlings declared that she never was so awfully squeezed in her life, and what with the heat, the pressure, the dust coming up in clouds from the floor, and the jolting over the old paved road, she privately expressed some apprehensions to her husband which, we are happy to say, were not destined to be realized. She fortunately experienced no further inconvenience than was effectually relieved by a day's rest at the Hotel la Boule d'Or.

Mrs. Rawlings made many original observations on the state of society in France, as disclosed to her on the road sides, and in the several *auberges* where they breakfasted, dined, and slept. She was under a strong conviction that, throughout the whole of this journey she had never got anything to eat; that the disguised dishes were composed of cats, rats, and dogs; she thought that the postillions, who produced such thundering noises with their whips, very much resembled certain bandits she had seen somewhere upon the stage; and of the weird women who waited in the inns and pattered about the country in wooden shoes she entertained dreadful suspicions. She particularly objected to everything that differed from the ways and customs she had been used to, and, in short, might be said to have disliked France, chiefly because it wasn't England. Had she possessed any literary ambition, which, we lament to say, was not the case, she could have written a striking book upon France and the French.

The first business to which Mr. Rawlings addressed himself on arriving in Tours, was to make out Mr. Sloake. He found him buried in a small, dusky office in the Rue St. Martin, under the shadow of the towers of the old Cathedral, which seemed to condemn the spot to an eternal twilight. The inner part of the little office was shut off by a low partition, with a tall railing on the top of it, and at a desk behind this partition sat a gaunt man, with a very bald head, wearing a large pair of green spectacles, and a pen behind his ear.

"Is Mr. Sloake at home?" inquired Richard.

"*Oui, monsieur*," returned the bald man, slowly lifting up his spectacles, and staring hard at Richard.

"Are you Mr. Sloake?"

"*Oui, oui*," replied the other.

"I have a letter for you from Mr. Tom Chippendale, of London," said Richard.

"Ha, Monsieur Chippendale. Thank you, sare."

Richard examines the person of Mr. Sloake, while that individual is reading the letter.

"Very good, very good. What must I have to do for you?"

"You are an agent, I believe?"

"*Oui, monsieur—agent d'affaires.*"

"Well, I want to obtain some property left to me by a friend who died here lately, partly in securities, partly in goods. Do you ever do any business in that way?"

"Oh! *Certainement*—yes,—Everything is in my way."

"Is there any difficulty about it?"

"*Difficulté*? Oh!—no—no—no! It is very easy—no *difficulté*. Just give me your papers, and I will go to the *registrateur*, and—"

"Thank you," said Richard; "but, suppose we go to the registrar together."

"Oh! certainly,—yes—we will go together. Eugene!—Go together—to be sure,—Eugene!—there is no *difficulté*,—Eugene!—*vite, vite*, Eugene!"

During these exclamations Mr. Sloake was mounting his stool with wonderful celerity for a man of such an awkward cast of body, to reach down a casquette that hung from a wooden peg in the wall. Having pounced upon the casquette, after two or three efforts and a little hard breathing, he descended, and placing the casquette on his head, the top of which it barely covered in the manner of a skull-cap, and buttoning up his large rough coat, he said, "I am ready—we will go together certainly—Eugene!" and strode into the street.

Richard was much struck by the promptitude and simplicity with which business appeared to be transacted in France, if this was to be taken as a sample of it, so very different from the tedious delays and formalities of England; but he was still more struck by the singular personal appearance of Mr. Sloake. That individual was tall and what is called cross-built, his great shoulders being square, his chest narrow, and his legs forming an amiable junction at the knees. He wore huge loose trousers, with a sort of military stripe down the sides, and a pair of clumsy boots which, like his trousers, were splashed all over with mud. The outline of his body was concealed under a long pilot-coat, and round his thick, short throat was wound a narrow black handkerchief, so narrow that it looked almost like a ribbon. His face, which derived a peculiar expression from the green spectacles, was large and of a mahogany-colour, deeply pitted and marked with heavy curved lines round the mouth. The termination of this figure in a great head with a speckled skull-cap on the summit of it, having a few grisly hairs starting out round its edges, was irresistibly ludicrous. Richard had never seen such a man before, and, from the strangeness of his dress and aspect, entertained serious doubts as to whether he was an Englishman. He began to suspect that Mr. Tom Chippendale had introduced him to a swindler.

Acting upon this impression, he watched vigilantly every movement of Mr. Sloake, especially in the conversation with the registrar, but could not detect the slightest trace of shuffle or evasion. On the contrary, Mr. Sloake appeared to be perfectly transparent in his dealings, humble and moderate in his expectations, and, instead of endeavouring, as Richard apprehended, to get the business into his own hands, he consulted Richard all throughout, and proceeded implicitly under his instructions. As to the "trifling commission" Mr. Tom Chippendale had spoken

of, Mr. Sloake's views were so modest, that when the affair was finally settled, and the whole of the property obtained, Richard Rawlings felt himself bound to make a voluntary addition to the small *honorarium* agreed upon. For this purpose, and in order to enhance the compliment, he invited him the day before he left Tours to dine with him at the *table d'hôte* of La Boule d'Or.

The *table d'hôte* was the only feature of French life that possessed an unfailing charm for Mrs. Rawlings. She delighted in the *table d'hôte*, the people were all so lively and talkative, and there was such incessant variety and clatter. The table happened to be unusually crowded on the day when Mr. Sloake came to dine with the Rawlingses, but they had secured three places near the landlady, who presided, and could enjoy the confusion without being incommoded by it. There was not much alteration in Mr. Sloake's costume. He had substituted a long black coat, with vast side pockets, for the rough pilot-coat, but there was still the narrow strip of black handkerchief and the green spectacles, so that sitting at table he was much the same man as when he was sitting at his desk. He was evidently not used to festivals of this description, and seemed to labour under an access of lumbering *mauvaise honte* that would not allow him to come close to the table, but kept him constantly moving his chair farther and farther back, as if he thought it more respectful and unpretending to sit at a little distance. A few glasses of wine helped him to a little more courage, but he drank them so hesitatingly that the effect was desultory, and showed itself only in broken gleams.

The guests were as motley as they were numerous. There was a fine lady, who was said to be a Russian princess, with a little boy, perched up on cushions drinking champagne; several men in uniforms, with fierce moustaches, who flung their swords and caps upon a side-table as they came in; others in *blouses*; here and there a few dressed in the height of the showy French taste, with brilliant French waistcoats, chains, pins, and rings; and scattered amongst the company were some seven or eight English, who could be distinguished at once by their pallid faces, and the repose of their costume and manners.

There was a terrible clamour during dinner, especially in the article of plates, of which the waiters were perpetually carrying into the room piles nearly as tall as themselves. Towards the desert the riot gradually subsided, and presently most of the guests started up from their seats, one after another, and withdrew. A few individuals lingered behind. They were evidently English. The Rawlingses, by this dispersion of the company, had their own end of the table all to themselves.

"We may now enjoy half an hour after the fashion of our own country, Mr. Sloake," said Richard: "here is a fresh bottle of wine. By the by, I can hardly persuade myself that you are an Englishman, do you know? I have often thought of asking you."

"Oh!—yes, certainly," replied Mr. Sloake; "I am *Anglais*,—I am native of England,—yes, certainly."

"But you have lived a long time out of the country?"

"Yes—yes—I have never live there."

"Never? How is that?"

"Why, I was born at London," said Mr. Sloake; "but when I was four, five years, I came to live at France. My father died and left me to myself, and I have never been at England since."

"But do you consider yourself an Englishman?"

"Oh!—yes, certainly," rejoined Mr. Sloake; "my heart is English—I love English—I would fight for English,—*certainement*, I would spend my last blood at England,—yes, I am *Anglais*."

"How is it, then, that you have lived all your life here?"

"Ah! you shall know,—I am buried here—yes, Mr. Rawlings, I must die here."

"Die here?"

"Ah! it is true; I can die nowhere else. My Eugenie lies in the old cathedral, It is all that is left to me in this wide world, to go there every day, once, twice, three times, and say my prayer for Eugenie. England is never for me no more."

"Eugenie?" exclaimed Mrs. Rawlings; "what a pretty name!"

"Yes, *madame*," said Mr. Sloake, "she was my dear wife. I was then very gay and proud, but I am broken up and down now. She is dead these seven year, and I would die too, but for my little Eugenie. She lives still for me in him, *pauvre petit*!"

"A sad story, Mr. Sloake," observed Richard.

"I must live for Eugenie—*voilà tout*! I have my *affaires*—not much now—*n'importe*; a little makes for Eugene and me. We are only two in this world—only two! But when I open my windows I see the cathedral, and I am happy. And my dear child go with me to pray, and we are both happy. No—no—I cannot never go to my country. I am in my grave with Eugenie!"

Richard Rawlings felt how much he had mistaken the real nature of this strange man; but the mistake was natural, and he made ample amends for it. Poor Mr. Sloake was overwhelmed with gratitude at Richard's munificence in adding a few Napoleons to his bill of charges, and the next morning, early as it was in the grey dawn when the Diligence started for Paris, the first person he met in the archway of the *messagerie* was the *agent d'affaires*, who came with a little basket of fruits and cakes which he begged them to accept for their journey.

As the Diligence turned out of the *messagerie*, there stood Mr. Sloake gazing after them, and when it reached the bridge, they could see him slowly moving away in the direction of the cathedral.

CHAPTER II.

Which is dedicated to little Children.

UPON his return to London, Richard Rawlings fulfilled his promise to Mr. Tom Chippendale, and called upon him in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He found him in the occupation of two floors, the lower filled with clerks, the upper, communicating by a private, sinuous staircase with the rooms below, devoted to the *sanctum* and antechamber of the rich lawyer. Richard Rawlings was accommodated with a chair and the "Times" newspaper. But while he affected to ponder over the columns of the Thunderer, he was really occupied in scanning the faces, and speculating on the pursuits of a group of persons, who, like himself, were waiting to be admitted to an audience. His attention was particularly attracted by a tall, thin young man, recklessly, but fashionably dressed, who exhibited the utmost indignation at being detained, demanding over and over again whether his card had been sent up, and whether Mr. Chippendale was not yet at liberty. His impatience was so violent, that he was obliged to have recourse to a variety of desperate fidgets to keep his hands employed, and, by repeated operations with his cane upon the corner of the mantel-piece, he finally succeeded in chopping off a rich old moulding of grapes, much to the entertainment of a saturnine man, who sat huddled up in a corner.

At last, a dismal clerk, in seedy black, came softly to Richard Rawlings, and whispering in his ear, "Mr. Chippendale will see you, sir," led the way up the stairs as quietly as if he had been shod with felt. Richard was to understand from this intimation that Mr. Chippendale was conferring a particular favour upon him in seeing him at the end of three-quarters of an hour. As he ascended the stairs, he felt the eyes of the fashionable young man flashing fire upon him, and heard his sharp voice in high quarrel with the clerks.

Mr. Chippendale's *sanctum* was small and dreary. Some tin cases, with the names of clients painted upon them, were scattered about, and the shelves round the walls were choked with law books, and papers tied up in separate parcels, and duly labelled. In other respects the room was mean and bare—one of those London dens in which the potent Spirits of the Law work their dire enchantments.

The lawyer was buried in a high-backed chair, deeply absorbed over a pile of documents, when Richard came in, and, without raising his head, he said, in a low abstracted voice, "Just take a seat, Mr. Rawlings—I'll speak to you presently."

Richard was again consigned to silence, gravely impressed with the importance of Mr. Chippendale's occupations. After a pause of three or four minutes, Mr. Chippendale rose briskly from his chair, and, clearing off the cloud of business under

which he had been obscured, advanced gaily to Richard, and, with both hands, gave him a hearty welcome.

"Delighted to see my fellow-traveller again!" he exclaimed: "how is madame? and how went the business at Tours?"

Richard related the whole affair, and expressed his obligations to Mr. Chippendale for the services of Mr. Sloake.

"I told you," said Mr. Chippendale, "he was the right sort of person for what you wanted. Well, now you have got your money, I suppose you want to invest. I can help you there. Whatever you do, don't let your money lie idle."

"I had been thinking of something of that kind," observed Richard, "and meant to consult you about it."

"Just so: you could not have done better. I have a dozen clients ready to make any sacrifice for a little ready money. Men of rank, most of them, with estates or good expectations. Some are sound—others rotten—and interest ranges in proportion to the risk. How much can you command? It's no use to go for small sums—I can do nothing with them."

"If I could see my way," said Richard, "I might be able to get at five or six thousand."

"You *shall* see your way—depend upon me for that. It wouldn't answer my purpose, Mr. Rawlings, to suffer my clients to make bad investments. There are secrets in all crafts. It is my interest to protect men who have money to lend. Their security is mine. Five or six thousand? We can do something with that. There is a young fellow waiting for me at this moment below—a sprig of nobility—who wants exactly five thousand, to be done through a *post obit*. But I don't intend to see him to-day. He's desperately hunted for cash, and the only way to manage such cases is by a little judicious suspense. I am not satisfied about the security, and not likely to be until he comes into my terms. Can you get at the money at once?"

"Within a few days," returned Richard.

"Should you want to call it in at a short notice?"

"I should prefer having the power to do so," replied Richard.

"Prudent, but not always practicable," said Mr. Chippendale, looking at his watch. "Bless my soul! it's three o'clock, and I have an appointment at half past in Curzon Street. You see the way these things are effected seldom leaves us the option of revoking the loan, except at stated times. The security is contingent upon a reversion or an income, and the money is wanted to meet immediate difficulties. It would be of no use to the borrower if he were subject to be called upon for it suddenly. In fact, in nine cases out of ten, he couldn't return it. He is already over head and ears, and the more money he borrows, the more he wants, and so it goes on, as long as the security will bear the drag upon it, and by the time he comes into his property, he generally finds it pretty nearly swallowed up. It is then the lender comes in, and redeems his capital."

"And what rate of interest, Mr. Chippendale," inquired Richard, "may be usually obtained in this way?"

"You might as well ask me on what day a Chancery suit is likely to be decided," replied the lawyer; "everything depends upon circumstances—the urgency of the case, the nature of the security. All this requires a knowledge of individuals and their position, Mr. Rawlings, in which I think I may say, without vanity, I have had a pretty extensive experience. I *have* got forty, fifty per cent.; but I don't advise that sort of thing. It's not wholesome, and forces us, sometimes, into contested actions, which make an ugly figure in the courts. Better to keep on the safe side. If you look for such exorbitant returns I can be of very little use to you. There are plenty of low attorneys in London, Mr. Rawlings,—low attorneys—only, mind what you're about, that's all."

"Your advice is excellent," said Richard, slowly; "I am not at all inclined to run any desperate risks; and, if you think you can find an investment that would suit me—"

"We shall see," rejoined Mr. Chippendale; "which way are you going? Take a cast westward with me; it will give us ten minutes more. Time, time, Mr. Rawlings, is more precious than gold in London."

There was a cab at the door, and Mr. Chippendale, shooting down the front staircase, and thereby evading the visitors who were still waiting for him below, carried off Richard Rawlings with him on his way to Curzon Street. During the drive, he entered into the particulars of several investments, in addition to that of the young sprig of nobility, from which a swinging interest might be derived. With Mr. Tom Chippendale such affairs were evidently matters of every-day occurrence; he talked of tens of thousands with a facility that showed how accustomed he was to transactions of that kind; and Richard Rawlings resolved to give serious consideration to his proposals.

Upon his return to Yarlton, Richard opened a correspondence with the lawyer, and, in the course of a few months, was enabled, through the agency of that skilful individual, to lay out a considerable portion of his resources at a large profit.

This was a better speculation than Noak's ark; it also suited his views better. He was endowed with that calculating instinct by which stray genius, here and there, has risen from indigence to the possession of commanding influence on the marts of Europe. The first taste of this gold-breeding experience is like the taste of blood; it made him fierce and insatiable in the pursuit of more.

The shop and its slow, small gains, became a thing of secondary interest; and within the ensuing year Richard Rawlings sold the goodwill of the establishment to embark in undertakings that opened a wider field to his ambition.

Great changes took place in this eventful year. The old house in the market-place was exchanged for a suburban man-

sion, with a well-stocked garden and grounds; and Mrs. Rawlings presented her husband with a daughter. John Peabody, through the increasing influence of his patron, as Mr. Rawlings might now be regarded, had obtained an appointment in a mercantile establishment, which, if it did not quite put Mrs. Peabody at her ease, had, at least, the effect of supplying her with a different class of domestic grievances. Crikey Snaggs and Joey were still on the staff in Mr. Rawlings' household, the former much improved by a diligent course of schooling, and the latter expanding into a grown woman, with a considerable accession of roses in her comely cheeks.

A first child is always a marvel. There never was such a child as the first-born of Mrs. Rawlings. The opinions which were pronounced upon its features widely differed as to the likenesses they suggested. One thought it had papa's nose; another papa's mouth; some traced mama in its eyes; some in its chin; others thought it was mama all over; no two people were unanimous about the exact resemblance; but everybody agreed upon the fact that, let it resemble whom it might, it was an extraordinary beauty.

There was great difficulty in deciding upon the name that was to be given to this fascinating infant. The current ran at first strongly in favour of calling it after mama. But to this proposition Mr. Rawlings decidedly objected. He thought that it would create confusion to have two Barbaras in the family. He also observed (with, perhaps, a particular application to his own wife) that in such cases undue sympathies sometimes arise, which were better avoided. Mothers are likely to have an unconscious preference for children called after themselves, and to be consequently unjust and harsh to others without knowing or intending it.

After many debates, the child was christened Clara. It was a compromise between some very romantic names furnished by Mrs. Rawlings (that of Eugenie being particularly pressed upon consideration), and some more homely ones proposed by papa. That point being at length finally arranged, active preparations were set on foot in the nursery department; a maid was specially provided to wait upon the young lady, who threw out early indications that she would require more than ordinary attendance. Her energy was as remarkable as her beauty; and during the first twelve months of her life, she gave such proofs of an indomitable spirit, sustained by prodigious power of lungs, as rendered the nursery-maid's situation by no means a sinecure. The only person in the house who really seemed to delight in the child's stentorian performances was Joey. Even mama's nerves were sometimes affected by them; but Joey never appeared to think that the child could cry loud enough, or that it should be thwarted in the innocent pleasure it derived from sundry impossible desires it occasionally manifested. Amongst them all, the cradled darling generally managed to have its own way. Mr. Rawlings did not interfere much in this department

of incipient training. He was too fully engrossed with other occupations.

It has been already hinted that the predominant foible in Mrs. Rawlings' character was an amiable love of dumb animals. Now Clara did not come strictly within this category in one sense, for it could not be said that she discovered the passive or silent quality that would entitle her to be regarded in that light; but she fulfilled all the other conditions essential to the gratification of Mrs. Rawlings' weakness. She never argued with her, or contradicted her, because she had not yet acquired the faculty of speech; although, to judge from certain outward signs, there often appeared to be passing in her mind a train of reflections which might have eventuated in a controversy, if she had only known how to put them into words. And even in these obscure indications of dissent there was a high charm for the happy mother. They were the mere waywardnesses of a pet—the more unreasonable they were the more opportunity they afforded for that nonsense talk which women esteem to be the vernacular of infancy, and in which Mrs. Rawlings excelled. Philosophic reader! if you could have hidden yourself in a corner of that nursery in the twilight of a long summer's evening when Mrs. Rawlings, dismissing Lizzy, the maid, was left alone with her child, you would have been let into some surprising mysteries of this unknown tongue. We are not aware whether any philologist has attempted to reduce it to set forms by which it could be published to the world; nor, we fear, would such an experiment receive much encouragement from the adult population. The closest approach that has been made to it in ancient or modern times is that which was recently expounded with much ability and clearness in a publication called the "Phonetic Nuz;" and we know how scurvily the ungrateful public treated that learned work.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to pick up these entangled skeins of affectionate babble, or to describe them as nonsense talk. It is evidently not nonsense in the ears of the infant, who seems to comprehend it thoroughly, and to respond to it with ecstasy. How else should it impart such pleasure to the miniature creature, who replies to it with loving caresses and outcries of gladness? The tone in which it is delivered is, probably, a main agent of the delight it communicates; but the magic does not depend wholly on the tone, as may be readily tested by substituting a sensible discourse for that description of discourse in which it is impossible to detect either sense or coherency. There is wisdom, surely, in this prattle, which has a use so sweet and appeasing in its strange, broken utterances and varied intonations. All honour then to the chatter of mothers and nurses, which stills so many little pangs, and inspires so many little joys!

But we must hasten forward with our story, for the time yet lies far in advance of us when the human interest that is to

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gather round these people, at present only emerging from obscurity into the great world of passion and ambition, shall come to be developed.

Clara was two years old when Mrs. Rawlings was on the eve of announcing another addition to the family. Mr. Rawlings ardently desired a son. He had his own ideal of a son—steady, practical, intelligent; a youth to command confidence and admiration on all sides, moulded closely after himself, minted in feature and temperament from the same dye. The picture was constantly before him during this interesting period. *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose!* Mrs. Rawlings unhappily, and in a very cruel manner (for her imagination was all the time running upon a daughter as a companion for little Clara), disappointed these anxious hopes.

Richard was reconciled, however, to the disappointment by that salutary reflection which comes to the timely aid of all men in similar cases—namely that there was no remedy for it. The new-comer, as far as its character could be ascertained on so short an acquaintance, contributed its own share to the reasons which prevailed upon him to submit to a contingency he could not help. It was a remarkably placid infant; by no means so handsome as its sister, but it balanced that deficiency by so sensitive and amiable a disposition that everybody fell in love with it on the very first interview. Curious enough it is, that whether a child be ugly or beautiful, boisterous or gentle, people are never at a loss to find out some excuse for falling in love with it. This impulse, no doubt, springs from an instinctive sense of the innocence, unconsciousness, and helplessness of childhood which give it at once a claim upon our tenderness. But in this instance we by no means wish it to be supposed that the affection which was so extravagantly lavished upon the infant had its origin in a sentiment common to the welcome which all infants receive upon making their first appearance in the world. The child made an irresistible appeal to the heart on its own account. Such was the tranquillity of its aspect, the softness of its eyes, and the mildness with which it conducted itself in company, that people the least accessible to such emotions, or the least skilled in the merits of that initial stage of existence, could not avoid being touched by it with a feeling of interest.

It is a happy thing for mankind that the interest thus inspired by the infant suffers no check from a knowledge of the future. How fatally this knowledge would, in some instances, turn the sunshine into darkness, and change the love that watches hopefully over the cradle into bitterness and sorrow! Most mercifully is this knowledge shut out from us! Let us then hope the best for this fair child, whose gentleness, even in the bud, awakens so much sympathy and attachment.

From the beginning Mrs. Rawlings betrayed an excessive sensibility towards Clara, and, although she conscientiously believed that she loved them both equally, it was evident that

little Margaret, the second daughter, did not cost her half the anxiety bestowed upon her sister.

As the children grew up, the distinction became more and more apparent, not that Mrs. Rawlings neglected the one for the other, but that she yielded good naturedly, and from the docility and easiness of her character, to the more exigent demands of the imperious Clara. In fact, Margaret gave her mamma very little trouble, and got on so well without putting other people out of the way, that she required but a slight share of that attention which the indomitable vivacity of her sister nearly monopolized.

Towards the close of a summer's evening, Mr. and Mrs. Peabody were visiting Mrs. Rawlings, and sauntering under the trees chatting about domestic matters, which, as they formed the chief business of Mrs. Rawlings' life, suggested the topic she felt herself best qualified to dilate upon.

"The darlings!" said Mrs. Rawlings, "if I were asked which of them I could sooner part with, I should be sadly puzzled. It would be like having one of my hands cut off."

"That's quite natural," observed Mrs. Peabody; "but then if one had the choice, one would rather lose the left hand."

"A hard question," said John Peabody, "there's no left or right in children; they're all the same to a mother: and I hope, Mrs. Rawlings, you'll never have to part with either of them—the little ducks!"

"I'm sure I hope so, too, John Peabody," returned his wife; "but there's no great sense in the remark. Children are not all the same; there's always a difference in them. I never see two children alike, and one can't help having a little preference. Now don't you think so, ma'am? Look at Clara and Margaret—why, they're as different as chalk and cheese."

"So they are," said Mrs. Rawlings; "Margaret's so patient and tractable—but Clara! you have no notion how her spirits run away with her. I assure you she takes up twice the time of the other."

"I dare say now," observed Mrs. Peabody, "that Margaret is Mr. Rawlings' pet. Men like children that are quiet in a house. That's always the way with men. They never think of the health of the poor little things."

"Well, I think he does like Margaret," replied Mrs. Rawlings; "he's very quiet himself, and Clara puts him out dreadfully. But then, you know, they trouble him very little. I keep them up stairs as well as I can, for he has so much on his mind that he couldn't bear the racket. What do you think, Mr. Peabody, of that clever little love, Clara? She's actually learning her letters already."

"No!" exclaimed John Peabody.

"She would have it, the darling. It's all her own doing. The letters are printed on bits of pasteboard, and she makes quite a play of them, calling them by their names and pitching them

about the room. But she's a sad little romp. Nothing would satisfy her the other day but she must bring them all out into the garden, and amuse herself by throwing them, one after another, into the pond, to see them floating in the water. Did you ever hear of such a trick! There's no supplying her with toys. She breaks everything. I never knew such a mischievous little minx. She'd take a dozen people to dance attendance on her. I'm sure I can't manage her a bit. But I can't bear to check her, for she's so cheerful that she keeps us all alive."

"I like to see children cheerful," said John Peabody.

"It's a pity it can't last," observed Mrs. Peabody. "There's my little boy, Dick. One would suppose he hadn't much to make him cheerful, but there's no standing his riots. By and by, when he comes to find out that he'll have to provide for himself, he'll be sober enough."

"All in good time," said John Peabody; "you can't put old heads on young shoulders."

"Talking of old heads," remarked Mrs. Rawlings, "I often fancy that Margaret has a wonderful little old head of her own. I never knew such a child for thinking. She will look at you for five minutes together, without once taking her eyes off you. I wonder what in the world she can be thinking about."

"Thinking!" exclaimed Mrs. Peabody; "bless you, she's not thinking; it's only dreaming, as all children do, especially if they're weakly. You must be careful of that child, ma'am. She isn't strong."

"Nonsense;" said John Peabody. "She'll grow out of that. Surprising what children can bear. Why, big as we are, Mrs. Rawlings, we never could stand the measles, and the whooping-cough, and the worms, and the knocks and sprains, and the Lord knows what, that children go through. And see how they get out of it, and grow up into men and women. When I was a child, they didn't expect me to live six months; but I did though, and look at me now—I don't think there's much amiss with me. Hope for the best—who knows what may turn up for Maggy yet!"

"You!" observed Mrs. Peabody, with a downward curve of her mouth; "you, indeed! as if you were an example. Poor John takes the world so easy that trouble runs over him like water over a duck's back."

"It's no use, you know, my dear," said John, in a tone of transcendent good humour, "for both of us to fret. I leave that to you. You like it—I don't, and never could see the good of it."

Mrs. Peabody made no reply to this observation, but turned to Mrs. Rawlings with a suffering expression in her face, as much as to say, "Don't you pity me?" Mrs. Rawlings, however, who considered these little matrimonial episodes as infringements on the respect due to her position, looked point-blank in another direction, and was not sorry to see Richard

approaching them from the house. It was evident, as he advanced towards them, that he was unusually disturbed.

"Something wrong," suggested Mrs. Peabody to Mrs. Rawlings.

"Don't notice it," returned Mrs. Rawlings, with a significant gesture.

Richard put twenty questions in a breath about the children. "Asleep? That's right. They have the best of it. No wear and tear—no anxieties. Human life's all bread and butter to them. Any news to-day, John?"

"Not one syllable," returned John?

"That's strange, and you in a mercantile house," observed Richard. "Have you heard anything about Sarkens, Brothers?"

"Not I," replied John; "no misfortune, I hope?"

"The distress in the agricultural districts," said Richard, gloomily, "affects all the banks more or less; and, although money never was more plenty, or interest lower, nobody is safe."

John looked a little bewildered, wondering how this ominous remark could apply to Sarkens, Brothers, the principal bankers of Yarlton, who were supposed to be as secure as the Bank of England.

"But what of Sarkens, Brothers?" he inquired. "You have nothing to do with them?"

"I?—no!—no."

"All right," said John, drawing a deep breath, "so long as you're safe."

"There's a sensible observation," whispered Mrs. Peabody to Mrs. Rawlings; "That's just the man all over."

"Let me have a word with you," said Richard, drawing John off, and entering into a close conversation with him at a distance.

Mrs. Peabody, already disconcerted by Mrs. Rawlings' discouraging manner, was not in a humour to indulge Mr. Rawlings in a private conference with her husband, from which she was to be excluded. So, by way of revenge, she took a sudden leave, and, on the way home, endeavoured to extract from John the subject of Mr. Rawlings' confidence. But to no effect. John was impenetrable.

CHAPTER III.

In which we get a glimpse of high life.

THE confidential mission entrusted to John Peabody by Richard Rawlings was to ascertain whether any reports were abroad in the town affecting the credit of the bank of Sarkens, Brothers. John executed the delicate inquiry with tact and discretion, and was enabled to report that, as yet, not a breath to the prejudice of the house had reached Yarlton.

The first post on the next morning brought the following letter from London:

(Private and confidential.)

67 A, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 15th July, 1830.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY'S information may be depended upon. They are tottering. Immediate sum wanted from us 20,000*l*. The rest to be got in other quarters, if we move first, which we must do to secure the first lien on the deeds. I will release the whole of your investments, and provide the difference, *but the loan must be ostensibly advanced by you*. I must not appear as a principal.

Lord Valteline will be with you almost as soon as this letter, on the part of his father, the Earl of Dragonfelt. Give the young gentleman rope enough. Let him have his bluster out. We are expected to put up with the insolence of these people. We can afford it, for that's all they can get out of us. He'll tell you that I promised to do the business on easier terms—*but you have nothing to do with that*. Keep cool, and you'll get your price. They *must* have the money, and can't get it anywhere else. Start all the objections you can think of. *You know if you have to sell out, and call in money at a heavy loss to serve them, you must be indemnified*. The cash is ready the moment the instrument is completed.

Enclosed is a form of agreement preparatory to a deed. Also, a private agreement which you must sign and return to me. Get Lord Valteline's signature witnessed. Two witnesses will be better than one, as with their local influence, we cannot reckon upon any of the Yarlton people. Such things have happened as witnesses being bought up, and sent out of the way. Get somebody you can depend upon as a second witness, to make sure. Write by return without fail.

Yours truly,

TOM CHIPPENDALE.

Richard Rawlings, Esq.

N. B. Lord Valteline was of age last week, so that he can't throw us over on the minority plea.

After a careful perusal, twice over, of this letter, Mr. Rawlings summoned Crikey Snaggs into the library. While Richard is writing a note, we may observe that Crikey is much improved in appearance since we last saw him. He is not much grown, and never will grow any more; but his face has acquired a composed and matured expression; the painful rigor of the features has almost vanished; and a staid suit of black helps, in a slight degree, to carry off the unsightly outline of his deformity.

"Take this note," said Mr. Rawlings, "to Captain Scott Dingle immediately. If he's out, you must follow him and find him, and give it into his own hands."

"Yes, sir."

"Stay a moment. I have visitors coming to dinner to-day.

Attend to what I say to you. Few people would have kept you, Crikey, and had you taught, and brought up as I have done."

Crikey's blood mounted to his face at this allusion to his forlorn situation. He felt very grateful, but did not know how to say so.

"I know you are zealous."

"I'm sure on 't, sir," said Crikey, brightening up.

"You must also be discreet. Do exactly what I tell you, and don't chatter about any business I employ you in—that's all. To-night, after dinner, I will call for the pen and ink; wait with it in your hand behind my chair, and you will see a gentleman sign a paper,—observe his signature, so that you will know it again. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, let me see that you do this carefully. Now go at once with the letter."

Crikey, highly elated by this mark of his master's confidence had hardly left the room, when Lord Valteline's card was put into Mr. Rawlings' hands.

Before we introduce this young nobleman to the reader it will be necessary to trace some of the circumstances connected with the business which brought him to Yarlton.

For this purpose we must revert to the spring of 1826. After a year of delusive prosperity, there came a fearful relapse. The bubbles of 1825 had burst. The whole population were suddenly reduced to despair from a state of hilarious exultation. It was necessary to put a stop by some means to the expansive system of credit which had disorganized the commercial world, and carried dismay into the tranquil nooks of private life. The issue of paper money was restricted. The remedy turned out as bad as the disease, and produced a universal crash. Bank after bank stopped payment. Merchants, traders, and people who had laid up their little savings in tempting investments for the sake of a slight advance upon the ordinary rate of interest, were swept into the common ruin. The incidents which, during this crisis, filled up the domestic history of England through every cranny of the kingdom, were illustrative of every variety of terror, suspense, and mental agony:—the agitation with which the daily newspaper was looked forward to; the whispering fear with which each new disaster was communicated from partner to partner, from husband to wife, from father to son; the wild commotion on the Exchange; the chaos in the market-place, where men looked into each other's faces with distrust, and separated without buying or selling; the solitary watch of women, as they waited, with shattered nerves, for the tidings that might in a single hour consign their children from affluence to beggary; the grouping of young people round the winter's fire, listening to stories of the panic out of doors with wilder fascination than they had once listened to weird legends, when their gay hearts were touched only by imaginary terrors.

The house of Sarkens, Brothers, stood its ground pretty well

through the early part of the panic. But the crush came upon them at last, and in their emergency they applied to the Earl of Dragonfelt, whose large property in the neighbourhood gave him a preponderating county interest, and the complete command of the borough, which he wielded through their agency. He was closely identified with the house, had heavy deposits in their hands, which they had no longer the power to restore, and would be seriously damaged by their failure. These considerations, involving to a considerable extent the maintenance of his political position, left him no alternative but to accede to their proposals. The Bank of England had refused their paper, and thrown them suddenly on the realization of their own resources. This required time, and the run for gold admitted of no delay. The firm possessed valuable estates, but the attempt to turn them into cash would have amounted to confiscation. The only means of escape that presented itself was to obtain a loan from a London house, on the security of mortgages on certain freeholds of his lordship's. Such was the unavoidable haste with which this measure was planned and executed, that in the eagerness to protect his lordship by something in the shape of a counter-security, he became so entangled in the affairs of the bank that, in the opinion of the highest legal authorities, he was liable at any future time to be brought in as a partner.

During the four years that elapsed between the date of this arrangement and the visit of Lord Valteline to Richard Rawlings, many efforts had been made to extricate the earl, but in vain. And now the bank was, a second time, on the verge of ruin, and his lordship, with the additional fear before his eyes of being implicated to an indefinite extent in the failure, was, a second time, called upon to come to the rescue.

His lordship responded to the call very grudgingly; but there was no help for it. On the one hand there was the dread of being dragged into the bankruptcy, and on the other, the humiliation, in that event, of seeing Yarlton seized upon by the Whigs, who had already put him to an enormous expenditure in several severely contested elections. He had nursed the borough for his son, who was now just of age, and ready to enter upon his parliamentary responsibility, with such qualifications as might be cultivated through a diligent career of profligate dissipation. The struggles of the Liberal party to effect a general reform in the representation gave increased value, also, at this juncture, to every shred of political power that yet remained in the grasp of the Tory magnates.

Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, the present member for Yarlton, was merely the warming pan for Lord Valteline. He was prepared to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, to turn his coat, or eat his words, or do anything else that might be required of him to oblige the Dragonfelt family.

The project at present on foot for redeeming the affairs of the bank, and rescuing the earl from impending difficulties, was the





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The Ragged Dicks of London.

negotiation of a loan, in which Lord Valteline was to join. This loan had been proposed in the first instance by the earl alone; but Mr. Tom Chippendale contrived to linger over the papers until Lord Valteline had passed his majority, and then declared that it was impossible to effect the business unless that young gentleman joined his father in the security. These conditions were considered harsh and stringent; but time pressed, and in the last extremity the basis of the arrangement was assented to, and Lord Valteline handed over to Richard Rawlings, as the person by whom the advance was either to be made or obtained.

When Lord Valteline made his appearance in the library, Richard Rawlings instantly recognised the "sprig of nobility" whose impatience had formerly attracted his notice in the office in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He had the same *blasé* air, was dressed with the same fashionable negligence, and exhibited the languid and insipid aspect of one who had forestalled his constitution, and exhausted all the sensual sources of enjoyment by premature indulgences. He was accompanied by a remarkably small, slight gentleman, whose rapid motions and scintillating glances, suggested at once the image of a fire-fly. This little gentleman wore a short summer over-coat, and high-heeled boots, carried a dapper, silver-headed riding-whip in his hand, and, as he entered, seemed to penetrate every corner of the apartment with a fierce and scrutinizing look. His features were sharply cut and minute, his hair was jet black, his upper lip was embellished with an angry moustache, which he perpetually curled between his finger and thumb, and his dark sinister eyes flashed and gleamed out like two naked swords. It was evident that Lord Valteline's friend stood upon extraordinary terms with himself, that he had a touch of the spit-fire in him, and that he had come down "special" to "watch the proceedings," and see that his lordship wasn't "humbugged."

"You're Mr. Rawlings, I suppose," said Lord Valteline, flinging himself indolently into a chair.

Richard bowed.

"I have brought my friend, Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, with me," continued his lordship, "the member for the borough. He knows a devilish deal more about this business than I do—and—I say, Ragstaffe, will you talk to him—I'm regularly done up;" whereupon his lordship stretched himself out at full length, and began to yawn.

The difficulty was to get Mr. Ragstaffe to stand still. He had already penetrated every corner of the room, explored the bookshelves, and taken a survey of the grounds out of the window. Upon being summoned by his lordship, he took up a position at last, and, fixing himself opposite to Mr. Rawlings, darted his eyes upon him as if he would run him through.

"You know the object of our visit?" said Mr. Ragstaffe; "let us understand each other. Before we go into any particulars, we must be satisfied that we are on safe grounds."

This prefatory remark was wound up with a short cough, Mr. Ragstaffe turning his head at the same moment, and exchanging a knowing wink with Lord Valteline.

"The lender is usually the party that must be satisfied in that respect, sir," replied Richard Rawlings.

"Satisfied? Come, that's cool," cried Mr. Ragstaffe, "with such a client as the Earl of Dragonfelt in your books. I should like to know if you ever did business with a man of his rank before?"

"In matters of business," returned Richard; "we have nothing to do with a man's rank."

"Oh! of course not!" cried Mr. Ragstaffe, imitating, or mocking, the tone of Richard's voice, "of course not, nor with a man's fortune neither, I suppose. If you knew me, you'd drop all that sort of slang. I could tell you some stories of affairs I have been engaged in, that would show you whether I'm a likely person to be taken in. It won't pay, Mr. Rawlings. The gentleman must get up remarkably early in the morning that's to do me. Eh! Valteline?"

"In the middle of the night, my buck!" said Lord Valteline.

"Before we stir an inch farther," resumed Mr. Ragstaffe, "we must first be satisfied that the money is ready."

"The amount is large," said Richard, "and heavy sacrifices must be made to get it."

"That's all a hum," returned Mr. Ragstaffe; "what are your sacrifices to us? If it wasn't worth your while, you'd be very likely to lend us money—wouldn't you? Bah! I'm up to that kind of thing. It's no use to try to palm off such cant upon me. Is it, Valteline?"

"I should say not, decidedly," lisped Lord Valteline.

"Lord Valteline, I understand, proposes to become joint-security with the Earl," said Richard. "Is that so?"

"D—n it!" exclaimed Lord Valteline, "don't be so infernally precise. Of course, I do. Come now, get on. Ragstaffe, will you talk to him, or we shall be here all day."

"Now, then," said Mr. Ragstaffe, "you see his lordship is willing to join in the security. What more do you want?"

"It will be necessary," said Richard, "that we should have absolute power of sale, and that title-deeds to cover the mortgage should be deposited in our hands."

Mr. Ragstaffe glowed over like a hot coal at this announcement.

"What the devil does he mean?" inquired Lord Valteline.

"Mean?" exclaimed Mr. Ragstaffe, "that we're a couple of flats—that's all."

"Chippendale never said anything about title-deeds," observed his lordship.

"Of course he didn't," cried Mr. Ragstaffe, in a paroxysm of fury, prancing up and down the room; "it's a trick—a trick." Then, stopping short, and vehemently striking his boot with the riding-whip, as if he were whetting it, preparatory to an experi-

ment upon the shoulders of Richard Rawlings, he demanded—
 “Have you anything more to say?”

“Nothing more,” quietly responded Richard, “the rest is mere matter of form.”

“Then I have only to observe that we are not the men to submit to an imposition. Shall I tell you my opinion of you, Mr. Rawlings?” cried out Mr. Ragstaffe, kindling up into a flame, and tossing his arms about like the wings of a windmill, “I don’t care that for any man; and I tell you that, in my opinion, you have brought us down here to—”

Richard Rawlings slowly raised his head, and looked the speaker full in the face. Mr. Ragstaffe gulped the remainder of the sentence with an inarticulate oath.

“Very well, gentlemen,” said Richard, shutting up the papers; “there is an end to the business.”

“Holloa! I say, that won’t do, old fellow,” cried Lord Valteline; “talk to him, Ragstaffe; d—n it! you know we mustn’t be thrown out in this way.”

“Perhaps his lordship is not in a hurry for the money,” said Richard; “and if he can wait and look about him, I dare say he may get it on his own terms.”

“Wait!” exclaimed his lordship; “but I can’t wait. Devil take it, Ragstaffe! you know we must have the money at once.”

“If you’re so green as to give up the title-deeds,” said Mr. Ragstaffe.

“Pshaw! let him have ’em. What does it matter? All the same a hundred years hence. I say, Rawlings, if we sign now, when can we touch the cash?”

“To-morrow,” replied Richard; “then I am to understand that you agree to the terms?”

“Oh! certainly—d—n the terms! One is always obliged to agree to them. Never found it otherwise yet. Where’s the infernal document?”

“It will be ready for signature in the evening,” said Richard.

“The devil!” exclaimed Lord Valteline; “and we are to be kept here five or six hours longer. By what excruciating process can we contrive, Ragstaffe, to get through the time? There isn’t such a thing as a billiard-table in this sink of a place, is there?”

“I had in some measure anticipated the inconvenience, my lord,” said Richard; “and if your lordship and Mr. Ragstaffe will do me the honour to dine with me, we will do the best we can to entertain you.”

“Dine with you?” responded his lordship; “by Jove! that’s not so bad an idea. What do you say, Ragstaffe? Do you think we can manage it? D—n it! let us dine with him. It will be something new, that.”

“It *will* be something new, as you say,” cried Mr. Ragstaffe; “devilish new. Let us take our revenge out of his claret.”

This was the only prospect of revenge that was left to Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, and he glittered over with a full sense of it. Accordingly, in anticipation of what he and Lord Valteline called "a prime lark," they took their leave till dinner-time.

Mrs. Rawlings was thrown into a delicious flutter at the prospect of entertaining a lord and a member of Parliament at dinner. Between the toilet and the *cuisine*, the remainder of the day was passed in a terrible bustle. The servants were at their wits' end up and down the stairs, and bells were ringing and voices screaming from the scullery to the garret throughout the whole of that anxious interval.

There was but one guest more—Captain Scott Dingle. Mrs. Rawlings ventured to remark that it would be a party of five, and odd numbers were unlucky. Couldn't they get a sixth somewhere, just to make it even? But this proposition was firmly rejected by her husband. He wanted Dingle to witness his lordship's signature, and, knowing that Dingle was not to be calculated upon during the day-time, when he was always taking his "rounds," and that he could make sure of him at dinner on the shortest notice, he hit upon the expedient of detaining his lordship for the purpose of securing his own witness.

The captain arrived first. He was in high feather. When he learned that he was to meet Lord Valteline and Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, his animal spirits went up like a cork shot out of a champagne bottle. Mr. Rawlings was careful not to tell him what he wanted him for; first, because he had no great reliance upon his discretion, and knew that he would incontinently betray his object by some inadvertency; and second, because, by paying him the compliment of an invitation on his own account on such an occasion, he calculated upon making the most of his social talents. In fact, Dingle was the best man in the range of his acquaintance for the purpose. Although a little worn and crushed by time, and divers experiences of life, he had the air of a gentleman, and had mixed with gentlemen, and knew him to adapt himself and his pleasantries to the atmosphere of high life, especially in the confines where it is mixed up with some of the deleterious gases of promiscuous intercourse. He was happily cut out by taste and circumstances to shine at the point of contact between the exclusive circle of the aristocracy and the vagabondage of the outer world.

It must be acknowledged, honestly, that the captain was what is called a "loose fish." But the loose fishes are not always the worst fishes. They have sometimes a better flavour, when it is skilfully brought out, than they get credit for. There is a great difference observable in the species. Lord Valteline and his friend were remarkably loose fish; but it would be an unpardonable injustice to the captain to institute any comparison between them. Looseness, in his practice of it, was a simple, flexible, and innocent negative, that danced attendance upon whatever the chances of the day or night happened to turn up, and took things

as they came without hesitation or scruple, but with a fund of good-nature behind that generally put a smiling or foolish face upon them. The looseness of his lordship and the member was of a more active and original character; it went in search of its own illicit pleasures, and had the means of enjoying costly sins which the poor captain never dreamt of; had neither conscience nor good-nature to check or qualify its excesses; and made an open crusade against the little household sanctities which the captain, now and then, rather affected to patronize. So far as the theory went, the captain, upon occasion, could be as accomplished a vagrant as his lordship; but he couldn't afford to put it into practice, and had the grace to submit to the necessity, and make the most of it as well as he could.

In due time, his lordship and Mr. Ragstaffe made their appearance, apologizing, in a half-bantering tone, for their morning costume. His lordship took in Mrs. Rawlings to dinner, and won her heart by expressing his astonishment that she should bury herself in the country instead of coming to live in London. This led to a conversation about London which lasted through half the dinner, Mrs. Rawlings being very free in her comments on Gracechurch-street, and the high-bred guests drawing her out into innocent criticisms, at which they laughed heartily, to her great delight. She had no notion that people of their rank could be so pleasant and familiar. She had always looked upon the aristocracy as a piece of grand brocade, very stiff and solemn, and standing up petrified all over with gems and jewels; and the lively ways of these gentlemen, who eat, and drank, and talked, with such a relish, came upon her with a double charm. At first she was a little reserved, but then they were so open and humorous, and became all at once so very intimate with her, that the distance rapidly vanished between them, and you would have thought, before dinner was ended, that they had been acquainted all their lives.

"What did you say was the name of the hotel you put up at?" inquired Lord Valteline.

"Oh! I'm sure I can't remember the name of the horrid place," replied Mrs. Rawlings.

"What a pity you didn't find your way to the neighbourhood of Covent Garden," said Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, with a sly glance at Lord Valteline; "there are some capital houses in that quarter."

"I wish you could recommend us to one of them," said Mrs. Rawlings; "in case we should go to London again, you know."

"To be sure," cried Ragstaffe; "there's the Bear, in Bow-street, a highly respectable establishment. Wouldn't you recommend Mrs. Rawlings to try the Bear, Valteline?"

"Most certainly," said his Lordship.

"The Bear in Bow-street," repeated Mrs. Rawlings; "don't forget that, Richard. We will go there the next time." Whereat the London gentlemen burst out into a roar of laughter,

in which Mrs. Rawlings heartily joined, both of them challenging her at the same time to a glass of wine.

The company were next entertained with many amusing anecdotes related by Mr. Ragstaffe of his own personal exploits; how he had once jumped out of his cab, and horsewhipped a coalheaver who wouldn't get out of his way; how, on another occasion, he disguised himself as a countryman, and hounded a dozen farmers at the Grigley election, so that they couldn't come up to the poll; how he carried a suit in Chancery by going over to France after an important witness, and bringing him back *vi et armis*, under the authority of a pretended warrant from the Secretary of State, which he had drawn up with his own hand; and many more stories of a like kind in which his ingenuity and intrepidity appeared in the most daring and colossal forms. No man was so deep in the mysteries of metropolitan life, or had seen so much of its intrigues and rogueries; and, if his own account of himself might be credited, he was a match for any lawyer, dog-stealer, horse-jockey, or hell-keeper in the kingdom, couldn't be beaten at billiards or *ecarté*, was foremost in every political movement of his party in the House of Commons, and familiar with the scandalous chronicle of every woman of note about town. In short, Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe was a man of perpetual motion and universal genius.

Captain Scott Dingle made sundry attempts to shine at every glimpse of an opening in the shrill egotism of Mr. Ragstaffe; but Ragstaffe bore him down by the sheer force of nervous excitement. He had the field to himself. Lord Valteline merely echoed his libertine aphorisms, and attested the veracity of his statements. Upon all such points Lord Valteline was his disciple, as Mr. Ragstaffe was the sycophant and hero-worshipper of Lord Valteline whenever his lordship's position and patronage came into play. They reflected and sustained each other admirably, and had been so accustomed to run in couples, that it may be doubted whether either of them could have done his work without the help of the other.

At length Mrs. Rawlings withdrew, fairly dazzled by the necromantic world of London adventures Mr. Ragstaffe had unveiled to her, and the gentlemen were left to themselves.

"Charming person, that," exclaimed Lord Valteline; "no flattery, Rawlings, but you're a devilish lucky fellow."

"Suppose we drink her health?" exclaimed Ragstaffe.

"With all my heart," rejoined his lordship; "Mrs. Rawlings! with a hip! hip! hurrah! and away she goes!"

The toast was drunk upstanding, with a riotous clatter of glasses, followed by a terrible thumping of the table, in which the captain vigorously assisted.

On went the rattle, Captain Dingle managing adroitly, as the wine circulated, to show off a little erudition on his favourite subject of vintages, which entangled him in a discussion with Mr. Ragstaffe, who, up to everything in the world, and a little

more, astonished the captain with some new facts, quite unknown in the Peninsula, the country of the grape, where Dingle had picked up his information. While they were engaged in this absorbing debate, animated by incessant practical appeals to the flavour at issue between them, Richard Rawlings thought it a good opportunity to draw Lord Valteline's attention to the agreement.

"Perhaps," said he, "your lordship would like to look at the form of agreement we were speaking of."

"You don't expect me to read all that stuff now?" cried his lordship. "Can't you enlighten me about it; without asking me to read it?"

"Well, it is simply a note of the conditions on both sides—just as I stated them to you before dinner; and when your lordship has signed it, a deed will be drawn up from it, which will complete the transaction.

"What the devil? must we wait for the infernal lawyers before we get the money?"

"By no means," replied Richard; "this instrument is sufficient for the present, and as we have already procured the earl's assent in another form, your lordship, after signing this paper, can receive the money in full to-morrow."

"And no mistake?" demanded his lordship.

"I will give you an order for it at once on Mr. Chippendale."

"You're a trump, Rawlings," exclaimed the young nobleman, "here's your health, old fellow—and your wife's health—and all the little Rawlingses. I'm to have an order on Chippendale, am I? I'll take the liberty of stopping toll out of it before it's booked for my venerated father. But, stay a minute—I say, Ragstaffe, just run your eye over this paper, will you? This is the thing we were talking of this morning—hem! Beg your pardon," he continued, addressing the captain; "a little private business—you don't mind, do you? You're a devilish good-natured looking fellow, and I'll have a glass of wine with you, special. What are you drinking?"

His lordship wheeling round to the captain, who, by this time, was ready to reciprocate any act of familiarity that might be bestowed upon him, engaged that valiant roysterer in a grand hiccuping bumper, dedicated to affairs in general; whilst Mr. Ragstaffe, darting into a chair next to Richard Rawlings, made a violent show of acuteness, with bated breath and fierce gesticulations, in the dissection of the agreement. But as Richard Rawlings refused to admit a single alteration, all opposition was given up, and Ragstaffe, taking credit to himself for having ascertained the fact, whispered his lordship that it was all right, and that nothing remained to be done but the act manual.

The bell was rung and the pen and ink ordered. Crikey Snaggs, who had waited for this solemn moment in a state of indescribable suspense, appeared with the necessary materials, and taking up his station behind his master's chair, planted his eyes

full upon Lord Valteline. There was legibly written in those fixed orbs the consciousness of the grave responsibility he had undertaken, magnified to a height of comical terror by finding himself standing at the elbow of a lord. To Crikey Snaggs, this was altogether the strangest and most wonderful scene he had ever beheld. He was fairly beside himself with curiosity to witness the process, and when Lord Valteline signed his name with a prodigious splash that covered half the sheet, poor Crikey couldn't help bursting out into a sort of hysterical exclamation of astonishment. Richard instantly desired him to leave the room. Crikey thought that he must have, somehow, failed to do as he was instructed, and was very miserable about it; but he never forgot that immortal splash upon the paper.

"Captain Dingle," said Richard, "can witness your lordship's signature."

Mr. Ragstaffe demurred, wanted to sign it himself, but was overruled on the ground of his political connection with the family; and Dingle, ignorant of the nature of the instrument, and hoping it wasn't a bill stamp, wrote his name at full length with an elaborate tail of flourishes improvised in honour of the occasion.

In consideration thereof, the captain proposed a bishop, which, being uproariously seconded, was accordingly put into forward preparation, Mr. Ragstaffe, who knew how to do every thing better than everybody else, taking the manufacture of it into his own hands, and, by way of showing off his accomplishments in the art, calling for certain ingredients which had never before been known to enter into its composition. We are sorry we cannot supply our readers with Mr. Ragstaffe's compound receipt for a bishop; but probably they will not consider it an irreparable loss when we add that after an hour's indulgence in the delectable mixture, Lord Valteline declared that he was determined to walk home to London, unluckily stumbling over a chair in the attempt, and Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, who stood to his gun with extraordinary pomp of valour at the beginning, fell fast asleep with his head on the table, and was obliged to be carried out to a postchaise, which had waited full three hours at the door for Mr. Rawlings' London visitors.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

HOW SIMON SUGGS "RAISED JACK."

BY AN ALABAMAN.



UNTIL Simon entered his seventeenth year, he lived with his father, an old "hard shell" Baptist preacher, who, though very pious and remarkably austere, was very avaricious. The old man reared his boys—or endeavoured to do so—according to the strictest requisition of the moral law. But he lived, at the time to which we refer, in Middle Georgia, which was then newly settled; and Simon, whose wits from the time he was a "shirt-tail boy," were always too sharp for his father's, contrived to contract all the coarse vices incident to such a region. He stole his mother's roosters to fight them at Bob Smith's grocery; and his father's plough-horses, to enter them in "quarter" matches at the same place. He pitched dollars with Bob Smith himself, and could "beat him into doll-rags" whenever it came to a measurement. To crown his accomplishment, Simon was tip-top at the game of "old sledge," which was the fashionable game of that era; and was early initiated in the mystery of "stocking the papers." The vicious habits of Simon were, of course, a sore trouble to his father, Elder Jedediah. He reasoned, he counselled, he remonstrated, he lashed, but Simon was irreclaimable.

One day the simple-minded old man came rather unexpectedly to the field where he had left Simon and Ben, and a negro boy named Bill, at work. Ben was still following his plough, but Simon and Bill were in a fence-corner very earnestly engaged at "seven-up." Of course the game was instantly suspended, as soon as they spied the old man sixty or seventy yards off, striding towards them.

It was evidently a "gone case" with Simon and Bill; but our hero determined to make the best of it. Putting the cards into one pocket, he coolly picked up the small coins which constituted the stake, and fobbed them in the other, remarking, "Well, Bill, this game's blocked; we'd as well quit."

"But, Massa Simon," remarked the boy, "half dat money's mine. An't you gwine to lemme hab 'em?"

"Oh, never mind the money, Bill; the old man's going to take the bark off both of us; and besides, with the hand I helt when we quit, I should 'a beat you and won it all any way."

' 'Well, but, Massa Simon, we nebber finish de game, and de rule—"

"Go to the deul with your rule," said the impatient Simon; "don't you see daddy's right down upon us, with an armful of hickories? I tell you I helt nothin' but trumps, and could 'a beat the horns off of a billy-goat. Don't that satisfy you? Somehow or nother you're d—d hard to please!" About this time a thought struck Simon, and, in a low tone (for by this time the Reverend Jedediah was close at hand) he continued, "But may be daddy don't know, *right down sure*, what we've been doin'. Let's try him with a lie—'twon't hurt no way; let's tell him we've been playin' mumble-peg."

Bill was perforce compelled to submit to this inequitable adjustment of his claim of a share of the stakes; and, of course, agreed to the game of mumble-peg. All this was settled, and a peg driven in the ground, slyly and hurriedly, between Simon's legs, as he sat on the ground, just as the old man reached the spot. He carried under his left arm several neatly-trimmed sprouts of formidable length, while in his left hand he held one which he was intently engaged in divesting of its superfluous twigs.

"Soho! youngsters!—*you* in the fence-corner, and the *crop* in the grass! What saith the Scriptor', Simon? 'Go to the ant, thou slug-gard,' and so forth and so on. What in the round creation of the yearth have you and that nigger been a-doin'?"

Bill shook with fear, but Simon was cool as a cucumber, and answered his father to the effect, that they had been wasting a little time in a game of mumble-peg.

"Mumble-peg! mumble-peg!" repeated old Mr. Suggs, "what's that?"

Simon explained the process of *rooting* for the peg; how the operator got upon his knees, keeping his arms stiff by his side, leaned forward, and extracted the peg with his teeth.

"So you git *upon your knees*, do you, to pull up that nasty little stick! you'd better git upon 'em to ask mercy for your sinful souls, and for a dyin' world. But let's see one o' you git the peg up now."

The first impulse of our hero was to volunteer to gratify the curiosity of his worthy sire, but a glance at the old man's countenance changed his "notion," and he remarked that "Bill was a long ways the best hand." Bill, who did not deem Simon's modesty an omen favourable to himself, was inclined to reciprocate compliments with his young master; but a gesture of impatience from the old man set him instantly upon his knees; and, bending forward, he essayed to lay hold, with his teeth, of the peg, which Simon, just at that moment, very wickedly pushed half an inch further down. Just as the breeches and hide of the boy were stretched to the uttermost, old

Mr. Suggs brought down his longest hickory, with both hands, upon the precise spot where the tension was greatest. With a loud yell, Bill plunged forward, upsetting Simon, and rolled in the grass, rubbing the castigated part with fearful energy. Simon, though overthrown, was unhurt; and he was mentally complimenting himself upon the sagacity which had prevented his illustrating the game of mumble-peg, for the paternal amusement, when his attention was arrested by that worthy person's stooping to pick up a card, upon which Simon had been sitting, and which, therefore had not gone with the rest of the pack into his pocket. The simple Mr. Suggs had only a vague idea of the pasteboard abomination called *cards*; and though he decidedly inclined to the opinion that this was one, he was by no means certain of the fact. Had Simon known this, he would certainly have escaped; but he did not. His father, assuming the look of extreme sapiency which is always worn by the interrogator who does not desire or expect to increase his knowledge by his questions, asked,—

"What's this, Simon?"

"The Jack a dimunts," promptly responded Simon, who gave up all as lost after this *faux pas*.

"What was it doin' down thar, Simon, my sonny?" continued Mr. Suggs, in an ironically affectionate tone of voice.

"I had it under my leg thar, to make it on Bill, the first time it come trumps," was the ready reply.

"What's trumps?" asked Mr. Suggs, with a view of arriving at the import of the word.

"Nothin' an't trumps *now*," said Simon, who misapprehended his father's meaning—"but *clubs* was, when you come along and busted up the game."

A part of this answer was Greek to the Reverend Mr. Suggs, but a portion of it was full of meaning. They had, then, most unquestionably been "throwing" cards, the scoundrels! the "oudacious" little hellions!

"To the 'Mulberry,' with both on ye! in a hurry," said the old man, sternly. But the lads were not disposed to be in a "hurry," for "the Mulberry" was the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. Simon followed his father, however; but made, as he went along, all manner of "faces" at the old man's back, gesticulated as if he were going to strike him between the shoulders with his fists; and kicking at him so as almost to touch his coat-tail with his shoe. In this style they walked on to the mulberry tree, in whose shade Simon's brother Ben was resting.

It must not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment, Simon's mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments towards his father. Far from it. The movements of his limbs and features were the mere workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account, "making game" of old Jedediah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case—much after the manner in which puss, when Betty, armed with the broom, and hotly seeking vengeance for the pantry robbed or room defiled, has closed upon her the garret doors

and windows, attempts all sorts of impossible exits, comes down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenceless. Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion and the "Mulberry" about the same time, he stood with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing Bill—a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when at last Bill was strung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It's the devil!" said Simon to himself, "to take such a wallopin' as that. Why the old man looks like he wants to git to the holler, if he could—rot his picter! It's wuth, at the least, fifty cents—je-e-miny, how *that* hurt!—yes, it's wuth three-quarters of a dollar to take that 'ere lickin'! Wonder if I'm 'predestinated,' as old Jed'diah says, to get the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he'd burst right open, the darn'd old deer-face! If 'twan't for Ben helpin' him, I b'lieve I'd give the old dog a tussel when it comes for my turn. It couldn't make the thing no wuss, if it didn't make it no better. 'Drot it! what do boys have daddies for, any how? 'Taint for nuthin' but jist to beat 'em and work 'em,—There's some use in mammies—I kin poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar, and if I say it ain't thar, she'll say 'tain't thar, too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If 'twan't so fur I'd holler for her, any how. How she would cling to the old feller's coat tail!"

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill, and untied him. Approaching Simon, whose coat was off, "Come, Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands, I'm gwine to correct you."

"It aint no use, daddy," said Simon.

"Why so, Simon?"

"Just bekase it aint. I'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself, I'm gwine to make my livin' by it. So what's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this display of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he, "you're a poor ignunt creetur. You don't know nothin' and you've never been no whars. If I was to turn you off, you'd starve in a week"—

"I wish you'd try me," said Simon, "and jist see I'd win more money in a week than you can make in a year. There aint nobody round here kin make seed-corn off o' me at cards. I'm rale smart," he added, with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players, and chicken-fighters, and horse-racers, go to hell? You crack-brained creetur' you! And don't you know that them that play cards always lose their money, and"—

"Who wins it all then, daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jaw'd dog. Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words that way! I know'd a young man once, when I lived in Ogletharp, as went down to Augusty and sold a hundred dollars' worth of cotton

for his daddy, and some o' them gambollers got him to drinkin', and the *very first* night he was with 'em they got every cent of his money."

"They couldn't git my money in a *week*," said Simon. "Anybody can git these here green fellows' money; them's the sort I'm a-gwine to watch for, myself. Here's what kin fix the papers jist about as nice as anybody."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jedediah; "What saith the scriptur? 'He that begetteth a fool, doeth it to his sorrow.' Hence, Simon, you're a poor, miserable fool!—so, cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy. I tell you I'm gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about it? I'm as smart as any of 'em, and Bob Smith says them Augusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The Reverend Mr. Suggs had, once in his life, gone to Augusta; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbours was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference, that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untravelled neighbours, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then, very naturally felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen a collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith—should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or anything else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *ultima Thule* of back-woods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs—the one was, that a man who had never been at Augusta, could not know anything about the city, or any place or anything else; the other, that one who *had* been there must, of necessity, be not only well-informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly *au fait* upon all subjects whatsoever. It was therefore in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

"*Bob Smith* says, does he? And who's *Bob Smith*? Much does *Bob Smith* know about Augusty!—he's been thar, I reckon? Slipped off yarly some mornin' when nobody warn't noticin', and got back afore night! It's *only* a hundred and fifty mile. Oh, yes, *Bob Smith* knows all about it! I don't know nothin' about it! I an't never been to Augusty; I couldn't find the road thar, I reckon—ha! ha! *Bob—Smi—th*! The eternal stink! if he was only to see one o' them fine gentlemen in Augusty, with his fine broad-cloth and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a-shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin'. Bob Smith! that's whar all your devlement comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith's as good as anybody else, I judge; and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut Jack," continued Simon, "and that's more than some people can do if they *have* been to Augusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it's reasonable to s'pose that old Jed'diah Suggs won't be bothered bad. Is it any ways similyar to the rule of three Simon?"

"Pretty much, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a pack from his pocket to explain. "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is what we call the Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you 'll take the pack and mix 'em all up together, I 'll take off a passel from top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix em fust?" said Jedediah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"More like nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man, with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It 's agin nater, Simon; thar an't a man in Augusty, nor on the top of the yearth, that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "ef you 'll bet me—"

"What!" thundered old Mr. Suggs, "*bet*, did you say?" and he came down with a *scorer* across Simon's shoulders—"me, Jed'diah Suggs, that 's been in the Lord's sarvice these twenty years—*me* bet, you nasty, sassy, triffin', ugly—"

"I didn't go to say that, daddy; that warn't what I meant adzactly. I ment to say that ef you 'd let me off from this here maulin' you owe me, and *give me* 'Bunch' ef I cut Jack, I 'd *give you* all this here silver, ef I didn't—that 's all. To be sure, I allers knowd *you* wouldn't *bet*."

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him, in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence-corner the first, and only, time she had ever mounted him. As he weighed the pouch of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavoured to analyse the character of the transaction proposed by Simon. "It sartinly *can't* be nothin' but *givin'*, no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I *know* he can't do it, so there 's no reask. What makes bettin'? The reask. It 's a one-sided business, and I 'll jist let him give me all his money, and that 'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the whippin' won't do you no good; and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land; and this here money—it 's jist eleven dollars, lacking of twenty-five cents—will help out mightily. But mind, Simon, ef anything 's said about this hereafter, remember you *give me* the money."

"Very well, daddy, and ef the thing works up instid o' down, I 'spose we 'll say you give *me* Bunch—eh?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how they come by Bunch; the thing 's agin natur, and can't be done. What old Jed'diah Suggs

knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixaments, Simon."

Our hero handed the cards to his father, who, dropping the plough-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *minging*. He then sat down, and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive *kings* and *queens* jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally, a sprightly *knave* would insist on *facing* his neighbour; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then skip away. But elder Jedediah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead, and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu* "stock," which would place the chances of Simon, already sufficiently slim in the old man's opinion, without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to cull out all the *picture cards*, so as to be certain to include the *jacks*, and place them at the bottom, with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now, daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "narry one of us ain't got to look at the cards while I'm a cuttin'; if we do, it'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing—you've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy—will you?"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mr. Suggs; "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the pack. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a-breakin'! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half-a-dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of Hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps, with uplifted eyes and hands!

"Marciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy ain't! well, how in the round creation of the —! Ben did you ever! to be sure and sartin, Satan has power on this yearth!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in heavy bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in *Augusty*, did ye, daddy?" asked Simon, with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon, *how* did you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it, daddy? Do it? 'Tain't nothin'. I done it jest as easy as—shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of the elder Jedediah Suggs, cannot, after the

lapse of time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the state of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable pony, "Bunch."

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But it minds me mightily of the way mammy give old Trailler the side of bacon last week. She was a sweepin' up the h'a'th—the meat on the table; old Trailler jumps up, gethers the bacon and darts; mammy arter him with the broomstick as fur as the door, but seein' the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him, and hollers, 'You sassy aig-sukkin', roguish, gnatty, flop-eared varmint, take it along, take it along! I only wish 'twas full of a'nic, and ox vomit, and blue vitrul, so as 't would cut your intrils into chitlins.' That's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon.

He went home at night, curried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear, that he was the "fastest piece of hoss-flesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yearth;" and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

THE UNFROZEN SPRING.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

I.

THE chill wind murmur'd o'er the earth,
The prattling brooks were hush'd,
Pale Winter, with his icy hand,
Each blooming flower had crush'd.
Fast bound within his cold embrace
The frozen earth lay dead,
And all that on its sunshine lived
Had with that sunshine fled.

II.

But one small gushing spring still flow'd
With crystal treasures nigh,
As if to show amidst the wreck
The coldness he 'd defy.
He cried, "Where are those waters now
That revell'd late with thee,
And leave thee in thy wither'd state
To one so small as me.

III.

"They seek thee in the summer months,
When sun and flowers are rife,
They leave thee when the storm comes on—
The winter of thy life.
But I, like friendship, true and rare,
From deeper source arise,
That gives me power to cherish thee,
Which every change defies!"

RICHARD RAFFERTY ;

OR,

THE IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTER.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," "MY LIFE," ETC.

TO RICHARD RAFFERTY, ESQ.

A short, but very satisfactory, Introduction.

THE Irish have been generally compared with the French, and there are some points of character that strongly indicate a national resemblance. But there is a marked distinction that can be readily detected. The lighter traits of the one are consequences arising from an artificial state of society, whilst those of the other are impulsive outbreaks, which are neither premeditated, nor even attempted to be repressed. No one, perhaps, takes an important step with more circumspection than the Gaul, and none, when it is required, keeps his private concerns more secretly to himself—while no mortal jumps more recklessly to conclusions than the reputed godson of Saint Patrick.

I shall have lightened my conscience when and without any mental reservation I declare myself a wanderer—nor will I halt here in my confessions. I am not histrionic, and, therefore, no vagabond by act of parliament. I am not in the commission of the peace, and consequently cannot write myself one of the Queen's poor esquires. I claim not gentility as an attorney, for my hatred to that profession has been hereditary. I am simply, as the man says in the play, "a fellow of no estimation."

I confessed myself a wanderer. Let me make a clean breast at once, and add that I am an Irishman.

Why should I conceal my birth-place? I harbour no designs against heiresses in general, nor meditate a trespass upon "a widow's jointured land." When I should have married, I was too poor; and when I could, I was too wise. At the wrong side of fifty that pleasant article at half the age—to wit, the *placens uxor* had, in my humble judgment, better be dispensed with. Although I have made no application to record them in Heaven's chancery, I have promised and vowed three things—*Imprimis*—I won't play—once having lost a quarter's income H. P. to three elderly ladies at *lansquenet*. *Secundo*, I'll not fight—not pleading my knighthood in bar—but two duels in my youth, and sixteen stone of "too, too solid flesh" at present,—*Thirdly*, I won't marry, "and that's flat."

An old gentleman in some play, calls lustily for "a sword," while his lady wife, as an amendment, proposes that "a crutch" shall be substituted. Now when celibacy has been observed for over half a century, I am inclined to think that a good hand at soup and jellies, will, in most cases, answer all useful purposes; and a retired commander had better leave harpists and Poonah-painters to the tender attentions of another generation.

But let it not be supposed that, while "I own the soft impeachment," I plume myself particularly on being born in

"the land of the beautiful and brave,"

where a gentleman, invisible for six days,—glory to the Third William!—on the seventh, enjoys a fine prospect of the Atlantic, and

"Breasts the free air, and carols as he goes."

I feel, but it is in private, the honour of my parental locality; but, when beyond the four seas of Britain, adopt a fancy indulged in occasionally by greater personages—namely, that of travelling incognito. Yet I indulge occasionally in national propensities—sport a shamrock on the day of my patron saint—and drown it religiously before sunset.

And yet, and with all this pardonable fancy for fatherland, I prefer every *table d'hôte*, to those which are especially patronised by gentlemen from Ireland. I admit that all from that country are honourable men; but it is an afflicted and ill-used nation, and sorely harassed by Saxon oppression and short crops. Such are its visitations at home; while abroad, between neglectful agents and postal irregularities, no Irish gentleman can sleep soundly in his bed, lest his exhausted metallics should not be reinforced by the next mail. Should the expected subsidy not arrive, what is the disappointed tourist to do? He has no taste for working—to beg he is ashamed—and, consequently, he must borrow. And from whom? Whom but an acquaintance? Any person with whom he has laid a leg under the same mahogany, is the man; but if he be also a countryman, then the tie becomes a family one. Could then a refusal to the modest request of a slight fifty pound affair for a week or two, come within the range of possibilities? Oh, no! Pistols are procurable, and thank Heaven! there are plenty of sands, and at every time of tide, open for gentlemen to amuse themselves upon.

How, why, and wherefore is it, then, that Irish gentlemen are born to trouble as the sparks fly uppermost? I never knew a countryman of mine who could effect a journey without losing a portion of his own baggage, or more likely, appropriating the goods and chattels of his fellow-traveller. And whence takes he consolation? If he sustain, does he not occasion a set-off loss? Are there two carriages? an Irish gentleman will book himself, and no mistake, in the wrong one! Sleeps he in No. 19, *First floor*! he'll drop into 19 *Second*; and inflict the liveliest horror on some antiquated virgin, who,

"Strong in the pride of her purity,"

leaves her door unlocked, trusting her virtue to the charge of Heaven; and her escape, in case of fire, to a ready egress.

Wonderful, after all, is Irish luck! and to prove the fact, I could indite a folio—assertion goes far—but let us point our moral, by instancing the fortunes of

MR. RICHARD RAFFERTY.

CHAPTER I.

The Family History of the Raffertys.—A Short Necrology.—General notices of Domestic Affairs at Castle Rafferty, with Personal Sketches of the present possessor, the Heir-at-law, and Father Antony O'Tool.—The Family are in trouble, but they are greatly relieved by an advertisement in the "Sunday Times."—Opening of Matrimonial operations.

THE RAFFERTYS are Irish in everything. Indeed, they are superlatively so; and might almost lay claim to sharing in the high compliment paid the Geraldines, when a family, actually an English export, were declared "*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*"

The Raffertys, as may be well imagined, are an ancient race. By the mother's side, they trace a direct descent from Fin-Mac-Coul—while the first Rafferty upon record, was Master of the Buckhounds to Brian Boru, who rewarded his strict attention to kennel duties and deeds of arms at the battle of Clontarf, by favouring him with the hand of his eldest daughter Bridget, then, by all accounts, a little *passée*, with the addition of the county Tipperary as a bridal *appanage*; or, as his majesty universally described, as a hard hitter, and a pleasantry old gentleman facetiously remarked, "to put a bone in the young couple at starting, and help them, the cratures, to make the pot boil brown."

It is far from our intention to write chronicles, and did we dream of perpetrating a summary of the births and deaths, marriages and general fortunes and misfortunes of these illustrious families, we should contract with a paper-mill at once, and commence a course of Parr's pills, to enable us to turn a hundred; thus to prolong our life until an Herculean but pleasing task were faithfully completed. A brief sketch, however, of four generations must serve the *nonce*—and even in accomplishing this, as Jack Falstaff says, we must "emulate the noble Roman in brevity," and follow the example of a deceased historian, who like the author of Lacon, conveyed "many things in few words," and crowded the great events of a reign into the narrow limits of a single sentence.*

Roger Rafferty, of Castle Rafferty, flourished when "the first George was King." He drank claret (mensal allowance rather large) but corrected vinous acidity with a suitable proportion of *aqua vite*. *Mem.* Neither the bane nor antidote contributing a *schullogue†* to the royal treasury. He kept fox-hounds, a score of horses at rack and manger; and as many servants, of high and low degree, as the hall would hold—parting, as might be expected in return, with the town lands of Cloonsallagh, Drumbree, and Ballymuck: and mortgaging half-a-dozen more. He broke his neck, crossing the country against time, for five pounds, P. P.: falling at the last leap, and greatly regretted, as he was winning in a canter. His years and virtues are recorded on the large flat tomb-stone in the grave-yard of Kill-na-saggart; but you can't read the inscription, as the letters were rubbed out by the weather, thirty years ago.

He was succeeded by his son Reginald, who the next year was returned, after a smart contest, for the county—election expenses being defrayed by the produce of Bawnbuy, Moneein, and Cultimore,

* *Lingo.* "Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf, ravished the Sabine girls, and found Rome in Italy."—*The Agreeable Surprise.*

† *Anglicè*, a farthing.

which were sold by auction to the highest and best bidder. He sate in Parliament only for a portion of a session, having been expelled the House for threatening to horsewhip the Speaker. His demise was unexpected, he being found defunct upon the high road, in returning, a little hearty, from a christening. As his neck was short as his temper, the coroner declared he had popped off in apoplexy, and the jury, by their verdict, very properly confirmed this learned opinion.

Ralph, the antecedent proprietor to the present owner, was hospitable and inoffensive, declined alienating any more of the family estates, but prudently contented himself with mortgaging when he wanted the metallic supplies. His decease was very sudden and much lamented. Having set out to join the Royalists in Tyrawley and being rather the worse of liquor (poor man, he drank whiskey in self-defence, to guard against gout in the stomach, which was hereditary), he fell in with the French in the morning, by mistake—was honored instanter with a commission from the Republic—dropped into the hands of the King's troops the same afternoon—and at sunset was hanged on the arm of an ash-tree, before he could explain the transactions of this busy day to the black drummer who officiated on the occasion. He did not mortgage much—but as he had an antipathy to pay interest monies, they said in the neighbourhood that he had *bothered* the estate far worse than any who had already dipped it. By a sale of another wing of the property, however, these arrears were cleared away—and the present proprietor, as all agreed, started in his saddle pretty easy.

Although he found the once broad lands sorely diminished, the new successor to the virtues and estates of the Raffertys fancied that there was still a sufficiency of surface left, were it but turned to productive advantage. "Improvement," as he said, "was everything;" and, to do him justice, he lost no time in setting his shoulder stoutly to the wheel. He planted Carrig-na-Spiddioughe,* but as the prevailing wind was a west one, and the narrow valley which he chose for his operations, like the nozzle of a smith's bellows, gave vent to every breeze that collected in the mountains, no human ingenuity could tempt trees to grow against their inclination, and his plantations perished in infancy, even before the hardiest of the whole would supply a perching place for a blackbird. If men cannot grow timber, does it follow that they cannot drain morasses? Mr. Rafferty was of that opinion, and a finer field for an experimentalist, were Connaught searched from east or west, could not have been found than the shaking bog of Slush-na-Sallagh. But the attempt proved a failure after all, for the reclaimer began, unfortunately, at the wrong side of the swamp, and the water obstinately rejected up-hill work altogether. His grandest effort, however, to perpetuate his name, was in the erection of a modern mansion; but before he had surmounted the lower story and laid the joists of the new building, the sheriff, like that puzzle called a reel-in-a-bottle, shut him up securely in the old one. There he has been a close Sunday-man for six years, and during that period has received, at stated periods, called in law parlance, "term time,"—what Connaught gentlemen designate "the grace of God,"—the same commencing with a royal greeting, and indicating that King

* The Robin's rock.

William, whom may God long preserve! had taken a fancy to be personally introduced, and would not listen to any apology.

Law is a devouring element that feeds ravenously on all it comes in contact with—and slowly, but steadily, all in and about Castle Rafferty has gone from bad to worse. To blockade the proprietor in his domicile, God knows, was bad enough, but still, and even in the darkest hour of his trials, was there not balm in Gilead to console him? The best *potee* that ever set care at defiance was home-made by the tenants, and Mr. Rafferty played the pipes like a professor. Would not, then, the music of the glasses and the melody of the bag, when united, soothe a perturbed spirit, and enable any private gentleman to sleep soundly in his virtuous bed, although three latitats had been nefariously slipped under the hall-door the night before? But the worst was still to come. This, as everybody knows, is an iron-age, abounding in horrible inventions. Have not servant-maids, with a three years' character, been burked by the agency of a pitch-plaster, in the open street, when innocently engaged in bringing in the supper-beer? Has not an ingenious gentleman, named Warner, proposed to send the monument to the sky, with a shell not larger than a China orange? Has there not been found a desperate man who will undertake to turn down a score of Morrisons pills, swallow the box afterwards, and yet out-live the trial. All these must, no doubt, have emanated in demoniac agency and assistance; but he who originated a receiver under the Court of Chancery, as a diabolical contriver, in our poor opinion, double-distanced the whole lot? and so thought poor Mr. Rafferty as he supplied anew the tumbler and bag with alcohol and wind.*

A pause ensued after Mr. Rafferty had finished "Planxty Maguire," and the mixture from which he never applied in vain for consolation.

"We are ruined tee-totally," said the poor gentleman, "and there's nobody to comfort me, Father Antony, but yourself. Dick—the devil's luck to him, if it wouldn't be wrong in me, his father, to wish him that—does nothing from big Lady-day to the little one, but dance at every cake † he hears of, and founder the only mare in our possession that would produce a pound over the value of the skin, and all to be foremost at a dragging-home." ‡

"And yet," returned the churchman, doubtfully, "with the blessing of the Virgin, Dick might come to good. Wasn't Patt Plunket all but transported for shooting at the sub-sheriff, and not a month ago didn't he get two thousand with his wife? To do her justice, the creature, she's no beauty at the best, and she steps a little short, some say from a splint, but Patt swears it's only a bad corn. Well, Dick's well enough upon his pins, and stands within a shaving of six feet. He's a good height."

"For a recruiting party." And the old gentleman sighed as if he would break his heart. "Haven't I paid smart for him 'till I'm tired. The next time he 'lists, by this book!—" and Mr. Rafferty first piously did salutation to the rim of his tumbler, and then turned

* A *hiatus* here occurs in the MSS.

† A *cake*, is a subscription ball. The article from which it takes its name being a composition of sodden flour, bad butter, and decayed fruit.

‡ The *dragging-home* is the inducting a bride to her new abode, a ceremony always attended with a hack race.

down the residue of its contents—"By this book! and I'm now on oath, Father Antony, he shall have plenty of time to become perfect at the goose-step; for if a carlicue * would buy him off, he'll remain, for me, where he is, 'till he has full time to become master of the manual and platoon. Och! the do-no-good devil that he is; had he but the grace of God, and the luck of Patt Plunket—"

"Arrah, what are ye drivin' at?" said the priest, with a knowing look. "Isn't it rather quare that the same thing was in my head when I hurried over a sick call, and rode here, helter-skelter, like a man on the look out for a midwife. Just throw your eye over that paper, which a traveller gave me; a mighty dacent sort o' man as I fell in with for a long time, too. I put him right at the cross roads when he was non-plushed which of them to take—and see, if that which ye'll read at the top wouldn't fit Dick to a T."

And he handed the old gentleman a *Sunday Times*, and pointed out for his perusal, a paragraph headed

MATRIMONY,

and thus it ran:—

"A lady, aged 32, for reasons that will prove highly satisfactory, would wish to place herself and fortune under the protection of a man of honour—"

Mr. Rafferty gave a long, low whistle.

"Dick's the lad for her, and no mistake. It's only three weeks, come Saturday, since he fought by candle-light, in the stable-yard, at Knockcroghery—and for the elegance of his behaviour on the occasion, even his enemies gave him the height of applause."

"Badahurst! Mr. Rafferty," said the priest. "Whist, if you please, 'till I spell out the remainder for ye. Where did I lave off? Oh! here—"

"Who could estimate an amiable disposition, and appreciate a loving wife. The advertiser flatters herself that, to lady-like manners, she unites an agreeable person."

"Uncommonly candid," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Does she mention height and colour? I take it she's all right."

"Arrah! asy, Mr. Rafferty. Would ye have her state as many particklers as there's stuck into a handbill that describes a stolen mare? or, should she offer an engagement like a jockey parting a horse with a feather on his eye?"

"Go on," said the old gentleman.

"Her property is entirely at her own disposal; and in proof that she is actuated by no mercenary motives, all pecuniary enquiries are to be declined on both sides."

"Beautiful," exclaimed Mr. Rafferty. "If we were rummaging the world over, from Culimaugh to Botany Bay you couldn't hit on anything to match this."

The priest read on.

"Letters, with real name and address, will only be attended to; and to disappoint idle curiosity, none will be received unless post-paid. Direct to 'Amelia,' at the Green-grocer's, No. 4½, Fye-Foot-Lane; to be left until enquired for."

"Isn't there a sitting-down for Dick?" said the priest triumphantly as he rumbled up the paper.

The old gentleman looked thoughtful.

"It's all that ye say, Father Antony. But how the devil—Christ

* I have often in Connaught heard of that coin, but never saw it tendered. ED.

pardon us! is the boy to make his way there? Would there be any harm in writing civilly to the lady, and ask her merely to send across as much as will bring him over? I'll join him in a note of hand, payable on demand, if Dick on trial won't suit in size and action."

"Oh! blur an' nouns!" says the priest, going as near swearing as he well could; "that wouldn't do at all. Be Gogstay! she would think we couldn't scrape together turnpike money for a walking-stick. Never mind. We must muster odds and ends; and, if the worst comes to the worst, we'll speak to that ould Jew, Peter Rafferty, and get the money upon *gompecine*.* I wish I dare venture to try a charity sermon; but they're tired out in chapel as well as church. In one, they're bothered about a rotten roof,—and in the other told a cock and bull story about convertin' hathens, and Sunday after Sunday called upon to stump up. But Dick must answer the lady's letter without delay,—and, if we stopped the postboy, we'll scrape the money up."

"There again Dick is bate dead—" replied Mr. Rafferty; "You know yourself, Antony, dear, that he never would take to learnin', and the most he can do when he's in trouble—and that's pretty often—is to sign the bail-bond, and his R is almost always taken for a K."

"Oh, that's the laste of our trouble—" said the priest; "I'll try it myself, tho', as it's in the love line, it will sorely bother me. Give me the pen and put a drop of water in the tumbler with a sketch of spirits in the bottom, merely to take off the colour of death. Now don't spake 'till I'm done."

And his reverence commenced his literary task muttering to himself as he proceeded.

"'The humble petition,'

"No—that won't do—it's the way a sheep-stealer begins when he's committed for six months, and wants his apprenticeship on the treadmill reduced to three.

"'May it please your Royal Highness.'"

"That won't do either. I mind that was the way Doctor M'Tigue began his letter to the Welsh Major, when he wanted lave to attend sick calls after night, without being stopped for the countersign by the patrol. Poor man! being in the lady's line of business he was liable to be tattered out late and early—wet and dry. Feaks! I'll jist make a plain beginnin', and call her 'Honored Madam.'"

It is much to be lamented that Father Antony never kept copies of his correspondence, and that the letter which conveyed an offer of Dick's hand and fortune to No. 4½, Fye-foot-lane, were it sought for, would be *non inventus* as one of the Sybilline MSS. That it was a masterly performance there can exist no doubt whatever. Success is the best test that can attend upon amatory effusions, and in ten days an answer was duly received of which a faithful transcript shall be given. Great care had been evidently taken, on the lady's part, to maintain a strict incognita. The letter from Fye-foot-lane was prudently secured by the moiety of a red wafer, lest a heraldic discovery might be made—while Dick's had a seal whose dimensions exceeded a Spanish dollar. Another thing excited some surprise. Though so particular herself on that point, Amelia, in her hurry, had forgot to pay the postage.

* *Gompecine*, is the Connaught name for usurious interest.

MY FIRST WINTER IN THE WOODS OF CANADA.

BY S. D. HUYGHUE.

It had been customary hitherto for the Commissioners appointed at different times, to make explorations in reference to the long contested Boundary Question, to lie by during the winter, and resume operations after the melting of the snow. But the zealous officer now intrusted with the final adjustment of the frontier line on the part of the English Government, was not to be driven from his post even by the hyperborean rigours of a Canadian winter, and measures offensive and defensive against the encroachments of Jack Frost were immediately resorted to, as soon as it was decided that we were to establish ourselves, *nolens volens*, in the very stronghold of the grim tyrant, and hurl defiance in his teeth.

With this view, comfortable log-houses were erected at the different stations, and furnished with windows and stoves, which were brought in by the sleighs from Quebec, together with snow-shoes, mocassins, and *tobagans*,* for the use of the men.

The snug little cot in which I now found myself, and in which I was destined to spend many a dreary and solitary month, was about ten feet square, with an outside porch, and two windows, opening with hinges. It was roofed with shingles of pine, and placed on a gentle slope, distant about one hundred yards from Lake Isheganel-shagek, on the North-west Branch of the St. John. Lying intermediate, and on my left, was an extensive storehouse or *depôt*, built also of logs, and within a few paces on my right, another small hut, having a wood-shed attached, and occupied by the men.

Facing these structures was a clearing of about three acres, studded with stumps, and encircled by a belt of forest, at the edge of which, with a curve, ran our provision-road to St. Thomas, from its commencement at the *depôt* door, to the point where it took a sudden plunge into the depths of the gloomy woods, from whence it never emerged until—after traversing the Alleghany range—it dipped into the valley of the St. Lawrence, without passing a human habitation for a distance of thirty miles. On the other hand, was the station at the Forks of the river, and that at the *embouchure* of the Great Black River, previously alluded to; and beyond the latter, an unmeasured blank of wilderness to my old camping ground, at the last squatter's on the St. John.

Sudden extremes of heat as well as of cold will induce catarrh. This fact, not generally known, was one of several with which we made unwilling acquaintance during our sojourn in the woods.

I struck my tent on the snow, and with right good will removed bag and baggage into the stove-heated hut, as soon as it was pronounced ready; but I had scarcely been in possession more than an hour, when a gentleman who was with me complained of a

* Light hand-sledges, without runners, made of two very thin boards, about six feet long, curved up in front, and bound together with cross braces and skin thongs (*babiche*). On this the Indian drags his provision over the surface of the snow.

violent cold, and shortly afterwards I found myself suffering from the same evil, which I did not get rid of for at least a week. As for my friend, he passed that and many subsequent nights under canvas, and thus arrested the anomalous affection caused by the house-warming.

The walls of my little room, being composed of green logs, soon commenced cracking with the combined agency of the heat within and the frost without, and the sharp noises thus produced, put an abrupt end to many a reverie in which I began to indulge, for I was now alone. Every one had left except the few woodsmen attached to the station, and these were by themselves.

The winter was upon us, tooth and nail. Day by day the snow came down in large feathery flakes; indeed, during a period of six weeks, scarcely one passed without an addition to the heap that covered the stumps of the clearing and the under-growth of the forest.

But, except at rare intervals, scarcely a breath of wind blew strong enough to move the branches of the lofty pines that grew by the borders of the lake, and where the snow fell there it remained.

To me there was something inexpressibly solemn and sublime in this eternal stillness, accustomed as I had been to the boisterous storms that rage along the coasts of North America at this season. The briefness of the daylight also struck me as something remarkable, for, during a long period, the sun, feeble and pale, merely showed itself a few hours above the crest of the trees, when the glimmer faded from the leaden canopy overhead, and darkness resumed its reign. Morning seemed to rush into night, and the daily routine to resolve itself into the abstract necessities of existence. You got up, eat, warmed yourself, and crept under your buffalo skin again.

Nevertheless, in this seeming decrepitude of nature, there was a redeeming trait which attested the presence still of the restless and beneficent energy that fills the universe with life, and makes solitude comparative.

The moose-bird uttered its wheel-like creak from the adjoining firs, and carried off in its talons many a shred of meat purloined from the wood-shed where the cook kept his supply, while the trill of the tree-squirrel was frequently heard on the verge of the woods, where the sprightly animal could be seen skipping along the prostrate trunks, munching fir-cones, or darting like a bolt from a cross-bow, into the round hole leading into its dormitory beneath the snow.

But our dearest companions were the cross-bills. These beautiful birds never left us while the snow remained upon the ground. They hovered about the huts in hundreds, covering the frozen surface with their little foot-prints, filling the air with the sweetest melody and breaking the monotonous glare of white with their lively and variegated hues.

The predominating colour was a bright scarlet, but some were green and crimson, some brown and yellow, and others again mingled each variety in their plumage; but if I mistake not, the wings were generally black, with a white spot on the tip. Their mandibles, long and curving contrariwise, crossed each other like a pair of

scissors, at the end, and this has doubtless given origin to their name.

I never grew weary of watching these interesting little creatures. So tame were they that if you stood perfectly still, they would gather around your very feet; the solitude of their haunts seemed to have left them unacquainted with fear. Sometimes one would alight on my window-sill, and call in the most charming manner to its companions, and if they delayed to join it, in a few moments it returned to them, seemingly not content to remain long out of their society.

And what, the reader will ask, had these winter warblers to subsist upon, amid the general dearth of vegetation? Snow! yes, snow alone, as far as I could ascertain; and I can well recollect my astonishment when I first became apprized of this, upon seeing one individual deliberately cut out a piece from the hard crust with its scissors beak, and bolt it like a lump of sugar.

It was then their play-ground, their meat and drink, their manna and *terra firma*—that frozen waste;—what an amazing thought!

There was a singular cheerfulness also about these denizens of the snow, for whom no flower bloomed, and no breeze ever wafted the aroma of summer groves: they seemed to be perpetually engaged in fostering an affectionate intercourse with each other. They fluttered from group to group; they strolled away in pairs; they expressed their delight in the richest notes I ever heard; and they were curious withal, for many of them brought up suddenly against the panes of my windows, deceived into the belief that they were open spaces, and bent upon an exploration into the interior of the half-buried abode.

Often during that winter,—the most severe experienced in Canada for many years,—while the storm was howling, and heaping the drifts around my log walls, as I lay in bed I felt some anxiety about my favourites; but on awakening in the morning, I was sure to hear them carolling their matins as cheerfully as usual, under my windows and from the adjacent trees, making the welkin fairly ring with music. I cannot think of those birds, even now, without emotion. They were the most innocent and holy beings I ever beheld, and the most happy. They appeared to be praising God continually for the winter which his charity had converted, for their sakes, into a very Eden of enjoyment.

I was sitting one evening by my stove, listening to the occasional report of the trees, for the frost was keen, when a knock came to the door, and to my surprise, in walked Mr. Pipon, muffled up to the eyes, and armed with a pair of pistols stuck, brigand fashion, in his belt. I made a bed for him, that night, upon my floor, and next morning he was off to Quebec in a cariole that chanced then to be among some provision trains at the dépôt. It appeared that, anxious to receive his letters, and threatened with downright starvation, besides, he had left his station with two men, as soon as there was a possibility of travelling on the ice, which is tardy in forming over the rapids of the Upper St. John, and walked up to the Forks; a three days' journey, during which he suffered a variety of hardships,—breaking into the river up to his middle more than once, and sleeping, or rather passing the nights, in a single blanket; a poor substitute for tent and bedding, with the thermometer below zero!

On his way he met a party proceeding down to his relief, with *tobagan* loads of provision, and passed some *balleaux* and a tent imbedded in the ice. These had been abandoned by several men attached to his party, who were sent up to Captain Robinson's station after I left, and who, thus arrested on the route, were forced to betake themselves to the snow, which was knee-deep, and arrived at their destination in a truly pitiable condition. I could fully sympathize with these poor fellows, for I had escaped a similar mischance by the mere breadth of a hair.

Once a week our courier tramped in from St. Thomas with letters and newspapers from Quebec. His arrival was the grand event to which everybody looked forward with eager anticipation; he was the link that still connected us with the busy world. Like one of those phials of concentrated sunbeams known to the *savants* of Laputa, the seal of Carron's post-bag was no sooner broken than there issued thereout a stream of radiance in the shape of sundry epistles from friends, and *Punch* and *The Illustrated*. How the former were devoured, and how the *faciæ* and pictorial attractions of the latter were lingered and laughed over, need not be told. We seemed to be suddenly transported on the Arabian's carpet into the midst of home, and, with all its bright associations crowding the fancy, for one day at least, felt no want of society.

The sameness of our lives was varied, moreover, by the arrival, periodically, of caravans of Canadian *voitures*, from twenty to fifty at a time, engaged in the transportation of stores to the dépôt, for the consumption of the ensuing year. The approach of these was generally heralded by the shouting of the drivers, which could be heard long before the extended file issued from the forest and undulated on the *cahots* like a great serpent, as it wound along to the terminus at the dépôt. Then, for a while, everything was in uproar and confusion. The *habitans* unloaded, gesticulated, chattered, and *sacré'd*, in a breath, rushed to the hole in the lake-ice to water their goat-like horses, poured into the adjoining hut to light their pipes, get near the stove, and relate the *misères* of the journey, or cut a few sticks with their little axes, and dragged them out of the woods for a bivouac on the snow. There was no peace until they were again under-weight either to the Forks of the St. John or on the return to the St. Lawrence, and there, if a heavy snow-storm intervened, weeks would elapse before they re-appeared, after breaking a new track across the hills the whole way to the station.

By these sleighs we received an abundance of fresh meat, which kept throughout the winter, in a frozen state, and packed in snow. A supply of milk was also obtained, congealed in *loaves* and stowed in *linen bags*!

Fish of the finest quality were taken daily from the lake, by means of bait and "tip-ups"—short rods armed with hook and line, and resting, inclined on a block of ice, with the end over a hole. These, by reversing their position, indicated a "catch," and drew the notice of the fisherman, who was thus enabled to attend to several ice-holes at the same time. The trout and perch taken in that way, at mid-winter, were equal in flavour to any that I ever tasted, and it was but rarely that neither the one nor the other appeared upon my breakfast table.

In the course of the season we received transient visits from

Indians of different tribes ; there were Millicetes, Hurons, Iroquois, Penobscots, Montagnards, and Abenakies. These men brought us in great quantities of moose-meat, from the resorts in the vicinity, as soon as the snow was of sufficient depth to permit an approach to the herds, for the creatures had gathered, in several spots, between the hills in the neighbourhood, and established themselves in winter-pens, called *ravages* or *yards*, in which they are accustomed to remain, feeding on the bark of trees during the continuance of the snow, when no species of deer can roam with comfort in the forest.

The policy of the hunter is to wait until the month of February, when the depth of snow is greatest and the surface most favourable for snow-shoeing ; then, stealing clandestinely to the *ravage*, he may destroy the whole herd, by shooting part as they lie, and running down the rest on the snow. It is cruel sport, however, and a wanton butchery of the defenceless animals is the frequent consequence of this facility of approach, combined with that game propensity which characterises John Bull in every part of the world.

As an example of this I may mention, that while employed in surveying the Metawaquam, a tributary of the north-west branch, one of our parties subsisted for more than a month on the carcasses of these noble deer, which they found frozen on the banks of the river, where they had been shot and stripped of their skins by a brace of Nimrods—*militaire*, who, accompanied by Indian guides, were levying a war of extermination upon the moose-yards in that direction.

Mais, revenons à nos moutons. I could not avoid being struck with the marked difference between the quiet and dignified demeanour of the Indians, and that of the Canadians, whom we had seen so much of hitherto. It was strange to think that the latter were now in possession of what once belonged solely to *them* ; for there was not an individual quality, either of the outward or inward man, that seemed to give priority to the European, or justify his claim to what the other had held as a direct birthright from his Maker.

Among these children of the forest were two that created no slight impression on my mind. One was a young hunter, tall and most symmetrically formed, with a handsome and winning face, the features of which were small and regular, and a set of the finest teeth I ever beheld. He belonged to the Penobscot tribe, could read and write, and spelt his name (Sappil Saclacxis) readily, for me to insert it in the certificate I gave him upon the delivery of one hundred and thirty pounds of moose meat, at the station ; this he had carried on his back, at one load, from the side of the Sugar-loaf, a conspicuous mountain, a distance of nearly three miles. Sappil could handle a pencil with the delicacy of a draughtsman, and give a tolerable sketch of the numerous lakes and watercourses in the country around, from the original which in the course of his hunting experience had become firmly daguerreotyped in his mind.

The second was a noble-looking little Huron boy, who with his brother came out of the woods one morning during a quiet shower of snow. I shall not soon forget the picture of glowing, happy health he presented when I met him in the road ; his Indian tunic belted with a red sash, and with, I verily believe, a scrap of a knife

back in it, his little snow-shoes slung on a little axe which he carried, man-like, over his shoulder, and his cap thrown back with a rakish air, on his long, glossy elf-locks. The child's cheeks were rosy and round, his eyes bright and roguish, and his smile the most enchanting in the world. Ye gods! how I envied him. And thus he stepped along in the track of his elder, and disappeared again among the trees, on his way, Heaven only knows where; but it was some time before his image left my mind, and often still I think I see him as he stood drawn up before me, with a knowing look, on that winter's morning, a veritable hunter *in little*, and if the truth were known, as proud of his individual woodcraft as the toughest *vieille mocassin* of his tribe.

February set in with extraordinary severity; every thing in the shape of liquid, except alcohol, froze solid in my log cabin, though the stove was generally red-hot and filled, or rather crammed with fuel. Our thermometers were insufficient to register the degree of cold, for the quicksilver settled in the bulb. Ink and strong white wine vinegar congealed and burst the vessels that contained them, the atmosphere of the wind-swept lake shrivelled up the skin of the face exposed to it like the blast from a fiery furnace, and the fingers left theirs sticking to any cold iron they chanced to touch, while night and day the trees snapped and exploded with the intense frost. We heard also that a "pont" had formed across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, and extended down as far as the lower end of the Island of Orleans; and what was more unusual still, that the river was frozen across to the islands in the vicinity of St. Thomas, and a communication established on the ice between these places. But they were only the frantic and final efforts of the grim tyrant aforesaid, for his hold was insensibly relaxing, and he strove with a sort of savage desperation to recover his sway over the land that was slipping daily from his grasp. Already the sun began to describe a wider arc in the sky, and to brighten the glades of the forest. Its reinvigorated beams were even causing the phalanx of icicles that depended from the eaves of my hut to drip at mid-day; at length one of these crystal spears fell. Ruthless mischance! It went crashing amidst a flock of my little favourites, the cross-bills, and left one of them lying on the snow. The poor bird writhed for a few moments in dreadful torment—with wings outstretched, it furled its bright plumes gradually—it was dead.

The carioles which had been employed to carry chronometers between the astronomical stations on the St. John, in place of canoes, now came in *en route* to St. Thomas, some of the horses in a sorry condition for want of hay as the communication with the settlements was now frequently interrupted by heavy thaws. By munching bark and cropping the tender ends of the young fir, the animals had obtained a meager substitute, but one sufficient notwithstanding to sustain nature until they could be furnished with a more congenial repast.

The winter operations were now completed. Certain points had been established by minute observation, and several depots of provision placed on such confluent of the St. John as were known to intersect a line, imaginary as yet, from Isheganeshagek to Lake Pohenagamook, on the River St. Francis, a distance of sixty-four miles. The portion of boundary thus comprised being a purely

astronomical line drawn from point to point, it involved a series of intricate operations in its adjustment, which was therefore viewed as an important and difficult undertaking. Now the facilities for running such a line, which the present season presented, were too obvious to be overlooked, accordingly, on the second of March, Colonel Estcourt arrived from Quebec with a large party of Canadians well equipped with mocassins, snow-shoes, and tobaugans, to commence the exploration. While at the same time, Capt. Robinson removed up to the outlet of the Lake, where the line traversed the north-west branch, and Lieut. Pipon established himself on the St. Francis at its opposite end.

There was another proceeding, however, which as it was transacted more immediately in my neighbourhood, afforded me greater amusement and scarcely less interest than the scientific affair just mentioned, with which I had little or nothing to do. This was the manufacture of maple sugar, on a grand scale, in which a party were busily engaged in a grove at the back of the dépôt. They had erected shanties, slung their iron caldrons, and hollowed out reservoirs for the saccharine fluid, from the largest pines within reach, preparatory to the flowing of the sap, which had not yet commenced to ascend in the capillary vessels of the tree.

The most favourable season for sugar-makers is that in which the days are mild, and the nights clear and frosty. This, should it continue for two or three weeks before the general thaw, insures a plentiful supply of sap, and that too of a quality which will yield the largest amount of the manufactured article. But should the weather be variable and the nights warm the maples cease to flow or give only a meager and acrid supply. As the whole process is completed while the snow is yet on the ground the various labours it involves are performed on snow-shoes, except the boiling of the sap at the camp, or "*sucrerie*." It is an arduous and harassing occupation, and the sugar-maker seldom knows an hour's rest day or night while the sap runs.

First of all there are hundreds of troughs to be made of birch, bark, or, as in this instance, dug out of fir-wood, and laid at the foot of each tree, then with a gouge, shaped for the purpose, an incision is made, and a slip of wood introduced a short distance into the trunk to conduct off the juice. But when the flow commences the toil is redoubled, for each man having nearly an hundred maples to attend to, is kept in full activity during daylight, emptying the troughs, and carrying their contents in buckets to the general reservoir at the shanty door. Yet his labour is not at an end, for the "*grand chaudron*" is now in full play, heaving, bubbling, and steaming over the glowing fire, and the first must be kept full and the second well fed, that the evaporation may proceed rapidly; and this requires a constant supply of fuel, which must be cut, split, and piled against the wall of the *sucrerie*. Therefore, what with attending to the boiling, and the fire, his night is equally well employed.

When, by repeated additions of fresh sap and constant evaporation, the liquor has attained a certain consistency, it is passed through a strainer and poured into bark moulds in the form of a thick syrup, where it crystallizes and becomes a solid mass. For our purposes, however, it was judged most convenient to have it in

grain, like the raw West India sugar; and this was effected by continuing the evaporation until crystals began to form, and then preventing their cohesion by stirring the syrup round. The uncrystalizable sugar which remains is called "maple honey," and with the addition of a small portion of alcohol, will keep for months without turning sour. This is esteemed as a great delicacy, and is much used in the consumption of buckwheat pancakes, — those *morceaux friand* so often seen upon the breakfast table in North America.

The rock or sugar maple (*acer saccharinum*), is a frequent tree in British America, where it is generally found growing upon elevated ground, and along the slopes in the vicinity of streams. From this species are obtained those beautiful grained woods, denominated "bird's-eye," and "curled maple," which are held in such esteem for cabinet furniture. It must not be supposed, however, that this is an inseparable feature; for out of fifty or a hundred specimens, but one tree presents the tortuosity of fibre, which makes the ornamental varieties. These, especially the "bird's-eye," are most frequent in old trees, but whether they be the result of age or disease, like the pearl in the oyster, we leave botanists to decide. The most valuable quality of the tree, however, is the production of sugar, though it has been obtained from the sap of the other species of maple, as likewise from the birch. But the rock maple, *érable*, as the Canadians call it, is the grand source of the material with which the back-settlers, and nearly the entire population of French Canada, sweeten their tea, and we may add, their lives; for doleful, indeed, would the plight of that *habitant* be who was unable either to buy, borrow, or purloin a sufficiency of his beloved *sucre d'érable*.

When the weather is most propitious a single tree is said to yield from twenty to thirty gallons of sap during the "run," of which five or six pounds of sugar are made; but in ordinary seasons the average is about four pounds to a tree. Our experiment did not turn out as successful as we had hoped, for the month of April 1844 was unusually mild, and, therefore, unfavourable to sugar making. The result was six barrels, in grain, about one-third the quantity expected; but the men, as they affirmed, had done their *tout possible*, and when the maples did choose to bleed they worked like beavers, at the job.

The quadrangular enclosures, partially roofed and cyleped sugar camps, presented a singular appearance amidst the sombre ever-greens and leafless branches of the maple grove. The huge *chaudrons* suspended over the blazing fire, which cast an intense light over the confined space, the wild-looking and half-denuded group in red caps and booted mocassins, at work within, some adding sap to the boiler, or wood to the fire, while one bent intently over the dancing liquid, stirring and skimming it with his ladle; these, as the red light made each line distinct upon their swarthy, toil-worn faces, forcibly reminded me of a crew of wizards engaged in some unhal-lowed rite.

There was something unaccountable and even ominous in the abrupt change of temperature at this time. Already the ice began to give forth that curious radiation, like heated air from a furnace, which indicates its speedy disruption, currents of wind, actually *hot*, were occasionally wafted over the forest, as from some distant con-

flagration, and on one occasion, the thermometer stood as high as it did at any time throughout the ensuing summer. Life also began to burst forth as by magic, in the long silent glades.

On the 7th of April I caught a butterfly. On the 11th the heat was oppressive, and butterflies and other insects were hovering in multitudes among the trees, and on a small knoll by the lake-shore, the only resting place the ground afforded them as yet, for it was still covered with half a foot of snow. By the 17th, the muskquash were diving for lily-roots and eating them on the ice, now parted from the shore, and a flock of beautiful water-fowl settled in the open channel; and, finally, on the 3rd of May, a party of voyageurs came up the lake in canoes, singing their wild paddle-songs and cowing into sudden muteness the loon and marsh-bittern that were waking the echoes with their peculiar cries. The little crossbills had vanished, and other birds replaced them in the groves, but none were half as beautiful or melodious as those winter friends. Before this, however, the exploration of the Sixty-four-mile Line was accomplished, the two parties from either extreme having met midway, and celebrated the event by dancing a hornpipe with torches, and dubbing the place of meeting La Belle Alliance, which may possibly yet be read on a cedar-post, by any skilled in deciphering autographical inscriptions who chance to pass that way.

The scientific hands were in high glee at the success attending their efforts, for the two courses united without any material deviation from a straight line, and the difficulty of running such from opposite and distant points, through a wilderness region, may be conceived when it is stated that the entire way was one dense, entangled forest of second growth, interspersed with swamps, thickets, and mountains, through which the explorers penetrated, sometimes on snow-shoes and at others up to the knees in water, with the compass as a guide and the axe for a pioneer, by day, and towards evening cleared a space on some ridge from whence they corrected their course and took a fresh start, by communicating at night, by means of torches, rockets, and powder-flashes with the observatories at the ends of the line. The signal-station near me was placed by the summit of the Sugar-Loaf, which was in the direction of the Boundary, three miles from the North-west Branch, and from this mountain the light of a birch-bark flambeau could be seen at Hornpipe Ridge, a distance of thirty-five miles.

The progress of the exploration was retarded, moreover, by the general thaw. Rivers had to be bridged by felling the tallest pines across their course; but these were often swept away by the swollen torrent, breaking off the communication and leaving those beyond to starve for days before they could be supplied with provision. Then, also, the men hung up their ragged snow-shoes on the branches of the trees, and fagged on with their loads through water, slush, and mire, until the termination of the work.

"CARDINAL SINS."

UNDER a somewhat similar title, a celebrated Gallic novelist, whose works we admire, from their singular freedom from immorality of sentiment and consequent antagonism to the light, but dangerous literature of his country, has produced a work of considerable interest to the hundreds of thousands of English readers, who are acquainted with the language of the original, while others cannot possibly appreciate its merits from the very inefficient and bungling manner in which it has been translated—but certainly not rendered into English—by the contributors to the cheap publications of the day.

It is, however, necessary that we should at once disclaim all connection between our Cardinal Sins and those of M. Eugene Sue, a portion of whose title, by a sort of *jeu de mot*, we have adopted as best suited to the character of the tale we are about to unfold, without rendering us liable to the imputation of piracy or plagiarism. But before we enter upon the tortuous path of our narrative, we shall indulge in a few prefatory remarks, which we trust may not be considered misplaced or impertinent to the subject.

It has been observed by philosophers, that the realities of life are more startling than fiction, and that the wildest features in the inventive genius of man's imaginative mind are frequently eclipsed by the romantic incidents reported under the category of accidents and offences in the daily press of the present epoch; where we may read of horrors and monstrosities, oppressions and abuses, which, despite the spread of intelligence, are infinitely more horrible, because true, than all the events recorded in the "One-handed Monk," the "Mysteries of the Castle," or any of the raw-head and bloody-bone fictions of the old "Minerva Press." To the morbid sensibilities of some people, fiction alone can administer the due proportion of excitement, that opiate dose of falsehood, which charms the senses into oblivion of all that is earthly, all that is true, and so perfect is the ascendancy of fiction over their minds, that actual occurrences—truths—become distasteful to their ideas, and when compelled to listen to their dry details, they regard facts in the light of an unwelcome interruption to the happy imaginings engendered by a preference of fiction over fact—a predilection for falsehood over truth. Nevertheless, we venture to assert that much, if not the whole, interest derivable from the perusal of romance would be destroyed, were the localities, costumes, and characters, removed from Italy or Spain to merry England, plain coats, paletots, trousers, and velvet caps, substituted for steel armour, slashed sleeves, mantillas, and Spanish hats; and the *dramatis personæ* of counts, cavalieros, padres, bravos, and brigands, slightly metamorphosed into parliamentary peers, city knights, reverend misters, house-breakers, John Thomases, and pickpockets; and, albeit, that the facts recorded shall remain identically the same, the interest will pass away like a shadow, leaving not a wreck behind. Be this as it may, every day's experience proves that the actions and the passions of man, in all ages, and in every clime, are, and ever have been, similar in character; and, with the simple exception of those fictions

which belong to the supernatural, and have no basis on which to repose, so diametrically are they opposed to divine authority, notwithstanding the "night side of Nature" in which a few ravenous enthusiasts take delight, we may assure ourselves that imagination, fertile though it be, is incapable of inventing any story of man, or of attributing to him any crime, however horrible or revolting, which has not been enacted in real life at some period or other since the creation, so that, in fact, we are brought to the conviction that there is nothing new under the sun.

Riccardo, the hero of our tale, born in the early part of the present century, was the eldest son of the Count and Countess de Vecchio, both of whom held confidential situations at the court, or rather in the establishment, of an illustrious princess, whose life was chequered by a series of untoward events, to which, it must be confessed, her own unequivocal indiscretions added largely, and thus increased the magnitude of her disappointments and chagrin, notwithstanding the huge amount of neglect and ungenerous treatment of which she could justly complain,—indiscretions which deprived her of the sympathies of the virtuous and the high-minded, and drove her to seek and to embrace with gladness, as a refuge from the general odium in which she was held by one section of society, the pity and compassion of another, which in itself respectable, and in its sentiments and affections perhaps more sincere, was still unsuited to her illustrious rank, and the dignity which it was her duty the more especially to preserve in her sorrows and misfortunes. Riccardo, as the first-born of these faithful servants of a queen, was, as may naturally be conceived, the pet of the palace, if the walls which sheltered majesty may be so designated, and was brought up in the lap of luxury, until the period when it became necessary that he should be placed at some school to be instructed in the rudiments of learning to fit him for the station to which his birth, and the exalted patronage extended to his parents, would entitle him to aspire. As the English capital was at that time the sad scene of those revelations which reflected an equal amount of discredit, and some share of disgrace both on the prosecutor and the prosecuted, Riccardo commenced his alphabetical, arithmetical, geographical, and classical instruction, at a very respectable day-school in Marylebone, where his intimate association with his schoolfellows, the readiness with which he acquired the English language, and those bold and fearless manners so peculiar even to the junior branches of the John Bull family; together with his robust frame, betokening no antipathy to the good Anglican diet of roast beef, made him pass for a natural-born subject of Britain, although the physiognomist might have discerned a more southern origin in his features and complexion, Rome, like Judea, ever stamping its impress on her sons; the former, in proud remembrance of its ancient glory, the latter, to mark the indelible distinction between her wayward children and the army of the faithful.

The poet says "the brightest dreams must fade," and, certainly, whatever were the hopes and aspirations of Riccardo and his parents, by reason of their confidence in princely promises, King Death, the mightiest monarch, and the most despotic and unrelenting, now laid low their pretensions, and crushed them in a moment, by numbering their high-born and illustrious patroness with her royal

ancestors in the tomb ; and the count and countess, soon after this sad event, determined upon returning to their sweet, their native Italy, and their small estate under its clear, blue, and heavenly sky.

The Countess de Vecchio, who was the mistress (and scandal has said the master) of her husband's establishment, decided upon the Eternal City for her future residence, and the family became domiciled in a noble suite of apartments in a palazzo on the Corso.

How, or in what manner, Riccardo pursued his studies, or passed his youthful days in the Roman capital, we cannot undertake to relate ; but there is no doubt that the moral lessons he had imbibed in England had made too strong an impression upon his mind, to be easily rejected or speedily forgotten.

What pretensions to beauty, what natural graces or acquired accomplishments the countess possessed, we were never informed, but her reputation for sanctity was the general theme of praise and admiration amongst the high dignitaries of the Roman and Apostolical Church, a reputation which was never endangered, owing to the generous sympathy of the fashionable society whose countenance she had obtained ; which, so far from suffering itself to be led away by the malevolent inferences deduced from facts, only marked its contempt of such base insinuations by riveting the more firmly the sacred links in the chain of its patronage and partiality. But, alas ! Riccardo was not a man of fashion, and the unsophisticated education he had acquired in England, ill fitted him for the patient endurance of Italian intrigue ; the more so when reports detrimental, not to the assumed sanctity, but to the pure morality of the author of his existence reached his ears, not as a whisper of fashionable scandal, in which the thoughtless take delight, but in a manner so circumstantial, and under aspects most discreditable to her honour, while it involved the sanctity of one of the sacred pillars of the Vatican. Regardless of consequences, rejecting the voice of prudence, and all personal consideration, Riccardo determined to sift the matter to the bottom, and if the suspicions which had been excited in his heart were well founded, to avenge his father's wrongs and the honour of his family, by the prompt and efficacious punishment of the offender.

It was not, however, long before the ardour and impetuosity of his youthful passion received an unexpected check, in discovering that suspicion lighted upon one as the seducer of his mother's affections, and the sullier of his father's honour, who was no less a personage than his Eminence the Cardinal P——. The enormity of the offence he should commit in lifting his hand against a member of the sacred college, struck Riccardo with awe ; and, in the absence of any positive proof of his mother's guilt, he doubted even the propriety of personally attacking the Cardinal ; but circumstances soon transpired which left no doubt upon his mind, and acting upon the virtuous impulse of the moment, the Pope and the Vatican, Holy Church, and Eminences, were all forgotten, and the hoary-headed Cardinal was dragged by the youthful arm of the outraged Riccardo from the boudoir of the Countess, and profanely kicked down the steps of the palazzo into the court-yard, before an awe-stricken congregation of his own domestics, and those of the visitors to other residents of the palazzo.

No language could adequately depict the rage and vexation of the

insulted prelate ; but his reputation, as well as his desire for vengeance, required that he should adopt instantaneous measures in order to stifle all calumnious reports, and punish the audacity of the youthful culprit. Revolution had not then stalked over the land, princes and pedlars had not then fraternised, authority was not despised, the Pope was in no fear of being deposed by the Transteverini or the Carbonari, Rome was then as unchanged in its power and authority as it has ever pretended to be in doctrine. Woe, then, to Riccardo !—luckless wight ! how could he escape the doom which awaited him ? There was no possible chance of averting his sad fate ; and before half an hour had elapsed he was taken into custody and conveyed, as a dangerous political prisoner, to the Castle of St. Angelo. Months and months now rolled on, and Riccardo was still in ignorance of the precise charge upon which he had been committed to this dreaded fortress. He was cautioned immediately upon his entrance into the fearful prison, to have a guard upon his tongue, and having gratified his revenge, by administering the most contemptuous punishment which man could suggest to the person of a Prince of the Church, prudence having regained some mastery over his mind, prompted him to seal his lips, at least for a time, upon the cause of the outrage he had committed.

Those who are acquainted with Rome are aware that certain luxuries of life are to be obtained at a very reasonable rate, and, perhaps, of all luxuries during the heat of an Italian summer, nothing can be more grateful, particularly to a prisoner, than the iced beverages from lemonade and *eau sucré* to plain water, which are vended in the lowest quarters of the city, and even in prisons. Riccardo was enjoying this treat one day with three fellow-prisoners, committed for political offences, who were dissipating the *ennui* of imprisonment by an agreeable game of whist, when the turnkey entered abruptly and summoned one of them named Rosati to appear before the authorities. Rosati rose from the table, and, preparing to follow the gaoler, thus addressed his companions in misfortune : “ This, my dear friends, is one of the hundred examinations to which I have been subjected, but they cannot have much to question me upon ; I shall return in ten minutes and finish the game ; ” but hours passed away—those long, tedious, wearying hours which none can so well appreciate as beings in distress and the tribulation of suspense, yet Rosati came not back ; at length the fatal truth was wrung from the reluctant turnkey—“ they might finish their game, but one must take dummy, for Rosati would never return ; his game was played.” Thus, in the flower of his youth, had poor Rosati fallen a victim to the honest expression of political sentiments, not of republican tendency or revolutionary character, not emanating from disloyalty or a wish to upset the Papal government in its spiritual or temporal authority, but simply the desire that his countrymen should enjoy that liberty which was the right of all the subjects of constitutional states, and open courts for the trials of offenders against the law. Under ordinary circumstances the sudden death of a friend, by the visitation of God, is sufficiently appalling, but to men in the position of Riccardo and his two friends, it may easily be conceived that the announcement of Rosati’s execution was not only an event of overwhelming sorrow to them, but that it suggested no slender apprehensions for their own per-

sonal safety. However, it certainly had that effect upon the mind of Riccardo, who communicated to his friends his determination to effect his escape. One of his fellow-prisoners, who possessed greater philosophy than our hero, coolly replied, that to attempt an escape was simple enough; to effect it was difficult, under ordinary restraint, but from the Castle of St. Angelo it was impossible. Nothing daunted by the speaker's doubts, before sun-set Riccardo had gained over the turnkey, by an offer of his gold watch and a purse of two hundred francs, all the money he possessed in the world, except two sols to supply him with a rope ladder and a file. When Riccardo was locked up in his cell for the night he discovered, to his great delight, that the turnkey, faithful to his bargain, had supplied the desired implements, which he found within the straw pallets on which he usually slept, and knowing that no time was to be lost, he set to work and filed two bars of his prison-window, which looked out upon the narrow ramparts of the castle, surrounding a whole range of cells; and having fastened the rope-ladder securely, he waited until the sentinel had passed his window about ten paces, when he threw the ladder over the ramparts and hastily descended to its extremity, when lo! he discovered that he was at least from twelve to fifteen feet above the surface of the rolling Tiber, whose angry flood offered no fears to his determined spirit, for he swam well, and doubted not his power to reach the opposite shore, but in the stillness of the night he apprehended that the noise which his fall into the water must necessarily create, would awaken the vigilance of the sentinel, who, attracted to the spot from whence it proceeded, would find the rope-ladder, and by a call for assistance would place his life in greater jeopardy by the additional shots to which he should be exposed from other sentinels before, if ever, he reached *terra firma*. But as Riccardo felt that delay would only increase the difficulty of his position, he let himself fall, feet foremost, and as gently as possible, into the water, and upon rising again to the surface, clung for some seconds to the masonry of the Castle wall; and fortunate, indeed, it was that he took that precaution, for immediately a ball whizzed within two yards of his head and passed into the water, upon which our hero struck out most lustily, and after a fatiguing task, during which several harmless, random shots were fired into the river in a contrary direction to that which he had taken, he reached the usually inhospitable, but to him doubly and trebly welcome, shore of the Pontine Marshes. Cold, wet, and exhausted, Riccardo traversed the marshes with the celerity which the first use of liberty, after long confinement ever inspires, and not until some miles had separated him from the scene of his long suffering, did he dream of repose, when, finding one of those holes commonly dug by the shepherds of the Pontine Marshes to give them shelter from the rain and night-air, vacant, he crept into it, and stretching himself upon the damp straw which its late occupant had left behind, he slept soundly until long after the rising of the sun on the following morning.

Refreshed by his slumber, and joyful in breathing again the air of liberty, the danger of starvation in so inhospitable a district never entered his mind, but almost his first thought, on waking, was to carry into effect an object which he had long cherished as a duty incumbent upon him as a son, a gentleman, and a Christian; this was

to make a full explanation to the Count, his father, of all the circumstances connected with his assault upon the Cardinal, and to acquit himself, in the eyes of his parent, of any stain or reproach upon his honour or his integrity. With this object in view he was delighted to discover that he still possessed the power of communicating with his family, by means of a penny which he luckily found in the pocket of his thread-bare coat, and he joyfully trudged off to a distant village, where he purchased a sheet of paper and the permission to write an epistle to his father. Having accomplished his task, by a faithful narration of his conduct, and the irrefragable proof of his mother's guilt, he set forth, in simple but heart-rending language, the penury and destitution to which he was reduced, and requested his parent to send him the means of securing his safety, by an immediate flight from the ecclesiastical states, knowing how much reason he had to dread the power and the vengeance of the offended Cardinal. Now, however, came another difficulty which Riccardo had not contemplated. How was he to procure the delivery of his letter and to compensate the bearer for his trouble in taking it? Fortune, however, seemed to favour him in this conjuncture. A poor farmer was going to Rome. Riccardo requested him to be the bearer of his letter, and promised him the best garment he possessed,—an old satin waistcoat,—if he brought him an answer from the Count de ——. The bargain was struck, the farmer departed, and Riccardo having expended the last cent he possessed in the purchase of a small quantity of bread, strolled over the marshes to while away the time until the farmer's promised return in the evening. It would be impossible adequately to describe the varied emotions and conflicting thoughts which harassed the mind of our hero during the hours of suspense in which he was destined to await his father's answer. He knew too well the influence of his mother and her spiritual friends over the weak nature of his father to believe that it was possible for him to acquit himself of blame in his prejudiced mind, for he felt persuaded that unless a separation had taken place between the Count and his faithless spouse the mind of the former must have been warped and turned against his first-born child, but he had no reason to doubt that the laws of nature would prevail, and that he would at least remit him sufficient to help him to a place of safety, and save him from actual starvation or an ignominious death. As the shades of evening were gathering around him, Riccardo, whose eyes had long been fixed upon the path which the farmer had indicated to him as the short cut by which he should return at night, descried a single pedestrian, and hastened to meet him; he found it was the farmer, who was the bearer of an answer from the Count to his anxious son; but the night was now set in, and Riccardo was obliged to restrain his impatience until he arrived at the cottage, where, by the light of the rush, he read these words—

“MISERABLE WRETCH!

“As a final answer to your malevolent accusation against the most virtuous of women, receive my curses in this life; and for your outrageous impiety towards one of the most illustrious Princes of Christ's Church, may they blast your every hope of salvation in the world to come.

COUNT DE ——.”

How can we describe the feelings of poor Riccardo upon reading this most unchristian, most infamous, most inhuman epistle from the author of his existence? Words are powerless to pourtray the depth of his suffering. He found himself, in one moment, an outlaw and an outcast from his family; his every hope was annihilated; a public and ignominious death was staring him in the face on the one hand, and death from starvation was threatening him on the other; but in the midst of his unhappy reflections upon these subjects another feeling of a fierce, a fearful, and ungovernable nature was rising in his mind, and speedily conquered every other sentiment, such firm and unrelenting hold did it take upon his whole soul, —revenge!—revenge!—that natural law which with the deeply injured and oppressed as with the ignorant and untutored savage, is unmoved by the Christian doctrines of charity and forgiveness, and revels in the hope of returning compound for simple evil, of drawing blood for insult, of sacrificing life for infamy. Riccardo started from his previous state of apathy and dejection like a giant refreshed, and pulling off his waistcoat, which the farmer was unwilling to accept, he forced it authoritatively upon him, and declining every offer of hospitality for the night, left the cottage with a proud and disdainful bearing, which struck the innocent peasant with wonderment and no little apprehension, as to the future career of so fierce and unbending a character.

The geography of the country was not unknown to the wandering Riccardo. But whither was he flying with such rapid strides, now wading through streams; now swimming rivers, traversing forests, bounding over plains; his steps firmly bent towards a mountainous district, whose deep blue summits cheered his tottering strength as the sun rose brightly and majestically on the following morning? Did revenge reside on the hill sides? Did the friends of his youth offer him an asylum in the freer air of the mountains? or what was the cause of the undaunted energy he displayed in refusing even a momentary respite to exhausted nature; or rest to his weary limbs? His object proclaimed itself as soon as he reached the mountain pass.

"Hold, my friends!" said Riccardo to some dozen brigands whose carbines were pointed to his breast; "I fear you not. You have not surprised me. I have purposely sought you, and desire to be led to your captain."

"*Per Dio!* signor, you have no *bambino* to deal with in our noble captain," replied the chief of the party.

"Nor am I a *bambino*," proudly answered Riccardo, "or I should not put my head into the lion's mouth—lead on."

"We dare not move until relieved," said the same man.

"Well then," said Riccardo, "open your wallet and give me refreshment, for I have not tasted food from an early hour yesterday."

Some coarse bread and a leek, with a good draught of the wine of the country, soon restored our hero's spirits; but as some hours were to elapse before the brigand's party would be relieved, he crept into a small cavern in the mountain's side, and slept until they woke him up, and bade him follow them to be presented to their captain.

Upon entering the presence-chamber Riccardo, bold and undaunted even where the stoutest heart had often quailed, thus addressed the captain of the brigands:—

"Brave captain, you see before you a man of noble family, who is

reduced to a state of destitution and suffering by the intrigues of a prince of the church and the infamy of a female relative, who has sacrificed her honour, and the honour of my family by prostituting her virtue at the shrine of sacerdotal riches. I struck the purpled fiend to the earth, and death was my doom, but I escaped from the castle of St. Angelo, and seek from the generosity of a brigand that humanity and that succour which an inhuman father, who revels in his disgrace, and a self-styled virtuous society, refuse to accord to an honourable and injured member. I will do watch and ward, and hazard my life in your defence, should your liberty be threatened, in return for your protection; but I will not embrue my hands in the blood of the innocent, nor participate in the plunder of travellers. I give my oath, in all other respects, to make your interests mine, and to be strictly obedient to your commands, reserving only the sole right of vengeance upon the Cardinal —, whenever he travels on this road to the Palazzo de — for the summer season; for by my hand alone shall the serpent bite the dust, and may his soul meet with that mercy in the world to come, which he denies to me in this. And let us well understand our compact; until that event I am your servant. Once achieved I am to be free to go wherever my interests may call me."

Riccardo's speech was well received by the captain, who accepted the terms upon which he offered to join the band, and pointed out to the new recruit that although he had no doubt of his honour and integrity, he must take his station in the interior of the cavern during probation, and that his duty would consist at present, in guarding the treasure. Of all duties which could have been assigned to him none could have been more welcome, as one of his chief objects was to avoid the observation of passing travellers, although he was often put to severe temptations, particularly when the band had plundered any English family, and knowing the value of the tissue paper of the Bank of England, he saw them lighting their cigars with, or applying to the most ordinary uses, notes of from five and ten to fifties and hundreds; but his ultimate freedom impelled him to silence as to the value of the property they were destroying, or his utility to the band might have him made a prisoner for life.

At last, in virtue of the compact existing between them, Riccardo was informed by the captain that he had received intelligence from Rome that the cardinal, with a considerable escort, was to leave that city for his summer residence on the other side of the mountain in a week, and if anything had been wanting to convince the captain of Riccardo's sincerity, the joy which this communication created in his mind, and was so apparent in his whole expression, would have given ample evidence of his candour. The captain now permitted him to enjoy unrestricted liberty, and he employed his time in rifle practice, in which he was one of the most expert of the Roman youths having frequently carried off the prizes against his own countrymen and the English residents in the Eternal City.

The day had now approached—a bright and brilliant sun was shining in the cloudless heavens, when Riccardo, who had taken his station on the highest of the mountain peaks, descried the advance guard in the livery of the cardinal prince, and soon after the numerous equipages of his suite, surrounded by papal troops came in sight. He signalled the captain to warn him of the prize in

view, but notwithstanding his undoubted bravery, after a strict examination of the strength of the cardinal's party, he declared that it would be madness to attempt any attack upon a body of the best papal troops four times as numerous as his whole band, but at the same time that he would withdraw every man he commanded into the fastnesses of the mountain, where detection would be impossible, he left Riccardo entirely at liberty to execute his project of revenge if an opportunity offered itself to his strategy or courage. Riccardo embraced the captain and unable to express his sense of the kindness he had received at his hands when deserted by the whole world, the tear of gratitude which came to his aid, was more eloquent than words, and mutually satisfied, they parted to meet no more.

Riccardo now descended from his towering height, and secreted himself in a small cavern in the rocky angle of the mountain pass, about fifty feet above the main road through which the cardinal and his escort were obliged to pass. To leave his intended victim no chance of escape, he re-examined his rifle, and saw that the priming was all right, and at this instant the advanced guards of the cardinal's suite rounded the angle of the road. Riccardo shouldered his rifle; the object of his deadly hate was seated in the third carriage; the first with a body of troops was just winding round the road—it passed on; the second followed the same movement, and now appeared this eminent member of the sacred college in the perfect confidence of dignity, wealth, and security, literally surrounded on all sides by the papal dragoons, so that had not Riccardo been above him, it would have been impossible for him even to have taken aim; as it was, when he had completely covered him with his rifle, and just as his eminence, in conversation with one of his household, had assumed one of his blindest smiles, he pulled the trigger, and the cardinal fell forward.

Riccardo, considering that he had now avenged the dishonour of his family, hastened to escape from the scene, and having, by a dangerous route across the mountains, soon placed many leagues between himself and the only road his pursuers could follow, he took the high road to Naples, where he arrived after a few days of anxious toil, and had not been in that city many hours before his eyes were saluted, at the corners of the streets, with a placard accurately describing his personal appearance, setting forth in very exaggerated terms all his heinous crimes and delinquencies, with a whole account of his late horrid and unnatural attempt upon the valuable life of his Eminence the Cardinal ——. The daily journals were also teeming with the account of this attempted assassination, giving details as to the manner in which the ball had perforated his eminence's velvet cap, and had inflicted a wound, but providentially not of a very serious nature, upon the illustrious prince's head, sufficiently alarming, however, at the moment, as the Cardinal fell into the arms of his almoner, and it was some time before he recovered from the fright, as it was heretically supposed. We had omitted to state that the placard concluded, by offering a considerable reward for his apprehension, and called upon the Neapolitan government not to shield within its territory so infamous an assassin and conspirator against the Roman government, and governments in general, the Pope, the sacred college, and the whole Catholic religion. Riccardo saw that he was in a very critical

position, and as the captain of the brigands had furnished him with ample means for his escape, his first act was to procure a new suit of clothes as nearly resembling the English cut as possible, and having equipped himself, was on the point of leaving his lodging when he was accosted by the police, who were carrying him off to prison, when, in perfect English he declared he would not submit to such an indignity, as a British subject, and demanded to be taken to the English Minister. To this appeal the officers could offer no opposition, particularly as several English persons of distinction had already interposed in favour of their supposed countryman, and Riccardo was brought before the ambassador, who, having heard the accusation and the denial, requested the officers to retire while he examined the prisoner. Not doubting the perfect safety of their captive while in the hands of the British Minister, the officers retired and awaited his pleasure in a lower apartment. The ambassador then addressing Riccardo, said in a tone of serious kindness, which the latter found to be irresistible :—"Young man, you speak English fluently, altogether like a native of the country, but I do not believe your story. I am convinced you are not what you represent yourself; tell me the truth; you shall have no cause to repent your confidence in me."

Without the slightest hesitation, Riccardo unburthened his whole soul to the ambassador, he revealed every act and every thought, he left no point untouched. The minister was charmed with his candour, no man could have done otherwise than have felt the deepest sympathy in his wrongs and sufferings, although condemning the attempt upon a fellow-creature's life, by taking the law into his own hands, however infamous the action the aggressor had committed. He gave Riccardo a passport, and, fearing that it might not be a sufficient protection, he walked with him to the port, where he took boat and pulled off to a British man-of-war bound to Sicily, and requested, as a personal favour of the captain, that he would land his young friend at Palermo. Upon Riccardo's arrival in Sicily he met an elderly English gentleman who desired a travelling companion, he engaged with him, and landed safely in England a few months afterwards.

The remaining portion of Riccardo's history is not less replete with incident than the foregoing; and he now lives, and is, if not a rich man, at least in comfortable circumstance, although exercising a calling greatly beneath his rank, where he is trusted, beloved, and respected by all who know him, for his integrity, cheerfulness, kindness of heart, and great attention to his friends and patron; but (although pledging ourselves to the truth of this narrative) we must be excused from offering any kind of hint as to his occupation or his whereabouts, which might lead to his identity, and thus repay his confidence in our discretion, by making a discovery which might, under the peculiar circumstances of his position, be attended with disagreeable results. In conclusion, we trust that our story has not disappointed the reader's expectations, while our views of the similarity of the actions of mankind in every age and clime, from time immemorial, and to be continued until the end of the world, with more or less improvement in manners, according to the spread of intelligence and the progress of education, have not been conceived upon false or untenable premises.

SOUVENIRS OF VERSAILLES, ST. CLOUD, NEUILLY, AND THE TUILERIES.

BY AN EX-HANGER ON OF ROYALTY.

The Galerie de Bourbon.

To chronicle the events of a life time passed amid the intrigues and turmoils of a court, must always be considered a task of great difficulty and danger; but when that life has been extended beyond the usual length of years accorded to mankind, and has been spent at the Court of France, then, indeed, does the undertaking become one of double peril. The dwellers in a Palace may be truly compared in all things to those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters;" for, like them, have they to steer their course amid shoals and rocks and breakers, just as terrible: like them, also, do they sometimes reel to and fro, and are verily at their wits' end. It has been observed, that both the individual character, as well as the social condition of a man, may often be judged by the external aspect of his dwelling—and the same remark may be applied to the residence of Royalty. Nothing can be more opposite in character than the various palaces scattered throughout France,—and you will find in history that to each one is attached its own peculiar adventures,—some, all of love, some of political intrigue; others, again, have one long dark history of nought but crime and murder. Versailles, St. Cloud, the Tuileries, have each had their peculiar attributes; dependent, perhaps, on their peculiar style of architecture, dependent on situation, on climate, and on the season in which each became inhabited; and to any one accustomed to sojourn for awhile in all, the outward appearance of each might well be said to give token of much that was passing within. Amid the gorgeous saloons wherein are rehearsed the scenes of the great political comedies destined for public representation before the eyes of all Europe, the mind is dazzled, and reflects not that these painted halls form but the smallest portion of the immense masses of architecture which it has been the great delight of French sovereigns to elevate to their own grandeur, and that by far the larger space is devoted to the multitudinous hangers on of royalty—the leprosy of greatness—the vermin which devour the sick lion. In French history, most particularly, these have ever played the most important parts, because the most necessary, in every one of the aforesaid dramas; for the hand of the juggler, how ever dexterous, must fail to act upon the puppet, if a single string be slackened in the mechanism. In vain the poor mountebank tugs and pulls, the puppet will not move, or only displays by grotesque contortions the clumsiness of its owner.

It is less, therefore, of myself than of others I would speak. Fortune has thrown me in the way of many an encounter with the greatest and most exalted celebrities, of a time when none could achieve glory save the truly great. An humble looker-on, I have been admitted, in virtue of my insignificance alone, to many a secret conference of mighty import, the result of which only has been visible to the public eye.

My readers need not feel alarm at the prospect of a complete autobiography, beginning with the very commencement of all things—the history of family—of father and of mother—for, in fact, I must own the painful truth, I know not who were my parents, and relatives I have none, for none ever claimed relationship with me. I have my suspicions, which those who read these memoirs will doubtless share—but certainty there is none. My earliest local recollections are of the Tuileries, but whether I was born there I know not. The kind couple who had charge of my childhood, had both resided there from their very birth, and I firmly believe that they considered the palace as much a portion of their patrimony as the king himself could do. All their *souvenirs* were of royalty, of nobility and the great; they seemed to me to be totally ignorant of any other ways and means of existence save those by which they themselves obtained a livelihood, in waiting upon grandeur, and rendering themselves useful in a variety of small ways to the men and women who in their turn sought provision by flattering those higher again in grade than themselves. My adopted father was “attached” to one of the Royal Princes, but in what capacity I never could exactly tell. He acted occasionally as reader and amanuensis, and was in the habit of spending the whole night closeted with his patron. He would assure us, on his return to our fireside, that he had been reading aloud the whole day; but I always observed that he was much excited on these occasions, and I used then to wonder what kind of reading it could be which thus had power to agitate so tranquil and philosophical a mind. My adopted mother was a lady of noble birth, who, through poverty, had been compelled to accept an inferior situation about the person of Madame Victoire, the daughter of Louis Quinze, and then again, to save her self-respect, to accept the hand of a man she firmly believed to be as much beneath her, as she herself had been taught to feel she was below her mistress.

It was in one of the small apartments on the fifth story of the Tuileries, the long range which is perceived from the Place du Carrousel, with windows of the bull’s-eye shape, cut in the slated roof, that my childhood was spent. My first impressions of a palace were received from the long gloomy corridors which, stretching right and left, up and down, cross wise and length wise, from east to west, from north to south, rendered the geography of the palace as intricate as any of the virgin forests of America. Each of these long galleries was named after one or other of the numerous branches of the royal family: there was the Galerie de Bourbon and the Galerie de Valois; the Galerie de Conti and the Galerie d’Orleans; there were also the Galerie des Sangliers and the Galerie du Bourreau, though to which branch of the royal family these belonged, I have never been able to ascertain. The Galerie du Bourbon was the name of ours. Several years of my existence were passed without any other recreation than that afforded by pacing a long gallery to and fro, and in watching the movements and occupations of the inmates of the various apartments which opened into the narrow tiled passage; in listening to their conversation, as I sauntered by the different doors, and sometimes also, (dare I tell it?) in peeping through the various keyholes through which the light would shine with tantalizing temptation, the only light which served to illumi-

nate the long blank of the opposite wall. On this favoured fifth story of the Tuileries, just before the great Revolution, flourished a little colony composed of the most extraordinary assemblage of human beings ever met beneath one roof together. The door of each apartment, without rails, without panels, like the door of a stable, was numbered and lettered, according to the fashion of hospitals and gaols. It was sometimes by the letter, at others by the number, that each family was designated. There were twenty-two of these apartments in our gallery alone, and I can remember the appearance and peculiarities of every individual contained in this crowded hive, with as vivid a precision as though I had beheld them all but yesterday.

The rooms next to ours were tenanted by two aged ladies who have ever occupied a large portion of my grateful remembrance. They were spinsters and canonesses of the noble chapter of Remiremont, one of the royal abbeys of the kingdom. They have remained graven on my memory amongst the most curious specimens of human nature I ever met with. These ladies, Mesdemoiselles Rose and Pulchérie de Pont de Vaux, were the daughters of a small country seigneur, of immense pretensions and but slender fortune. With advancing years he had beheld these pretensions increase and this fortune diminish, until at last the old *château* of Pont-de-Vaux, in Lorraine, was the only property left to record upon his rent roll. Even this had become so deeply mortgaged, so hopelessly alienated, that every seignorial right had departed from it long before. The family were forbidden to fish in the ponds—to shoot in the preserves, or to gather the fruit which grew in their own garden. The old Marquis de Pont de Vaux would endeavour to replace, by the produce of the chase, or by any other *industrie*, or available resource, the privileges which had thus been wrenched from him by his merciless creditors; but sometimes, in winter particularly, these resources failed, and then the scenes of privation and misery which took place, and which I have heard the sisters recount, would make all the most fanciful inventions ever penned by novelists appear tame and insignificant. And yet, with all this destitution—for at length the fortunes of the family had become so much reduced, that they were at times driven to the very verge of absolute starvation,—never for one moment did the old marquis deem it possible that he could consent to the abandonment of his high pretensions, or to the sale of the family jewels and plate—sole remnant of their former grandeur, sole proof of their high and long descent—to a doubting, sneering world. “The memory of my poor father rises up before me,” said Mademoiselle Pulchérie to me one day, as she recounted their strange history, while I sat low at her feet, watching with interest the cooking of some savoury mess upon the hearth, (for these ladies seemed to me to spend their entire lives in cookery;) “when I think upon his generous, though mistaken kindness, and upon the ingenious devices to which he would resort to keep the aspect of our poverty as far as possible from our contemplation. We occupied but two rooms in the *Château* of Pont-de-Vaux; he told us that it was his taste, and that the state apartments were in reserve for the royal visit, which had been promised for many years. We had no attendant: he told us that the servitors came at dawn, before we were awakened, as he could not

bear to have his solitude disturbed by their vulgar voices and heavy footsteps during the day. The repasts, when we were fortunate enough to have any provisions, were always found ready cooked, and needed but a little warming, which, he said, he preferred to do himself, to having the worry of a herd of stupid domestics. We knew well enough that the dear good man arose from his bed long before daylight, and performed every office about our little household, but not for worlds would we have betrayed our penetration of the secret which he was so anxious to keep from our knowledge, but gave in to all his little whims with an assumption of *naïveté*, which charmed him greatly, but which was much at variance with our sharpened wits, rendered acute by famine and privation. The only pleasure, indeed, which my poor father seemed to possess was in the contemplation of our feigned delusion with regard to the state of his affairs, and in the sight of the brilliant figure we both made, as we entered the dining-hall every day, attired in the rich robes which had formerly belonged to our grandmothers, and adorned with the rich jewels from the chest which had been handed down as heir-looms from generation to generation of the Pont de Vaux. I am convinced that nothing could have been more grotesque than our appearance, as, with our youthful faces and awkward gait, bending beneath the weight of rich stuffs, and flaming with old-fashioned gems, we entered the dining-hall with the greatest ceremony, to take our seats at a table covered with rich substantial plate-gilt candelabras without tapers, and chased silver dishes, alas! without viands. After the sham dinner, we were despatched to walk, also in state, upon the platform on the top of the dungeon keep. I know well enough that this was but to afford time to Monsieur de Pont de Vaux to clear away the dishes, and restore order to the hall, never thinking that we should observe that it was all accomplished without foreign aid."

The castle of Pont de Vaux had been one of the feudal strongholds of Lorraine, having a drawbridge, battlements, and all appliances and means to boot, to enable the seigneur to insult and bully his neighbours without any danger of retaliation. Upon the top of the keep still existed the platform whence the warders had kept watch night and day during the wars of the Guise against the crown. One day the clock in the great belfry had tolled the hour to dine; no dinner was forthcoming. The marquis had, as usual, spread the table with what remnants of their former grandeur yet remained, and the two girls sat down before the vacant dishes with piteous yearning towards their imaginary contents to feast on the dry bread which was furnished by the herdsman of the village in exchange for the permission to lodge her cows in one of the out-houses belonging to the castle. It was a curious study to observe the mixture of merriment and bitterness with which Mademoiselle Pulchérie, the youngest and most quick-witted of the two sisters, would recount the history of that repast. The solemn gravity with which the old seigneur did the honours of the table dividing with ceremony the one small loaf, and handing a portion to each of his daughters with as much courtesy and with as bland a smile as though he had been distributing the most choice and dainty morsels from the royal table—the ill-suppressed sobs of the elder sister—her own vexation and anxiety for the morrow, as she swallowed down the hard dry crust, the handing and pouring of the water, the

ceremony with which the old seigneur looked at each young lady before raising the glass to his lips, were all given with a kind of bitter glee I have never seen rivalled even on the stage. Dinner being over, and the long grace which always followed, having been duly performed, the family rose from table, and the two ladies prepared to take the air upon the platform as usual. As they walked hungry and disconsolate, with but small aptitude at the moment for enjoyment of the view, or for the grandeur of the setting sun, or for any of those exquisite sensations in which better-fed young ladies are prone to indulge, their attention was arrested by the voice of the cow-boy, who had led his cows into the dry fosse beneath the walls, in order to allow them to crop the long grass and flowers which grew in the shade. The two girls bent over the battlements to watch the boy, with greedy eyes, as he drew from his satchel a hunch of bread and a lump of cheese, which he began hacking into gigantic mouthfuls as he strolled leisurely along.

"There was an air of plenty and enjoyment in the whole scene," said Mademoiselle Pulchérie, "which made us quite ferocious. The boy was plump-cheeked and ruddy; he had evidently never known the want of a meal; the sweet breath of the teeming kine reached us where we stood, and increased the faintness of our hungry longing. I felt that like Esau I could willingly have given my birth-right, or any other right, for a mess of pottage or a draught of milk. A yearning craving desire, vivid and uncontrollable as that experienced by the victims of the *calentura*, took possession of my soul, and without any kind of shame or respect for our family quarterings, I called out to Petit-Pierre, in a whining tone, for a drop of milk and a slice of his bread and cheese. Petit-Pierre looked up and grinned with that charming *naïveté*, that unsophisticated innocence, for which our peasantry have ever been so remarkable. He understood my demand in a moment, and prepared compliance by drinking off at a draught the whole contents of the cider-can which hung on his arm, and then wiping it carefully out with the hanging sleeve of his dirty vest, in order, no doubt, to clean it thoroughly, and to show at the same time that he knew good manners, and the way in which delicate young ladies ought to be treated. Presently he knelt down and drew the milk from one of the cows. How our mouths watered as we saw the snow-white liquid foaming to the very brim! Petit-Pierre mounted up the broken stair, which nearly reached to the top of the tower; we tied our garters together, and let them down to the urchin, who made fast the handle of the can, while we could hardly control our impatience, and began to draw the ribbons with all our might; but the little vessel answered not the summons, and we pulled in vain! Never shall I forget the odious cunning expressed on the countenance of the 'innocent peasant boy,' as holding fast the can, he looked up to where we stood, and laying his finger on the side of his nose, he exclaimed, 'Mammy doesn't give her milk for nothing though—ye must pay as well as other folk—*six blancs the chopine*.' Rage and disappointment were excited in our bosoms in a degree which drove us almost frantic. I plead guilty to the utterance of a favourite oath of my father's, while my sister fairly burst into a passion of tears! Money we had none, and our prayers and entreaties were all in vain. The granite wall on which we stood would have been easier to move than the pity of the grinning brute, who looked up at us without blink-

ing, without moving a muscle of his countenance from the cunning leer he had at first assumed. There he stood, with the can uplifted in one hand, and the other extended to receive the money, evidently bent on extorting the exorbitant price he had asked for his miserable measure of milk. At length, just as we were about to turn away wearied with the tantalising spectacle, my eye was caught by the flashing of the emerald in my sister's ear, for she wore that day the suit of emeralds which had belonged to Jeanne de Consteil, who had married Raval de Pont de Vaux, which were of the brightest colour, and without flaw. A happy thought struck me; perhaps the urchin would exchange his draught for the *pendeloque* belonging to the ear-ring. The proposition was made with timidity and dread of refusal, but accepted with doubt and hesitation; the drop consisting of a good-sized emerald, surrounded with small brilliants, was handed down by means of the garters, and the can at length reached the top of the parapet, where, I warrant you, it was soon emptied of its contents, and returned to the owner; but lo! the very next day at the self-same hour was Petit-Pierre seen wending his way along the fosse, and again was the irresistible temptation offered to our hungry imaginations. A diamond pin was the reward of that day's relief—a brilliant clasp—a ruby buckle—went next; and soon the whole village gaining scent of the rich *curée* to be distributed from the round tower of the castle, came beneath the walls with the choicest morsels and most tempting fruits. We feasted to our heart's content at the expense of our worthy ancestors, who had purchased most dearly the treasures we so lavishly bestowed. The jewels and ornaments once so worthless in our eyes, now became of the greatest value, since they could purchase the nourishment for which we had pined so long, and relieve the heart-sickness which had consumed us. We spent whole mornings in polishing up the divers specimens of the taste and perseverance of our ancestors, in order to render them as tempting as possible to the poor dear unsophisticated creatures, whose kind hearts induced them to part with precious food for articles so utterly useless as these baubles appeared to us. Each day we withdrew from our mockery of a repast to the more substantial fare awaiting us at the foot of the round tower. Our poor father would fondly rejoice at sight of the bloom and freshness which failed not ere long to replace the haggard looks and jaundiced complexions which through long starvation we both had hitherto displayed. How he himself continued for long to subsist upon so little I never could imagine. I have the firmest conviction that he never procured for himself the smallest indulgence which he did not equally divide with us; and yet I never heard a murmur, nor an expression of impatience, nor an exclamation of disgust escape his lips, neither do I verily believe did the idea of assisting himself by a little exertion, or of bettering our condition by ever so light a labour, once enter his mind. Such was the system of noblesse in our day; and think not that we stood alone in our distress, hundreds of noble families, whose property had been eaten up by law-suits (the favourite method of ruin of the day), or had been dissipated by the prodigality of some member of the family, who in his endeavours to make a figure at court for a while, would struggle in vain to vie with the luxury and folly of the courtiers, and then retiring from the combat heartbroken and disappointed, sink to wretchedness, leaving nought but misery as an inheritance to his children."

The exact amount of property thus disposed of Mademoiselle Pulchérie could not tell. By her description of the jewels it must, however, have been something tremendous, and the unsophisticated peasants would doubtless have succeeded in transferring every article of value from the strong box of the marquis to their own leathern pouches, had not the death of the count, who met with a sad catastrophe put an end to this little innocent traffic. He fell, poor man, from the top branches of a wild plum-tree, where he had clambered in pursuit of the one great object of his life, the procuring of cheap food for his family. Just enough was saved from the wreck to secure a provision for the two daughters, and they were received into the noble chapter of Remiremont. The description of their arrival at the Abbey, as given by Mademoiselle Pulchérie, has made me often pass a pleasant hour. The astonishment of the fat nuns on examination of the thin attenuated figures thus presented to their notice, the odd mixture of grief which they felt at their father's death, and of joy at beholding the first good dinner they had ever seen in their lives, were pictures never to be forgotten. Old as these ladies were when I first knew them, they had never been able to grow thoroughly accustomed to good living; they spent their whole time in contemplation of a certain pot upon the fire, wherein they executed all sorts of stews and ragouts the whole day long, and their conversation was all of the good things which they had enjoyed at Remiremont, and of the various merits of sister Martha and sister Celeste, in the preparation of this or that savoury compound. "They talk of the bliss of requited affection, of the rapture of doing good, of the delight to be obtained, by the worthy exercise of all our faculties—believe me, my child, no bliss, no rapture, can be compared to good living and plenty of it." This would Mademoiselle Pulchérie often say to me, and then plunging her long-pronged fork into the *terrine*, which was eternally simmering before the fire, she would draw forth some savoury morsel upon which we would all three regale most joyously, while devising new experiments to give the dish some unexplored flavour the next time of cooking.

Further on towards the end of the gallery was the lodging of the most interesting personage it has ever fallen to my lot to become acquainted with. His name was Daliband. None could tell his age, but to me, viewing him with the wondering ignorance of childhood, he appeared a second Methusalem. It would then not have surprised me had I been told that he had already lived a thousand years, and I remember once having greatly excited his mirth by inquiring with simplicity how he had managed to escape the great plague of Paris under Philippe le Bel. He had been one of the sub-under-tutors, as he used to call it, to the sons of the Dauphin, all of whom have ascended the throne in turn. He had been bed-ridden for years, having been disabled in every limb by paralysis, and so helpless had he become that he could not even turn in his bed without assistance. And yet, with this sad burthen of affliction, it was marvellous to behold the vivacity and intelligence which yet beamed in his countenance when reciting the adventures of his past life, or the anecdotes of persons whom he had known in former days. Some of these were exceedingly curious, and, young as I was, I have sat for hours at his bedside, listening with unflagging interest to his stories of the olden court of the Dauphin and his wife—of Madame de Pompadour, and of the strange elements which formed the society of Louis

Quinze. These he would tell with a racy zest I have never found excelled. The image of that old man is graven on my memory to this hour—and so fresh and vivid does it rise before me, that did I possess the limner's art I could even now retrace on canvas every line, every shadow, of that dried and withered visage. He was attended by Minette, his grand-child, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who prided herself upon the care and taste of every arrangement which concerned her patient—and the snowy whiteness of the sheet which covered him to the very chin, served to throw out in stronger relief that dark mummy countenance with the black restless eyes, and the two clay-coloured hands, always spread upon the bed, remaining motionless the whole day long, in the position in which the grand-child had placed them in the morning before she had repaired to her labour, as assistant to the wardrobe woman of the palace, from which occupation she did not return until night. The old man was thus left for many hours alone, and would hail with a delight almost painful in its demonstration the arrival of any visitor, however insignificant, who might chance to vary his solitude. Thus I became one of his most constant and confidential friends, and seldom passed a day without spending a portion of it at least in his lonely chamber. There was something almost supernatural in the concentration in the brain of this last remnant of life for which nature was making such lengthened and terrific struggle. His limbs would be motionless in the bed, stiff and rigid as those of a corpse while, as he told his stories, and warmed with his subject, his head would wag from side to side—his black eyes flash like burning coals—every muscle in his face would work with rapidity, and the tassel on his nightcap bob to and fro, with a quick jerking motion marking every pause in his discourse, as correctly as a note of punctuation—whether colon, semi-colon, comma, or full stop. He had seen much of the world in his youth. His tales of the deceit and treachery of mankind were endless, for his life had been one of humiliation and hardship; the struggle of conscious superiority against the eternal encroachments of ignorance and pride which, in an existence connected with a court, must ever exist. His impressions were all of the past, for life had ceased with him on the day when they had transported him, stricken with his cruel malady, from the warm comfortable apartment he occupied with princes, to the cold distant chamber, where he was as soon forgotten by them all as though he had at once been taken to his grave. It was marvellous to observe how correct was his impression with regard to his quondam pupils, although he had not beheld them since their childhood; moreover, his anticipations of their future conduct have been realized as truly as though he had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy. "Monseigneur the Duc de Berri (the title by which he always designated Louis Seize) is weak; D'Artois is weak and wayward; but Monsieur de Provence is weak and wicked."

From Monsieur Daliband I learnt many particulars of the court of St. Cloud, held there for some years by the *Dauphin père de Louis Seize*, as he is called in history. It was in every respect a most singular time, and the contrast afforded by the conduct of father and son, was not the least singular feature in the annals of the day. While the king was rioting in debauchery, amid the splendours of Versailles, the son was living in the strictest retirement, surrounded by the most austere ministers of religion. He had become nought but a puppet in the hand of the Jesuits, and his melancholy tem-

perament, fostered by them, had rendered him a living reproach to his father's court, where nought was tolerated but the most extravagant gaiety, where the pursuit after pleasure was carried into the grossest debauchery. It was the custom for the Dauphin to pass his mornings in his study, from whence he would issue towards the middle of the day, and causing a large brass music-desk to be brought out into the air, he would stand beneath the trees and practice for some hours all the Gregorian chaunts of the church in a voice perfectly Stentorian, which would draw crowds of the common people beneath the wall of the terrace, who, while listening to the awful braying, spared, as you may imagine, neither King nor court, neither Dauphin nor Jesuits. After this exhibition took place daily—the most extraordinary scene, which, perhaps, ever was enacted by royal and noble personages, since the world began—the whole of the retinue of the Dauphin, the young princes, the ladies of honour, and all the attendants of the *château* would repair to the chapel, which was always lighted up, even in summer, and after a short time spent in meditation and prayer, the Dauphin would suddenly appear from a side chapel attired in the robes of a *chantre*, all flaunting with rich embroidery of gold thread and coloured silks, again to thunder forth the dreadful denunciations with which he had been regaling us for some hours in the garden, while Madame la Dauphine, attired in the costume of the Nuns of the Visitation of the Rue St. Jacques, would whine forth the responses. The whole of vespers being thus performed by this one single voice, the Dauphin would mount the pulpit, and favour us with a sermon of his own composing; always bad, always lugubrious, and always long.

“Much has been said concerning the death of Monseigneur; a suspicion of poison was current at the time, and every effort was made to hush it. I was witness to much that would tend to confirm the truth of the conjecture. You will, perhaps, ask me why in such case I did not reveal my well-grounded suspicions; by-and-bye you will discover that in a court the only safe path to pursue is that of *silence* on all things. The Dauphin was entirely in the hands of the Jesuits; they left not his side night or day. He alone had supported their interests in France. The interest and favour of the heir to the throne would have been thought to have been all sufficient to have combated all other influences; but it was found to be powerless against the influence of the Duchess de Pompadour, and their destruction was resolved on. Courage and dignity were both wanting in the Dauphin, he suffered his friends to be destroyed, and instead of assisting them in their resistance could only mourn their fall. It could not be believed amongst them that he could have truly exerted himself in their favour. The unjust suspicion to which he felt himself abandoned, embittered the life of the Dauphin, and rendered him of more melancholy mood than ever. He felt that he was watched, that spies were set about him at all hours—that even the most private actions of his life were all known and commented on—that he no longer had the liberty to move or speak; nay, even his very thoughts were no more to be his own. But he had sworn obedience to the law of the Jesuits, without murmur, without comment, without objection; he was bound to execute any and every command with which it might please the general of the order to honour him. Monseigneur usually wore on his little finger a ring composed of a single diamond, set in jet. The stone was of

prodigious size and beauty; and in spite of myself, whenever he condescended to visit my pupils at their studies, my attention was involuntary drawn to the gem, for it flashed and sparkled with such extraordinary lustre that it could not fail to attract notice. It was rendered still more interesting to me by a story which I had been told in connection with the jewel, and which had got abroad in the palace, one of those tales which become everybody's secret, and which everybody knows.

"The ring was said to contain the monogram of the Jesuits, I.H.S. graven on the inside of the hoop; it was never accorded but to princes of the blood royal, and gave to the owner the privilege of displaying his objection to any order emanating from the general, by sending it back to his reverence, who, if he returned it, gave token that he respected the objection, and pardoned the offender; if he retained it without a word, the disobedient one was felt to be out of the pale of the company; to have withdrawn from the protection afforded by the order, and to have thereby subjected himself to the vengeance, dark and terrible, pronounced against all offenders of the like sort. It was never known when or how this vengeance would fall upon the devoted victim's head, and thus he was sometimes kept for years in a state of agonised suspense, which in many cases may well be supposed to have brought on the death from which he shrunk in dread. One day upon the occasion of the morning visit of Monseigneur, I missed the ring from his finger. So struck was I with the circumstance, and by the train of thought to which it gave rise, that I almost involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise. The Dauphin coloured slightly as he caught my glance, and beheld where it had rested. He drew his hand, with an impatient gesture, from the back of his son's chair, and hurried from the room without a word. I heard him sigh deeply as he closed the door, and I remained sad and awe-struck at the various anticipations of evil which now began to crowd upon my brain. However, nothing further took place for some time; only a rumour got afloat in the *château* that Monseigneur had sought a reconciliation with his father, and to that effect had been to pay a visit to the favourite.

"One evening, about the middle of the summer of that same year, I was standing alone upon the balcony of one of the chambers which open into the Galerie de Mars, and from whence the view, which embraces the whole course of the Seine to Paris, is considered one of the finest in the world. I had been giving a lesson in astronomy to the Duc de Berri, and had just dismissed him to repose, when, tempted by the beauty of the night, I remained awhile to enjoy the scene before me. The moon was at its full, and the stars shone down with dazzling radiance. It is, as you know, the property of moonlight to bring every object nearer to the sight; and thus the city of Paris, although bounding the horizon, seemed to lie close beneath my feet. There was that night a grand fête at the Tuileries, given in honour of I know not what deputation from the provinces, and the illuminations of the palace and gardens lighted up the sky in that direction as vividly as though the heavens were on fire. Not a sound was heard throughout the palace, not a whisper in the park, save the distant note of the nightingale from the wooded heights which crown the hill whereon stands the building. Altogether, the scene was one of such beauty, that I felt forced to tear myself away, lest I should linger there till morning.

"I had just turned to gather up the instruments I had been using to aid my demonstrations to the young Duke, and was preparing to depart to my own chamber, when I was startled by the sound of footsteps close at hand, and presently a voice murmuring a complaint of the carelessness of the domestics, who had left a light burning at that hour, with the risk of setting fire to the *château*. The words were no sooner uttered, than the light was extinguished, and the room was left in total darkness, save where the moonlight streamed in from the window. It was some few moments before I recognised the voice, which was speaking in most earnest accents, as the speaker moved slowly across the saloon, as that of the Dauphin himself. He was accompanied by a tall figure, enveloped from head to foot in a riding cloak, and the clink of spurs, which accompanied the footsteps, denoted that the stranger had just arrived or was bent upon a journey. "Your news is cheering," said the Dauphin; "you have seen the General himself?" "I have, Monseigneur," replied the stranger, in a low voice. "Then God be praised! I know I can rely upon *his* word," said the Dauphin, earnestly. "Fear not, Monseigneur; he vowed to me that the ring should be returned: he bids you take comfort, and be assured of this, for it is already on its way."—"Then farewell," said his Highness, "my blessing be upon your head—for you found me in despair and doubt, and leave me in hope and joy." With these words the speakers passed out, and soon after the clatter of horses' hoofs in the courtyard betokened the departure of the stranger, and presently I beheld his figure dashing down the broad avenue towards Paris, his dark cloak fluttering around him, and his silver-handled whip glittering in the moonlight, as he waved it above his head, urging his horse to greater speed. As I turned to depart, full of satisfaction at what I had heard, a figure rushed by me in such haste that I was unperceived. It must have come from behind the curtains which hung before the recess of one of the windows of the saloon, for I was convinced the door had not been opened since I had been waiting there. As the figure advanced into the moonlight of the balcony, I recognised Ferlaque, an under valet of Monseigneur, whose service was oftener needed than is usual with persons in his station, in consequence of the head valet, Monsieur de Bullion, being so frequently disabled from attending by the gout. He did not speak, but turned his pale face upwards to the moon, as, with a demon's laugh, he drew from his bosom an object which sparkled in the cold light as he held it aloft—it was the ring with the priceless brilliant, which contained the monogram of the Jesuits, and I felt that it was the death token of Monseigneur!

"Again will you doubtless wonder, my dear boy, that I spoke not my suspicions of treason; but remember how hard it would have been to have gained a hearing, or to have been believed when heard. You will find, as I have found, that in such humble situation as mine, it is better to slip through the world without seeking notice, or striving for importance; but I watched with intense eagerness the catastrophe of the tragedy which I felt sure was near at hand. Nor did it delay. That day the Dauphin, more lively and gay than I had ever beheld him, announced his intention of obeying the summons which the King had sent to request his presence at Fontainebleau. He was in such unwonted good spirits, that, contrary to his first intention, he declared his wish that we

should all accompany him ; and the children, with their maids and governors, accordingly followed the train of carriages which left St. Cloud upon as bright a morning as ever visited this earth. On the road we stopped to take some refreshment, the *sourçons* which had preceded us furnishing, as usual, all kinds of provisions. The Dauphin ate but little in general, and, indeed, could seldom be made to sit down to any regular meal. On this occasion, although much pressed by Madame, he refused to partake of the collation which had been prepared, but remained pacing up and down the room, amused with the *naïf* observations of the children, and chatting gaily with Madame. Presently, after a little whispering, the little Count de Provence was despatched by his mother to the window where Monseigneur was seated ; he held some peaches on a plate, and Ferlaque walked by his side to assist his tottering steps. It was a pretty picture of domestic love, and I gazed upon it with some pleasure. The boy placed the plate before his father ; he took the sugar from the hands of Ferlaque and powdered the fruit with such gravity and importance, that the Dauphin could not forbear a smile, and kissed him fondly as he took the plate from his hand. " I cannot choose but accept with grace a tribute so gracefully despatched," said Monseigneur, bowing with gallantry to Madame ; and his appetite, roused by the perfume of the fruit, he ate the peaches with apparent satisfaction, the little child staring at him the while with a comical expression of curiosity and wonder. " *Oh, mon papa !*" exclaimed the child, as Monseigneur gave him back the plate with mock ceremony, " see how the sugar sparkles in the sun—it looks for all the world like powdered diamonds !" The Dauphin turned pale as death—he rose uneasily from his chair. The words of that little child had in one moment brought to mind all the terror he had suffered so long, and which the change of place and scene was helping him to forget. I gazed towards Ferlaque—he had snatched the plate from the hands of the boy, and was engaged at the buffet, contrary to all the rules of discipline and etiquette, in pouring out a goblet of water, which he raised to his lips and emptied at a single draught.

" We proceeded on our journey, but the momentary confidence was destroyed in the mind of Monseigneur ; and, by the time we reached our destination, his habitual gloom and despondency had all returned. But two nights after this, his shrieks resounded through the long galleries and vaulted halls of Fontainebleau ; and strange to tell, his ravings were all of the diamond ring, with the monogram of the Jesuits, which the general had sworn **SHOULD SO SOON BE RETURNED!** How could I help suspecting that the general had indeed kept his word ! Ferlaque attended Monseigneur to the very last, then disappeared and went to reside at Turin ; he rose very high in the Order, and his name has much power even now."

This narrative, which I had from the lips of Daliband, I firmly believe to have been the truth. That the Dauphin was poisoned, is by many historians asserted as an undisguised fact, but by what means it was never ascertained, in spite of the strictest research ; and thus, while *savans* had been arguing and doctors had been disputing for years, there was living all the while an obscure and miserable old man, crippled and paralysed in every limb, who alone possessed a secret which many of the great ones of the earth would have given much of their greatness but to know.

BILL BRISKETT AND DOLLY DIPPS.

A HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, AND TRUE STORY.

BILL BRISKETT lived in Warwick Lane,
 A man of thrifty turn,
 Who, though he had no partner, drove
 A thriving *joint* concern.
 Of Bill's attention to their wants
 The neighbours spoke in praise,
 And own'd that, though he had his faults,
 He'd *several good traits*.
 A steady, sober man was he,
 Who never drank strong waters,
 And twice a week, on killing days,
 He took his *chop at Slaughter's*.
 By frugal saving he resolved
 Adversity to mock,
 And to secure his weekly gains,
 Invested them in *stock*.
 In *houses*, too, he'd speculate,
 For hoarding up his pelf,
 He always purchased *carcasses*,
 And *finished* them himself.
 " 'Tis not for me," he oft would say,
 " The pride of birth to feel,
 The only *line* I wish to boast,
 Is healthy *line o' veal* ! "

Yet, like a belted knight of old,
 The *saddle* was his pride,
 And, ever ready for his need,
 His *steel* was at his side.
 But Cupid, ever on the watch
 To plant his fatal arrow,
 Drew forth his bow,—and here begin
 This hist'ry's *pith* and *marrow*.
 From the dark eyes of Dolly Dipps
 A wounding missive came,
 A tallow-chandler's daughter she,
 And used to *feed a flame*.
 With *wicked* looks she storm'd his heart,
 And soon secured the prize ;
 While Bill at her would often cast
 A volley of *sheeps' eyes*.
 Oh ! what an ecstasy was his,
 Upon her lips to linger ;
 Or, as he held her lily hand,
 To kiss her *taper* finger !
 The sweet exchange of love for love
 Beguiled each happy day ;
 " Ah ! thus may life," poor Dolly cried,
 " In transport *melt away*."

She praised his form, she praised his face,
 His dress so neat and trim,
 And vowed no man was fit to *hold*
 A *candle* unto him.
 And thus, while life was in its spring,
 And all their feelings fresh,
 Bone of Bill's *bone*, Miss Dipps became,
 And they were made *one flesh*.

Poor Dolly dream'd awhile of bliss,
 But ah ! too soon to wake,
 And find herself a martyr, tied
 To Matrimony's *stake*.
 She quickly found (too common lot
 Of Eve's unhappy daughters),
 Bill didn't like his *better half*
 So well as his *fore-quarters*.
 A hero once she'd pictured him
 A Hampden, Blake, or Sidney.
 But wedded, he appear'd a man
 Quite of another *kidney* !
 For he who should have been her stay,
 Ere they a month were older,
 Instead of *lending her a hand*,
 Now gave her the *cold shoulder*.
 The love that once he swore was true,
 He said was fancy's whim,
 And told her plainly she was not
 A partner *meet* for him.
 The tender tones of answering love
 Soon changed to angry words ;
 No more like doves, behold them now
 A pair of *Butcher-birds*.
 Poor Doll was fated thus to drink
 Of sorrow's bitter cup,
 And, ere twelvemonths had passed away,
 Was thoroughly *cut-up*.
 That Life's faint flame was sinking fast
 There could be little doubt ;
 And soon to ease her of her pain,
 Death came, and *snuffed her out*.
 The nurse ran in and told the news,
 Bill didn't care a button ;
 " You 've kill'd," she cried, " that tender lamb,
 Alas ! she 's *dead as mutton*."

Bill Brisket never shed a tear !
 And nobody could guess
 To see him daily at his trade,
 He had a *riô* the less.

One night he dream'd a dreadful dream,
 That, walking in the street,
 There stood before him, horrid sight !
 Doll in her *winding-sheet* ! "

" Prepare," she cried, with beck'ning hand,
 " To cease to sell or barter,
 To-morrow, in your mutton *mart*,
 You 're doom'd to die a martyr ! "

She vanish'd. Bill in terror woke,
 The omen seem'd unlucky :
 He rose next morning, out of *heart*,
 And very far from *plucky*.
 He scann'd his books with anxious eye,
 As though he would adjust 'em,
 Then served his *round of customers*,
 With *beef* as was his *custom*.
 But, as he stood with knife in hand,
 An apoplectic shock
 Struck him with death, and sinking down,
 He *died upon the block*.
 Unloved he lived, he died unmourned,
 No pitying tear-drop gave
 A parting tribute, as they *sunk*
 His *offal* in the grave !

MUSICAL TRAITS AND MEMORIALS.

BY TARTINI'S FAMILIAR.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

It is possible to be too late, as well as too early, in beginning to note down traits and memories belonging to those with whom we have been conversant. Languor and depression naturally come over the spirits of persons who have lost many friends, when, invited to look far back, they see betwixt the past and the present too large a portion of *Mirza's* bridge thickly sown with pitfalls. No wonder if then the hand is apt to perform its task mechanically rather than with the animation of quickened feeling. But it is one thing to make the record before men's indifference shall have come on, and another to minister to vacant curiosity by the random and indelicate haste of "the pariah gossip." Let me try to avoid the latter offence while I trace, before they fade, a few forms and scenes belonging to the world of Music in which Time and Fate have been so strangely busy,—and in which I have spent so many hours during the last twenty years. Who would not like to know something concerning the habits and sayings of the Venetian Patrician Marcello? or to possess richer materials than any before the world for forming our own judgment of the *man* Beethoven? The literary men who have written concerning musicians have too generally thought contemptuously of the art, never troubling themselves to ascertain in what the professor thereof agreed with or differed from the man of genius, belonging to other worlds—or to reflect how far the acceptance of his class in society may have stamped him with, and limited him within, those peculiarities of which complaint has been again and again made by proseers lacking wit, and rhymesters without reason.

While the subject is fresh in my mind I wish to speak a little concerning one of the most graceful, delicate, and original artists who ever added treasure to the stores of instrumental music,—I mean Frederic Chopin. Those who knew him during his many years' residence in Paris, or who *divined* him (for acquaintance under such circumstances becomes almost impossible) during the hurries and confusions of the London season of 1848, will bear me out in stating that he well merited his memorial. Perhaps it may serve the purpose of drawing a stranger or two more within the enchanted circle of his music.

For enchantment there is in Chopin's works: which implies that their beauty has something fantastic, capricious, delicate—not altogether natural.—In no other world of art, I have often fancied, is connoisseurship so curiously limited as in Music. To hear the *fanatici* wrangle, it might be fancied that admiration for Handel deprived Mozart of his just merit, or that the listener who moved by "the Delirious Lady" of Purcell (and let me commemorate how especially magnificent that *cantata* was when sung by Miss Masson) must needs abominate Rossini's brilliant "Non piu mesta," or others of the giddily and gracefully sparkling *bravuras*, in which the Italian master makes the mere sensual pleasure of sound stand in the place of the more spiritual enjoyments of sense and sound worthily mated. I have known amateurs in no respect stupid or ill-educated

who could not bear a particular rhythm, or particular key; and the jealousy betwixt vocal and instrumental players is "old as time and clear as day." But apart from all these barriers which Bigotry and Self-conceit delight in throwing up betwixt good Christians and their pleasures, I have often remarked that in some persons of taste a relish for what is fantastic, elvish, delicate, humorous, is totally wanting. They are distanced by fairy tales—find Hood's whims far-fetched, and not entertaining,—will bear in architecture nothing but pure Doric, or harmonious Palladian, and reject Gothic grotesques with an active hatred. On such amateurs (and probably they might be devout Handelians, or severely dramatic Gluckists, or implicit believers in Mozart as the one idol), the music of Chopin would be wasted; and the name be thought hardly worthy of admission within their Pantheon of half-a-dozen divinities, whereof self is not the smallest.

The obituaries have already told the public that Frederic Chopin was born in the year 1810, at Zelazowawola, near Warsaw, that he was taught composition by Herr Elsner, and pianoforte playing by M. Zywni, and that in 1831 almost contemporaneously with any mention of his name as a musician of original and promising genius, he appeared in Paris, and established himself there. This was no child's nor *tyro's* task to accomplish, for the French metropolis was just then in its fullest glory of musical life, competition, and activity. Liszt was there, with his stupendous ten fingers, and that brilliant wit of his which "cut its bright way through" in circles where his *fantasias* and *tarentelles* and studies were not really cared for. Ferdinand Hiller, too, was there, both as a pianist and as a composer, giving promise which he has since been tardy of fulfilling. The monotony of Thalberg's magnificence as a performer had not as yet been found out; and the old, urbane and sweet-spoken Kalkbrenner (most courteous of the courteous, and vainest of the vain) still retained a certain congregation among persons who, as poor Lady — once put it, "passed their lives in cultivating elegance." What was more, it became soon clear that Chopin could not and would not make his way as a public performer; that his health was delicate almost to the point of perpetual invalidism,—that his social pretensions (not gifts), were small, that his delicacy of mind was great. There was every chance of his music being thrown by as *baroque* and vague. Just then, however, it happened that Paris was Hoffmann mad — Jean Paul mad — Esmeralda mad — mad for every thing that was parcel eccentric, parcel sentimental — mad with Polish sympathies, and for Polish poets. The pallid and frail-looking young artist, too, modest and gentle as he was, had, in addition to quiet polish of manners, that boon of irony and humour—that power of placing a *mot* which then at least (Heaven knows what the fashions are now!) never failed to command for its owner a hearing and a position in the select *coteries* of the French metropolis. Further, Chopin resigning all pretensions to the career of a travelling *virtuoso*, pitched his tent and furnished his *appartement* in Paris, a thing particularly agreeable to our neighbours: who in Art either love to discover what every one has found out, or else to monopolize that which they assume no one else is worthy to enjoy. Nothing to a thinker who has had any means of comparison can be much more pregnant with diversion than the connoisseurship of Paris: what it adopts, what it repudiates, the "why" of its takings, and the "wherefore" of its leavings. But more of this, perhaps, some other day, when scandal is in the ascendant. Enough for the

moment to state that Parisian taste did itself honour and credit in making a home—a position—a career for Chopin. I believe that in London his *Mazurkas*, *Scherzi*, *Ballades*, *Polonoises*, *Notturmi*, or *Studies*, if then put forth, would have been wasted on the empty air. In Paris they became the high fashion (as distinguished from the rage) and their composer the favourite master of the most refined and poetically disposed pianoforte players. Nor did this merited reputation dwindle on its becoming known in the progress of time, that Chopin had a history, and that the strangest and most poetical of female authors or reformers, that “large-brained woman and large-hearted man” (as Miss Barrett finely described George Sand), had given the young composer a *fauteuil* in her singular *salon*, as an intimate and valued family friend. It is needless to advert to the interpretation which was sure to be passed upon such an intimacy by our shrewd and malicious neighbours—save to advert to its probable baselessness. But when I was in Paris, in 1839-40, Madame Dudevant’s *not*, describing her inmate as “*mon beau cadavre*,” was in every one’s mouth—and, strange though her description may sound in the ears of English friendship, steady and deep I believe to have been their mutual regard; until that happened, which mostly befalls in such cases—too frequent intercourse becoming in the end burdensome; and the two separating finally after many years of affectionate counsel. It was mainly to Chopin’s bad health, and tendency to pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, that we owe one of George Sand’s most charming books of picture-writing—her “*Winter in the South of Europe*,”—otherwise the Island of Majorca.

Writing of the man, rather than of the musician, I will not indulge in any long-drawn or technical analysis of the peculiarities of Chopin’s compositions. Never has so long a series of works more intensely individual been produced—his *Mazurkas*, how rationally, pensively, quaintly freakish!—his ballads, *Notturmi* and *Preludes*, how tenderly and melodiously poetical!—his *Polonoises*, how pompous and stately! There is one in A major, of grandeur as yet unequalled, which I never hear without its calling up some coronation-festival, so gorgeously regal is its step. His *Studies*, again, are of the highest order: and this not solely as finger-exercises, but also as compositions—in spite of the peculiar notation adopted, which renders them sometimes needlessly difficult to decipher. Two remarks, however, must be offered—since they will supply a key to Chopin’s peculiar manner to those whom Chopin’s music in any respect attracts. The left hand of the player is never to be out of *tempo*: the right hand may almost always (save in the case of some distinctly formal instrumental figure) indulge in *tempo rubato*. Again, whereas other pianoforte masters insist on the equality of the fingers—in spite of the anatomical lock and key put by Nature on the motion of the third digit,—Chopin provided for their inequality: wishing, as he once told me, so far as was possible, to develop, not to destroy, the individuality of each member of the hand. Hence a system of fingering, which might possibly have made the Clementis and Hummels as irate as such gentlemen are apt to become when anything in the least new is broached and the wisdom of which is open to controversy,—but which is still a system.

Those, however, who knew and who loved the man (for the two things were one), will best taste and render the peculiar humour of Chopin’s music—will best understand how it will bear a certain dash of private judgment on the part of the player—but not the slightest touch of

exaggeration. Pianists of the *hammer-and-tongs* school—or who can do nothing without a *metronome*, are warned off Chopin's fairy-land. His interpreters ought to have hands as long as Perugino's angels, and as delicately firm as though they were framed on adamant. The uttermost precision and the most sensitive ease are all too little to play Chopin's music as he played it himself. For, though anything but foolish—anything but weak (there is iron in the rose)—he was a curious compound of fantasy, feeling, and strength—one of the most wayward, tender, *spirituel* persons I have ever conversed with. Alike remarkable for his simplicity and for his self-consciousness—he could be as eagerly irritable as a child about some little mistake in a concert-*programme*, as eagerly entertained over the toys of art or luxury, with which his *appartement* was filled by his friends and pupils. He could divert himself with trifling courtesies and mysteries—making genial sport, to those who were in his confidence, of his own interest in such things. Yet never did artist more quietly trust in his own genius as sufficient for his own success, nor more worthily hold himself remote from the intrigues, and the littlenesses, and the fevers, with which the intercourse betwixt performer and public, the connexion betwixt art and letters, are now spoiled and mixed up in France—than Chopin. There was in his nature a mixture of delicacy and pride, which cleared him of any possible participation in the practices of Parisian journalism. Traffic he could not—directly or indirectly. He was loved and admired as a *bon camarade*, but it was said of him truly, that “into the shop he would not, could not, go. Hence arose his extreme aversion to playing in public, and not altogether, as some have stated it from his physical weakness. It was further his fancy that the best artists are unequal, and that it is only perfect mediocrity which can be perfect always—and when the clock strikes. And he knew, too, that the wayward, quaint, mournful playfulness of his *Mazurkas*, and ballads, and *Notturms*, ought always to have not only the air, but, in some degree, the reality of improvisation, which few men can control. I have never been thoroughly satisfied in the playing of Chopin's more poetical music by any performer, save by Liszt; when Liszt is in his gentler mood, and sits dreaming away at the piano,—calling upon his supernatural memory to give up its treasures for the delight of one or two intimates and of himself. But as the best written account of playing is about as unsatisfactory as the lessons for dancing printed in a book, the solemn perusal of which (with illustrative diagrams) once surprised me into a hearty laugh, greatly to the offence of its author—let us “come away from the piano.”

In his intercourse with his friends, Chopin had established certain ways and caprices of his own, against which all remonstrance was fruitless. To write letters, or to answer notes, did not seem to him so much difficult as impossible. Neither from his dictation, nor from his own pen, was there any means of extracting a written reply—even when the question concerned his own interests. How his pupils managed, I could never imagine; but I know that, save by word of mouth, it was utterly useless to introduce a pupil to him—still more to induce him to make any appointment for an interview. This in one, the largest portion of whose revenues was derived from teaching, was, to say the best of it, an uncomfortable peculiarity. Chopin had, however, as many delightfully ingenious reasons in its defence, as most people command, who, from indolence indulged till it becomes a

system, neglect what Anna Seward called the "epistolary interchange of courtesies." Had the Fates pleased to have allowed him a few years' residence in England, he would possibly have sacrificed so inconvenient and unpolite an eccentricity. For there is a certain sober high-breeding in our atmosphere, which, let newly-arrived or distant foreigners rail at it as they will, rarely in the end fails to penetrate them as something better, more to be relied upon, nay, and absolutely more conducive to easy enjoyment, than either the *faux brillant* of old French politeness, or the *laissez aller* of modern French philosophy! It is only the mock-genius, and the mock-gentleman, whom our life, and our manners, and our sense of mutual obligation, fail, sooner or later, to impress.

At all events, no two things could be more entirely different than Madame Dudevant's intimate circle, with its eccentric ordinances and artificial usages—parcel savage, parcel super-civilized—and its intensely exciting conversation, in which every feverish opinion and false principle found its most eloquent and refined representative—from the matter-of-fact, bustling, unsympathetic drawing-rooms of London; where *Mrs. Leo Hunters* may be found by the score eager alike to stare at a *Bastardella* or a *Prince Lee Boo*, and into which refined and intelligent and appreciating admirers of instrumental music rarely enter. Yet so far from bearing the change badly—or from making a sulky, or cynical, or mournful "lion"—Chopin (in spite of his being driven hitherward by no choice of his own, but simply by the total destruction of Art in Paris by the Revolution) seemed heartily to be amused in London—and to enjoy his power of appreciating the good qualities of our fine ladies and our plain gentlemen. He was neither touchy in withholding nor tiresome in giving too much of his playing. If a good listener or two was near the pianoforte he was easily prevailed upon to begin, and always ended too soon. Over himself his art exercised a great charm. I have seen him look fifty when he took his place, and twenty-five when he quitted it—sit down a meagre, worn, livid, panting man (his face, as some one described it, "*seamed* with pain and anxiety"), and as he proceeded, shadow after shadow gradually dissolve, and fold after fold soften,—and the flush of health come back into the cheek, and the dim glassy eyes brighten with a cheerful and living intelligence!—When Chopin was thus excited his countenance was full of beauty; and one then gave one's self up to the hopeful fallacy that his health was less bad than it appeared to be—that other men worse bested than he had struggled on to old age, and that a deliverance from the hot-bed life in which he had been enervated, might be followed by a slow return to a healthier and more manly condition of health and strength. Alas! the wonder was that such shattered fragments could be made to assume even the semblance of consistency and volition—that such a life could be prolonged from evening to evening by any spell! Even before he came to our rude climate, Chopin was so weak, and a pulmonary or asthmatic affection had gained such ground, that he was compelled to be carried up stairs; and it was a distressing sight to see him (as I have more than once done) shivering and trembling with eagerness among the arriving or departing guests of a London rout, arrested by the apparition of so very peculiar a shadow, until some friend came by, who could explain or provide for his infirmity.

Chopin's death was probably hastened by a visit to Scotland, which

he was induced to make at the close of the London musical season of 1848. The climate, he said, "pierced him through like a spear;" but his enjoyment of our *vie de château*, and his wonderful power of endurance, carried him through. He himself, on his return to London, described with sad humour the utter amazement testified by a party of sportsmen in rude health, on stumbling over him as he lay gasping for breath on the deck of a steamer, covered with warm wrappings,—and their doubt (he said) "as to his species." It became too evident to every one that his decay had been cruelly accelerated by his lingering too late in the North; and, for a fortnight, in November, he lay in that state of prostration from which some of us conceived he could never rally. Will it be believed that, in this state of death-in-life, Chopin was solicited by the charity-mongers and philanthropical patriots (well acquainted with the intensity of his national affections) to appear at Guildhall on the night of the Polish Ball, and to perform at the concert, which on such occasions must be hurried through before the dancing begins? Some of his friends interfered by pointing out the peril of such exposure to the dying man, and by advancing the harder and more selfish argument that his playing would produce not the slightest effect, heard under such circumstances, nor his name in the bill attract, his celebrity as a musician being select rather than universal. It was of no avail,—remonstrance was unheeded by the enthusiastic promoters of the scheme, whose callous disregard of everything save the contents of the begging-box to be filled at other people's cost is laid by for "the rainy day," on which the charity extorted from musicians by mendicant persons of quality is to be repaid by the critic and historian. Chopin was got out of bed and patched up and blistered and drugged,—and carried off to the City; and after all this, as another musician who was present on the occasion described it, "hardly one of the audience cared when he began, or knew when he ended." But the Polish cause was served, and the thing made a show in the morning papers!

I saw Chopin once again in Paris in April last, a stage or two further down the hill: then so feeble as to converse with difficulty, having been for many weeks compelled to give up playing. Nevertheless, he managed to rally under the spell of the strong interest of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and in order to be present at the first appearance of Madame Viardot Garcia, for whom he entertained a deep friendship. I think this must have been the last music he ever heard, for shortly afterwards we learned that his disease had made such progress that he was removed to Chaillot for the sake of the better air. Once or twice he might be seen driving in the *Bois de Boulogne* by the side of Mlle. Jenny Lind; but soon came the time when his own carriage came to the door every day by his orders, to be sent away after an hour's waiting. He was always to be better—to drive out "to-morrow!" Before this period his sister had arrived from Warsaw to attend upon him, and it became evident soon that her detention in Paris would not be a long one. New symptoms of disease appeared;—new pains had to be suffered—but as death approached and agony deepened, all little whimsies and manifestations of irritability dropped away from the invalid and utterly disappeared; and an affectionate and touching patience (the real nature of the man) to the end sustained him, and made the task of watching his death-bed easy. Something of the poet, too, broke out in Chopin's last hours. Among the friends who at-

tended upon him were M. Franchomme, the admirable violoncellist, and M. Guttman, a favourite pupil. On the eve of his death, the 16th of October, he turned to them and entreated them "never to play anything save good music," adding earnestly, "Pray give me this pleasure—I am sure I shall hear you." About five o'clock in the morning of the 17th, a Polish lady, with whom he had long maintained an intimate friendship, arrived. Chopin smiled when he saw her enter, and though then almost inarticulate, said, "Ever since yesterday evening I have been asking, why God was so long in calling me to him. But now I know it was that I might have the pleasure of seeing you once again." He then entreated Madame de P—— to sing, and while she was singing sunk away and expired.

It had always been Chopin's wish that "the Requiem" of Mozart should be performed over his remains. This was done in *La Madeleine* with as much musical splendour as was attainable; and more real sorrow and sympathy than is common (dare I say it?) at Parisian ceremonials. The choir was led by Madame Castellan, Madame Viardot Garcia, M. Alexis Dupont, and Signor Lablache. The funeral march from Chopin's own first pianoforte *Sonata*, and one of his Preludes, were played;—and after this the remains were transferred to that strangest and most theatrical of Golgothas, the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. A monument to his memory is projected; but do what sculptor or epitaphmonger will they will not better the old adage that Chopin's best monument is in his music. His death leaves us almost without a composer for his instrument meriting the name.

"OLD TIMES."

BY CAPTAIN BLUE ANCHOR, R.N.

HAPPILY, in one respect, "Old Times" are changed for the better, and now having a real "Ocean Queen," who sails (steams, should have been the word) round the wooden walls, why, Jack is quite certain that her gracious majesty is a "regular built lady."

It is a truth, that the only chance our sailors had formerly of forming an opinion of the features of royalty, was through the exquisite carvings produced from the various dockyards, and placed at the bows of some ship bearing the regal name. Those who have critically examined those specimens of physiognomic art, must have been puzzled to account for the remarkable coincidence, that, although surmounting the *stem*, they were always *stern* likenesses. The four or five frigates sent as a *garde d'honneur* to Portland Roads, when George the Third, and "Royal Family," visited Weymouth, gave the only opportunity, in "Old Times," of the Blue Jacket seeing a "right-down real king;" these frigates were said to be stationed there to prevent the French, on some dark night, from purloining his majesty; however, the attempt was not made whilst I had the honour of being one of his very subordinate protectors. But a few months previous to my having this distinguished duty to perform, when the present century was in its

infantile years, I had received the valuable appointment, as a volunteer of the first class (now a naval cadet), to join H. M. Frigate N——, then fitting out at Woolwich. My father brought me to London, a few days before I was to go on board my ship, and very considerably took me to see the *then* lions of the metropolis, among others, the interior of Westminster Abbey; it was the only sight that made lasting impression on my mind, for it was here that I had the honour of an introduction to Queen Elizabeth. There may be sceptics who will think that I am “backing astern” of “Old Times,” but the idea will explode, when I state, that about this period, Madame Tussaud must have been a sprightly young lady, and the exhibition in the Abbey flourished without a rival. There *was* her Majesty Queen Bess, and a number of other personages of equal note, “done in wax,” to the life! her auburn (carrot) wig, brocaded dress, starched ruff, all very correct as to costume; but her eyes—my eyes! as Jack used to say (he’s too refined now),—why, a few years after, when on the coast of Africa, I could have obtained three or four dozen of turkeys, for those two precious pieces of blue glass; and, as to the string of beads round her majesty’s neck, any slaver might have loaded his ship with niggers for half the quantity; but Humanity stepped in to put an end to that odious traffic; so, instead of embarking the slaves *singly* on their own proper legs, they saved them the trouble of walking, by heading them up in hogsheads in *couples*, and rolling them into the boats, like barrels of pickled tongues, with a few air-holes, just to keep them sweet.

With every consideration for my personal welfare, by the captain’s orders, I was placed under the protection of Mr. Benjamin R——, an elderly master’s mate, then in London, and about to join the frigate like myself; he was directed to take charge of and see me safe on board. The means of conveyance he had provided, was a large wherry, to start from Billingsgate Stairs at the “top of the flood.” Having received a paternal benediction, my chest, &c. were duly shipped, with my companion’s effects, in the boat. I was delighted in the anticipation, that in a couple of hours I should make my *début* in the character of a naval officer. The waterman informed us that the “tide served,” “all was right,” and off we started.

It was early in the month of February, and I must not omit to state that my friend, old Ben, took a “stiffener” (half a pint of rum) to keep out the cold atmosphere. A log of our passage down the Thames would have been bought up in the present day, as an interesting document of nautical skill in traverse sailing. The first “reach” we made, brought us to Horselydown Stairs, where we landed; my companion, still complaining of the rawness of the air, had stiffener the second. We had no sooner got into the middle of the river, than he recollected a particular friend who kept a tavern close to Wapping Old Stairs, he was anxious to leave his card (of course of P. P. C.)—across the stream we went—stiffener repeated—out again; an old gunner’s mate, who had served with him in the first American war, kept the “Jolly Mariners” at Rotherhithe, “must give *him* a hail,”—another stiffener, and off again into the stream.

By this time I had become rather astonished at the number of

acquaintances my companion seemed to possess in the victualling department, and was pondering over the subject, when he called to the waterman, "just shove in for a minute to Limehouse Hole;" he expected to find a letter from his grandmother, respecting his promotion, (Ben looked about forty,) a letter, he repeated, of the highest importance. In the boat went, and up the stairs at the landing-place went Mr. Benjamin R——, followed by myself. Not finding the expected communication at the Anchor and Hope—he proposed that we should wait for a short time, as probably it might be brought. Ben's inclination to join his ship seemed to be in the inverse ratio to my eagerness to do so; but being entirely in his charge, and considering the very great consequence of the documents which he stated were to arrive, of course I readily yielded to circumstances. Ben's libations flowed as fast as the tide ebbed—the waterman was ordered to take care of himself and the boat—he seemed perfectly contented, and in due time informed us, "that the tide had run out." I discovered that Ben had long since eschewed the simple aphorism of any "tide in the affairs of man," &c.; we had taken ours at the top of the flood, it was true, but it had as yet only led us into Limehouse Hole. As I afterwards learned, poor Ben's "fortune" had long been "certain,"—he had seen more than twenty years of service, and had been mate of the decks in half a dozen ships—his occupation had for some years been chiefly confined to the superintendence of mixing grog, washing, holy-stoning, cleaning and swabbing. There were hundreds in the navy similarly circumstanced—having entered the service with bright prospects, served their probationary time, and passed their examination, suddenly their promotion was blighted, either by loss of early patrons, or, perchance, the change of interest in some on of the forty Cornish boroughs. Year after year followed, until they arrived at middle-age—hope became hopeless!—the "Lady Pandora" should have had at the bottom of her trunk, a lieutenant's commission, endorsed, "for an elderly mate, when he can get it." The next ebb-tide, being of course late in the evening, Ben did not consider it safe to continue our passage down the river in the dark, and therefore proposed, that we should remain where we were until the morning, so that we could get on board "comfortably" to breakfast. In all these arrangements I was quiescent—the boat was consequently unloaded and hawled up for the night.

My friend Ben very soon appeared in the most happy mood; not that he was in the least affected by the repeated appliance of the vitrified matter to his lips; habit seemed to have acquired a mastery over the combined powers of distillation; he frolicked about with the agility of a Polar cub, and amused himself and me with a variety of trifling mischievous antics. The room in which we were, was a long apartment used for tide-waiting passengers like ourselves; the only moveable articles of furniture it possessed, were some twenty bell-pulls, hanging from the ceiling, which Ben set swinging to and fro; and, with my dirk, dexterously, at one blow, knocked off (one after the other) the brass rings, to the dismay of the landlord, and infinite delight of the select company present, consisting of sailors and their wives. The hosts of these river-side receptacles had a most respectful dread of big mates and midshipmen; it being no unusual occurrence to see one of these junior officers, accompanied by a boat's crew, walk in and walk off the whole of the male customers—leaving

one of the softer sex melodiously warbling some endearing effusion after the style of

“Fly to the arms of your Polly, dear Jack,
Safe from the press-gang she ’ll stow ye ;
Old Nick take the scamps on his brimstone back,
Who to the Tender would row ye.”

A blind fiddler intruding himself, the ladies found it impossible to resist the temptation of putting it to lively strains of the “College Hornpipe.” Ben soon provided himself with a partner, selected from the wives of the sailors, for, like the followers of the Prophet, they are allowed a plurality. A slight contention arose, as to which should have the reefer—this was soon decided, by one of them throwing her arms round my neck, and then lifting me to the middle of the room. Certainly her breath was not quite so pleasingly odorous as my sister’s, who was the last female I had saluted, before leaving home ; but I had not then been accustomed to onions and real Jamaica. I very soon discovered that the style of dancing was quite at variance with that which I had been taught ; however, with a little practice, I soon got my hand into the double-shuffle—quadrilles were then unknown. As my partner was particularly kind and attentive, frequently saving me the fatigue of running down the middle, by carrying me there, the evening passed off, as satisfactorily to me, as it apparently did to my companion Ben. To what hour it was prolonged (at this distance of time) I have not a perfect recollection, but I believe that long before the whole of the company had departed, I was sound asleep on one of the benches. In the morning, I discovered my temporary guardian snoring ingloriously under one of the tables.

The despatches from his grandmother not having come to hand, we took our departure from the Anchor and Hope, and in due course arrived at Greenland Stairs—it will be sufficiently elucidative of the extreme velocity of our passage to state, that Deptford consumed the next day, Greenwich the following one, (each enlivened by a similar round of amusement,) and on the evening of the fourth from our leaving London, we arrived off Woolwich, and alongside H. M. frigate. After paying the waterman an extra two guineas for his detention, Ben informed me that he would report my coming on board to the commanding officer (he was fully aware that the captain was absent), which was a very considerate proceeding on his part, as my personal appearance was not precisely of the neatest order ; besides, he had no doubt some trifling misgiving, that I might have been questioned as to the time occupied, and the exact bearings of the different ports, at which we had touched in our protracted cruise.

It will most assuredly be acknowledged, that no youngster ever entered H. M. service under more favourable auspices. In four days I had acquired a perfect insight into, at least, the shore-going varieties of a nautical life—in truth, I might be considered as a semi ready-made midshipman.

“Order is Heaven’s first law.” Unfortunately, it is often out of the power of us mundane bipeds to preserve it, and however admirable the sublime rule may be in contemplation, it must be dispensed with in the relation of events of “Old Times.” Scenes of early days come to the recollection, tumbling over each other in most erratic confusion, and after a lapse of thirty years, I very gladly

avail myself of the first of my old acquaintances that offers his services. The somewhat ludicrous termination is its only claim to selection as well as to the designation of

LA POTAGE DE CAPORAL.

There was no duty that fell to the lot of the navy in "Old Times" more hazardous and more uncertain in the result than "boat service." It is one in which only actual warfare can give practice. Although the introduction of steam will render the necessity of resorting to it less frequent than formerly, yet occasions will present themselves in which it will be found compulsory. Generally the odds were equal, whether your head was knocked off before you got into the *mêlée*, or after it. Should neither event "come off," why then the odds rose ten to one that you would come off the victor.

Cruising off Cherbourg, in company with his Majesty's gun-brig "G—," daylight, one morning, discovered to us a flotilla of small craft, sneaking along under the convoy of two gun-boats; they had sailed from La Hague, but the wind failing, what breeze they had was then "dead off the land." It was gradually drawing them further from the coast; and of course, it was equally against the ship's drawing nearer to them. In fact, the breeze was so light, that it might be said to be "any way." It was extremely vexing to lay *looking* only from about four miles' distance—so thought our captain, for upon consulting his "three feet Dollond" (telescope), he consulted (by signal) with our consort; and after a short communication—"Hands up—out boats," was no sooner ordered than it was executed. The disposable force consisted of four of our boats, and two from the brig, under the command of our senior lieutenant. The first business was the gun-boats. They were quite prepared for us long before our approach, and blazed away with tolerable precision, "cutting off" some of the *blades* of the oars, and performing the same office to a few of *those* who were pulling them. However, as we gave them as short a time as possible for consideration, with a praiseworthy discretion, they soon began to pull in for the shore, keeping up a running accompaniment both from long guns and small arms. One gun-boat was carried with some loss of life (principally before the attack),—and two of my messmates never sat down to dinner after that morning! The other boat managed to get under the guns of a battery before we could reach her.

This was the serious part of the affair—now came the comic—it was *sauve qui peut* among the small fry; there were vessels of all sizes, and every variety of cargo—miscellaneous merchandise and agricultural produce—some laden with marketable commodities, ducks, geese, &c., others providing the onions and sage; these, however, were left to pursue their voyage. A selection was made of the more valuable looking—some taken in tow by the boats; others had two or three hands put on board and left, in the hopes of the breeze freshening. A sloop-rigged vessel, of about forty tons, attracted the attention of the lieutenant commanding the boat in which I was; she was separated from the main body, full half a mile, but pulling up to her, and finding two men and a boy composed the crew, I was placed on board with three hands to do the best I could. She was principally laden with corn in bulk.

Great was the lamentation of M. le Capitaine at the capture of his bark. I certainly pitied the poor old fellow—the vessel was the whole of his wealth—he cried and swore in a breath. I offered him the best consolation in my power, by reminding him that it was *la fortune de la guerre*. “*Ah! c’est vrai, c’est vrai, Monsieur,*” said the old man, wringing his hands.

His man and boy had run down the fore-hatch, when we first got on board, where they still remained, and having recovered from their fright—re-commenced preparing a formidable kettle of soup, in which it appeared they had been occupied previously to the attack of the *diabes Anglais*. I made not the slightest objection to this arrangement—neither I nor the men had breakfasted, and there was very little probability of our doing so (on board our own ship) for some time to come. We managed to get the vessel’s head round towards the frigate, but there she lay like a log.

It was at the latter end of October, and presently came on one of those cold drizzling rains, which soon changed to a thick mist, and the mist soon ended in a dense fog. We lost sight of the land, ships, and every object around us—save just the length of the old craft; the wet mainsail, flapping to and fro (for want of wind), was the only animated piece of still-life that broke the monotony of the silence that reigned. We had remained in this situation about an hour, when we could distinctly hear the splash of oars. At first, the gratifying idea suggested itself that it was one of our boats coming to give us a tow, but, to accustomed ears, the approach of an English man-of-war’s boat is as distinguishable in the dark as it is in the daylight, and my men soon decided “that it war’n’t no man-of-war’s pull.”

We were not long kept in suspense. The gun-boat that had taken refuge under the battery, very wisely taking advantage of the fog, conceived it probable that she might recapture some of the stragglers; and her success in finding our vessel proved the accuracy. Resistance would have been folly—cutlasses we had, it is true, but not even a pistol. The gun-boat was armed with two long guns, manned with about twenty men, besides soldiers. There was nothing left for us but “to surrender at discretion.” The officer commanding was soon on board our short-lived capture, to whom I delivered my sword (a ship’s cutlass), in due form, which he received with vast politeness, and placed under his arms with as much importance as if it had come from the first naval Lord of the Board of Admiralty.

M. le lieutenant was determined to make the most of a rarity—an Englishman’s sword. Finding that I spoke French, he inquired what number of men I had with me, and the names of the frigate and brig. After holding a brief conversation with the old capitaine, during which there were sundry shrugs of the shoulders, occasionally glancing a look of contempt, perhaps of commiseration, at my juvenile appearance, the arrangements were concluded. My three men were ordered into the gun-boat, and one of the soldiers, a corporal, out of it, to take charge and deliver me to the authorities at Cherbourg.

It was a policy adopted by the French during the war (when they did take any of our seamen prisoners) to separate them as soon as possible from the officers, the more easily to induce them to enter

their service. A slight breeze sprung up, which just gave the vessel steerage way, but the fog continued as thick as ever. The gun-boat was soon out of sight, either to pick up other stray craft or fearful of being picked up, should the weather clear up. The vessel's head was again turned, as near as she would lay up, towards her destination. What light air there was still continued against our making Cherbourg. The old French skipper having regained the possession of his floating fortune, which I wished had been at the bottom of the Channel, now broke out into the most extravagant joy : he sung and capered about the deck, then darted down the scuttle of the after-cabin, and reappeared with a bottle of *eau-de-vie*. At his pressing solicitation I took a small quantity. "*C'est la fortune de la guerre, monsieur*," significantly said the old man to me. He was right; it was his turn to be consolatory. M. le caporal, the capitaine, and his man, rapidly emptied the bottle. The cold drizzling rain continuing, it soon induced my "body-guardsmen" to take possession of the captain's cabin. It was very like an upright baker's oven : the hole, or scuttle, in the deck was barely sufficiently large to allow of M. le caporal squeezing his capacious body through it ; however, first went his musket, then his appointments, next his cocked hat, and lastly himself. He seemed perfectly satisfied of my personal safety ; consequently, with the utmost nonchalance, he asked me to warn him when we were entering the port, and then went to sleep.

M. le capitaine, again at the helm of his "*Bonne Fortune*," pressed me to go below also, but as I told him that I had lately come from a cruise in the North Sea, the weather would not hurt me ; the truth was, I was anxiously looking for some of our cruisers, and contemplating the probability of my being provided with ready-furnished apartments, gratis, for the remaining period of the war. The old fellow was extremely loquacious, and in high glee. He seemed to place perfect confidence in the valour of M. le caporal and his musket to protect him from further danger. He asked me to take the helm for a minute whilst he went forward to give some directions relative to the *potages*, which, again, occupied the care of his man and boy. The vessel was barely making sufficient way to steer, and his crew seemed little inclined to face the weather. They had a good fire below, and sat smoking and watching the pot, which hung on the front of the stove. The old man soon returned and informed me that it was *toute prête*. He would go and serve out his own and the men's allowance, and then bring the pot aft, that it might keep hot for M. le caporal and myself. Accordingly he soon brought it, and, placing it near the scuttle, was again going forward to fetch some bread, basins, &c. I told him that he might as well remain, when he was below, to eat his own soup, and, after he had finished his repast, return to the helm, for which kind suggestion he thanked me.

As soon as his head disappeared down the fore-hatch, I considered the most prudent course I could adopt would be to secure him there, in company with his man and boy, which I accomplished with the greatest promptitude, by silently going along the weather side of the vessel, and as the hatch cover was only half removed, to keep out the rain, I very simply effected, by shoving it entirely over, and the clamp mechanically falling over the eye-bolt, saved me any further trouble. I had no time to listen to the uproar below : I was

rather fearful that the corporal would be awakened by it from his slumbers before I had time to cover him over also ; however, in my passage back to the stern, I picked up a broken spar (half an oar), with which I was perfectly satisfied I could knock out his brains, should he show the possession of so few, by trying to get upon deck, for I knew that his skull must be the first part of his person that would have, of necessity, to appear through the small aperture.

I had just time to get back to the tiller and up with the helm : the old craft "payed off" beautifully, and seemed to "find her legs." As I expected, the noise forward had given my now remaining object of solicitude a confused idea of the real fact, and I saw that it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to place the scuttle over. I consequently stood ready, with my formidable weapon, to wait the event: it was *tout ou rien* with me ; but he was aware of the difficulty he would have in getting clear of the hole, so, after giving me a few blessings in the best possible French, he fired, as well as he was able, the ball whistling past me into the main-sail. Thinking that possibly the next shot might take a lower direction, I became somewhat desperate, and laying down my cudgel as a *dernier ressort*, I seized the kettle of soup, and whilst he was in the act of priming his musket to re-load, I dashed the contents on his head ; it was the *grand coup*. It proved thoroughly, and unexpectedly, effective. I was fortunate enough to accomplish three things :—I scalded his head and face, completely blinded him for the time, and filled the pan of his firelock with gravy-soup. I had vanquished my opponent, and critical as was my situation, I could not refrain from laughing at the fellow. He dropped his musket instantly, and fell as if he had been shot ; he roared terrifically, and rolled about the floor of the cabin ; he could form no conception with what liquid-fire I had assailed him, for he was unconscious of the savoury repast that had been so long concocting. Whilst he was trying to rid his face of the scalding pieces of cabbage and other fatty matters, I shut out his day-light, by securing the scuttle.

I had now time to ease off the boom-sheet. I was rather short-handed on deck, it must be acknowledged, but the breeze continuing to freshen, my re-captured prize spanked away before the wind. The weather began to clear up, and in less than half an hour I had the gratification of getting a sight of H. M. brig G—.

I was soon under the stern, threw my craft into wind, and requested a boat as soon as possible. One was immediately alongside. On opening the fore-hatch, the old captain, who had some time been satisfied of the issue of the contest, shook his grey head at me, as much as to say what a fool he had been to leave me (*seul*) on deck. It was again my turn to repeat, "*C'est la fortune de la guerre, monsieur,*" but his heart was too full to reply. M. le caporal, on being released, was obliged to be placed under the doctor's care.

All that needs further to be stated is, that in "Old Times" similar events were almost of daily occurrence, although not under precisely similar circumstances, and that *la potage de caporal* turned out *la véritable* "pot luck" *magnifique*.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Cradle of the Twin Giants, Science and History. By Henry Christmas, M.A. Bentley : London.

We like the writer who throws his whole soul into the work he is engaged in—who makes the subject he treats of, his own—who places it before the reader as the expression of his own thoughts and convictions on the matter. This is the charm of these volumes. The author is no necromancer, although he writes, as one would write, who believed in magic and practised it; he probably casts no nativities, but it is very evident that he has all the requisite skill to do so; he may never have called spirits from the vasty deep, but it is quite clear that he considers others have called them, and that they possibly have answered to the call. Indeed to write scoffingly and incredulously of the occult sciences, as Salverte did; to sneer at alchemy, astrology, talismans, and charms, would be in exceeding bad taste, and could not but deter the reader from perusing any further the author's observations. It was the very sincerity of the old alchemist's convictions, that makes his midnight and mysterious labours so respectable, and the details of them so readable; men sought formerly for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, as things veritably within their reach, could their skill attain to them. In the days of the intellectual giants, especially, judicial astrology was most confidently believed in and assented to, as a true science, as the Gospel was believed to be a true revelation. The very ablest and most judicious and pious of men, studied it, and regulated their life according to it; Melancthon was a slave to it; and Calvin expressly states that our bodies have some sympathy with the stars, and that a knowledge of sidereal astronomy would profit us both in medicine and agriculture; and most usefully direct us at what time we ought to sow, and to let blood, and to take physic, and to prune trees.

The researches and calculations of alchemists and astrologers, were, in consequence, made in the most perfect good faith, and in the most serious spirit and persuasion, that the truth was their object, and that it would in the end be attained to, by their labours and inquiries.

Mr. Christmas has quite caught the spirit that influenced them, and he details with much liveliness and ability their multitudinous speculations, and the general result of all their combined and individual efforts. The art of casting nativities he has here fully described, and this is an art, which is even now, far more practised in private than heard of in public, and is by many considered as having a strong foundation on facts, and to be highly productive of consequences.

But nothing that interested our forefathers in such matters has escaped our author's notice. Medical Astrology and Magic, Arithmetical Astrology and Ghosts, Oneiromancy and Witchcraft, Fairies and Talismans, Pneumatology and Alchemy, with all their contingencies and dependencies, have here their histories fairly written out, their origin accounted for, and their consequences very philosophically and

scientifically detailed. Nor are Mesmerism and Clairvoyance and Homœopathy overlooked, or treated as matters that have neither sense nor science; on the contrary, they receive the most respectful attention, and every argument and support that words could give them, is here liberally offered to them. Mesmeric Wonders form, indeed, a title to one of the chapters; but far greater wonders are detailed in the chapters on Ecclesiastical Romance. All lovers of the marvellous should certainly read the marvellous stories with which these chapters abound, and which are told with much humour, as actual verities, surpassing as they do, in extravagance and roguery, anything we meet with in the Arabian nights.

The object of the author in collecting together the facts and reasonings that fill these volumes, is to enable us clearly to trace out the progress and change of astrology till it became astronomy, the same of alchemy till it became chemistry, and of fable till it became history.

And the labour of compiling these volumes may be judged of by the fact, that between four and five hundred rare, and chiefly Latin books, were consulted before the required information was obtained. Much curious matter is thus unveiled to us, and many strange things, that the world had well nigh forgotten, is thus brought to light again; and great credit is due to the author for making from such recondite and mysterious subjects, so popular a work, that will instruct all readers, offend none, and very highly amuse most.

We could, indeed, fill scores of pages with the most amusing anecdotes, and leave hundreds untold; and we could make a display of mediæval learning and research, that would at once show how deeply Mr. Christmas has studied his subject, and how scientifically he can discourse upon it. It would, moreover, be in vain altogether to seek elsewhere for the information which is here given, thus clearly and succinctly in these two neat volumes; all must come to "The Cradle of the Twin Giants," who would receive sound instruction on the science and history of the middle ages, or would desire to know the secret springs of mens' actions, and the self-imposed laws that directed their movements, at the time when Henry V. was winning a kingdom to himself in France, and Richard III. was losing a crown on Bosworth Field.

The Life of John Calvin. By T. H. Dyer. 8vo. Murray: London, 1850.

Calvin as well as Cromwell, had a mission to this earth, and it was one exactly suited to their several characters and inclinations, since it was less to carry forth to their fellow-men the olive-branch of peace, than to hurl among them the torches of discord, and to lash into greater fury the wild and turbulent passions they found raging around them. Both were ambitious, and clever, and resolute; both lived in stormy times, and embarked on stormy seas, and very cleverly contrived to keep themselves always on the crest of the wave, while others were engulfed in the hollows beneath them. Both rose to supreme power in their respective territories, through the overthrow of every existing institution, in Church and State; both by the exercise of the strong hand with which they gained their despotic power, retained it; and alike showed

the most fiercely vindictive feelings against their enemies, and their passionate resentment against all who ventured to oppose their will.

Centuries have passed away since these men lived and ruled, and yet there is still a wide difference of opinion amongst us, as to whether their coming into this world was a blessing to it or a curse: one party of hero-worshippers lauding Cromwell to the skies, as the very first of patriots, of warriors, and of statesmen; and, another, almost idolizing Calvin as the very mouthpiece of the divine oracles, as the most correct and orthodox of all Scripture interpreters and commentators.

In the judgment of many, however, Cromwell was the most consummate hypocrite and the craftiest knave that ever lived; and Calvin, the greatest schismatic in the Christian Church, and the author of the most lasting confusion within it. But the power and influence of Cromwell died when he died, while the influence of Calvin knew of no diminution from his death, and still increases with time, and flourishes in this our day as vigorously as ever. Indeed, in this very month of January 1850, the influence of the so-called Calvinistic doctrines upon a numerous party in the English Church, is powerfully manifesting itself through the whole length and breadth of the land.

The life before us is thus most seasonable and acceptable, written as it is, temperately and impartially, and as much as is possible on Calvin's own correspondence; for wherever it was practicable, says the author. Calvin has been left to speak for himself. We have thus laid open to us the secret springs of all his actions, his private thoughts on all subjects, his motives and objects, the workings of his mind on all occasions of controversy and correspondence with friends and foes. Dark, gloomy, and fierce was that mind, as these pages show; and irritable, proud, and cruel was the man; a despot at heart, in the sternest sense, who needed but the power to annihilate all who disputed the correctness of his opinions, or hesitated to receive his doctrines. The fourth and sixth chapters are very instructive on this head; and the chapter on the morals of Geneva throughout Calvin's presidency there, is one of the most painfully instructive we have for a long time read.

To the principles propounded by Calvin, no earnest inquirer after truth can possibly at any time be indifferent, and their influence on his own character is a most marked and memorable instance of the power of religious belief, over all a man's actions, under all circumstances, throughout his whole life. But there are numerous subjects of the most thrilling interest introduced into these pages; and surpassed by few in horror and atrocity and cruelty, is that of the plague in Geneva; of the conspiracy to spread it, and of the trial, torture, and execution of the conspirators; nor can we now, even with the help of all the facts and documents here presented to us, but very faintly imagine what a wretched life the Genevese led, tyrannised over as they were, by a council, itself under the strictest priestly domination, which spread its spies on all sides, and sternly denounced and condemned to imprisonment, banishment, or death, all who indulged, even in their own dwellings, in dancing and such youthful recreations, or who gave utterance to a thought that was in the least adverse to the opinions of the intolerant Calvin.

Upon all such topics Mr. Dyer has said no more than the occasion strictly called for; nor will we here say more of this life of Calvin, than that it is admirably, ably, and judiciously written, and that it gives to us all the information concerning the actions and opinions of the Genevese

reformer, that it is possible, perhaps, to collect together, or that it in the least concerns us to have any knowledge of.

It is a faithful history, agreeably, equally as well written, and will, or ought to find equal favour with those who consider Calvin as one of the brightest and purest lights that ever shone on the Christian Church, as with those who consider that it would have been far better for the Church had Calvin never been born.

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. From the Norman Conquest till the Death of Lord Mansfield. By John Lord Campbell, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Author of "The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England." 2 vols. Murray.

The reason assigned by Lord Campbell for closing his series of Chief Justices with Lord Mansfield, is that he was "afraid of hurting the feelings of surviving relations and friends," by the introduction of the lives of Lords Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden. We should be better disposed to admit the validity of this reason, if his lordship had not already given us the lives of Erskine and Eldon. The omission, perhaps, is in good taste, but we do not think Lord Campbell is entitled to plead it.

The public will have much cause to regret his lordship's delicacy, when they shall have seen from these volumes how admirably fitted he was for the task. Coming after the Chancellors, it may be felt that the interest of the subject is inferior; but, if that be so, it may in some measure be ascribed to the biographer himself. Lord Campbell finds that his materials are neither so full nor so satisfactory as in the former case, and that his Justices are by no means so fine a race of men for judicial biography as his Chancellors, and has consequently cast into the work a tone of critical objection which, while it abundantly amuses the reader, lowers the moral attraction of the characters that are passed in chronological review before him. This is, no doubt, perfectly just on the main; but we cannot help thinking that it might have been sometimes spared with advantage. Lord Campbell's qualifications for such biographies are of the highest kind—complete knowledge of the whole machinery of administration, great historical research, industry in the collection of materials, unimpeachable integrity of purpose, and skill in enlivening the driest topics with pleasant personal details. But professional habits and predilections cannot be wholly got rid of. They will unconsciously influence the judgment, and affect the spirit of a book. And here, accordingly, we find points of etiquette interposing to check and balance estimates of character and conduct, and a jealous sense of privileges rising up occasionally, to the prejudice of graver and more important considerations. All this was, probably, no more than might have been anticipated, and it must be confessed that the whole train of Chiefs, from Odo, the Justiciar, to Mansfield, present but few specimens of that lofty order of mind with which Lord Campbell might be expected to sympathise. But it does not necessarily follow that the Lower Bench should be less worthy in its functions, apart from the individuals who discharged them, of honour and respect, than the Woolsack. It appears to us that the incompetency, venality, and delinquency of the majority of the lawyers who occupied these chiefships, made so unfavourable

vourable an impression on the mind of Lord Campbell, that he has undesignedly reflected back upon the bench itself the discredit which attached strictly to its occupants. We certainly could not sustain this opinion by any specific passage; but we speak to the final impression left upon us by a perusal of the whole work, and from the fact that we do not find that his lordship has anywhere considered it necessary to separate the function from the judge, and to vindicate the institution from the opprobrium of individual abuses.

It must be granted that it would be difficult to collect out of the annals of any class in the community a gallery of more contemptible or hideous portraits than are presented in the biographies of these ministers of justice, or, to speak by the card, of law—for they are by no means convertible terms. We are thankful to Lord Campbell for enlightening us on this matter; and, in spite of our conscientious desire to see the tribunal extricated from the disgrace of its historical connections, we are bound to say that, after wading through such a mass of feebleness, hypocrisy, and guilt, we are not much surprised at his lordship's indifference to the reputation of the Courts.

The office of Chief Justiciar, by which the administration of the law was for the first time centralized in England, owes its origin to William the Conqueror. It was a direct invasion of the old usages of the Anglo-Saxons, and laid the foundations of that system of judicature which, through subsequent ages, gradually moulded itself into more convenient forms. Much interest cannot be supposed to attach to the lives of the early justiciars, when we find, so lately as 1189, Richard I., in order to raise funds for his expedition to Jerusalem, putting up the office to the highest bidder, the fortunate purchaser being the Bishop of Durham, one of the greatest profligates of his age. Professional qualifications gave them no concern in those days. The bishop was succeeded by an archbishop, who, setting fire to a church for the purpose of apprehending a demagogue who had taken sanctuary in it, was deposed from his office at the instance of the Pope. Until we come to the days of Sir Edward Coke, and then through a chequered interval to Sir Matthew Hale, there is little to dwell upon with satisfaction. But the sketches of these motley and riotous judges are given with such breadth and power, and diversified with such strange anecdotes and odd peeps behind the curtain of the law, that the attention is kept as much on the alert throughout as if we were reading a history of enchantments, instead of a veritable account of the way in which the rights and liberties of the people of this sober realm have been dealt with for a matter of many centuries.

One of the most spirited and attractive biographies of the whole, is that of the Lord President Bradshaw, who presided at the trial of Charles I., and who, it may be thought, had properly no business here at all. He is here, however, in virtue of his office of Lord President, and his character is treated so dispassionately, and with such strict integrity, that we are grateful for finding him here. In depicting this man, who has been as egregiously misrepresented on the one hand as he has been extravagantly extolled on the other, Lord Campbell takes occasion to applaud the dignity and self-possession with which the unfortunate King conducted himself on his trial, redeeming Bradshaw at the same time from the charge of wanton brutality which has so frequently been brought against him. Bradshaw was a dull man, but a stern

republican ; the act of sitting in trial on the King may, as Lord Campbell says, have been a "great atrocity," but assuming the court to be constituted, Bradshaw was bound to maintain its authority, which he appears to have done with as much courtesy and forbearance as were consistent with the necessity of his position, and the repeated refusals of the King to recognize his functions. It is remarkable, observes Lord Campbell, that Bradshaw abstained from pronouncing the sentence with his own mouth : yet, for all that, he was the first to sign the death-warrant. The remainder of Bradshaw's career was not so creditable to him as his conduct on this memorable occasion, which alone has made him famous, or infamous, in history.

The lives of Coke and Mansfield are the most important in the series ; and, taken in its entirety, the work is a worthy companion to the "Lives of the Chancellors," quite equal to them in ability, and exhibiting the same acuteness of judgment and happy variety of treatment.

Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions. By George Jones, R.A. Moxon.

Mr. Jones "apologises for the errors" of this book so modestly in his preface, that criticism is disarmed on the threshold. It is only just to say that the book is not chargeable with "errors" so much as with deficiency of *matériel* and failure of execution. It consists of notes, memoranda, and personal recollections of Chantrey, very slight for the most part, and helping us but a short way towards an adequate estimate of the man or the artist. The intentions of the writer are excellent. He was one of Chantrey's intimate friends, and the work is an affectionate offering to his memory. Zeal is a good thing, but discretion is a better. If Chantrey could have seen Mr. Jones's well-meant tribute of regard, we suspect he would have petitioned for the omission of half the anecdotes and nearly all the letters.

Few people know how to tell a story at table—still fewer on paper. Anecdotes of distinguished men ought to be given with strong individual colour, or they fail not only in point, but in character. Mr. Jones is defective in this art of story-telling, and spoils his gossip. Chantrey's pleasantries were the emanations of dry animal spirits rather than of a rich humour or a sense of the ridiculous, and they come out dull and lumbering in Mr. Jones's narrative, *e. g.* ;—

"On one of the varnishing days, the weather being cold, Chantrey went up to a picture, by Turner, in which orange chrome was unusually conspicuous, and affecting to warm his hands before it, said : 'Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. Is it true, as I have heard, that you have a commission to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office ?'"

[It is not Mr. Jones's fault that such anecdotes are poor and commonplace ; but why not have omitted them altogether ?

Notwithstanding all this want of judgment and literary skill, the volume is very acceptable. It exhibits, upon the whole, a pains-taking portrait of the sculptor, painted by a flattering hand. We gather something from its pages that was not generally known before, and, although the characterization is imperfect, it is interesting as far as it goes. The

writer is inclined to make too much of his hero, and had he written the work for the special glorification of the Royal Academicians he could not have made it more conventional or exclusive in tone. But we must be tolerant of faults, which grow up out of Mr. Jones's personal friendships and professional position. Should the book ever come to a second edition, however, it will be wise in him to consider whether he may not greatly improve its value by thinking more of Art and less of the Academy.

Sir Francis Chantrey excelled in the real, as contradistinguished from the ideal, in art. He was not remarkable for a poetical imagination. His likenesses were admirable, and his manipulation skilful; but in subjects of a fanciful kind, the grand, the passionate, the simple, he never achieved much distinction. He worked in the profitable quarry for which nature and study had best fitted him, and was sagacious enough to understand and avail himself of his advantages. In monumental sculpture, his reputation stands higher than his deserts. Largely as he was employed in that way, he never succeeded in bringing out the devotional sentiment which sheds upon such works the charm of religious feeling. The circumstances of his education, and his subsequent acquaintance with Horne Tooke, may to some extent account for the coldness of these productions; but it may be reasonably doubted whether, even under the most favourable influences, he could have done much better in that direction. He wanted the requisite fervour and enthusiasm.

In his private relations, and his connection with art, Chantrey put forward the highest claims to admiration and respect. Pursuing art with the purest zeal for its advancement, he kept clear of politics and party, was cautious in delivering his opinions, and lived hospitably in the circle of his labours, and the associations by which they surrounded him, without perilling either by stepping out of his proper position. Generous, liberal, and benevolent, he succoured his poorer brethren, and lived on terms of intimate friendship with the highest. He had a kindly and noble nature, which is touchingly apostrophised in the closing words of his biographer. "Chantrey," says Mr. Jones, "was in friendship so tender, affectionate, and confiding, as to be, by those he loved, all but idolized—to the world unbounded in generous and unostentatious liberality—and, when misconduct or injustice imposed on his credulity, took no revenge beyond neglect."

Los Gringos; or, An Inside View of Mexico and California, with Wanderings in Peru, Chili, and Polynesia. By Lieutenant Wise, U.S.N. London: Bentley, 1849.

When we are not very particular about purity of style, and fine flowing periods, and elegance of diction, a sailor's narrative in general reads well; he has so much to say upon subjects a landsman would find nothing to talk about; he looks to things on the earth with other eyes than other men behold them; he has such queer notions and such odd ways of expressing them, that it is very rarely, when a sailor spins a yarn, that we are not interested in his labours, or that we do not admire the ingenuity with which he makes so much of what is often, at the best, but very flimsy materials.

Lieutenant Wise, about three years since, left Boston Harbour in a ship of war, and, after a voyage of 55,000 miles, and many stirring adventures by land, again set his foot on the banks of the Chesapeake; and we have in this little volume a most entertaining account of what he saw and what he did during his excursion. Wonderful things he did, which proved that he had a frame of iron and a constitution of the very best quality; but we can fully credit his assertion that he would not be anxious to attempt such doings again. They are, however, very amusing and exciting to read about, and the cheerfulness and good temper of the writer give a zest to his stories, that makes his book an exceedingly pleasurable one, and one we found very difficult to lay down after having once taken up. It is a series of personal and often perilous adventures, of which we should probably have heard nothing, had not his energy and determined courage and presence of mind been more than equal to his difficulties and dangers; he carried his weapons well, and used them with effect, when need required, and we require nothing more than the notes of a ride he took from Mazatlan to Mexico, to be assured that, however perilous to life it would have been to travel with him as a friend—since we probably should have been killed by fatigue—yet even this, with all its risks, was better than meeting him openly as a foe.

But his observations on the people that generally and individually he met with, are not less amusing than his own adventures; and he certainly did meet with characters, and costumes, and peculiarities, that are quite new to us Englishmen. The women, especially, everywhere engaged much of his attention, and his remarks upon them are very quaint, very clever, and, we have no doubt, are very true. Wherever he can admire, he does, and where he can be lavish of his admiration of their charms he is, and his praises are to his blames as one thousand to one.

His notes upon Californian life must necessarily be of less lasting interest than are those upon Mexican, since of very necessity there will be, within a few years, in California, a tip-top change in everything—in customs, characters, population—while Mexico will remain unchanged in all its peculiarities for a far longer time than we should care to live.

The dozen chapters devoted to the Polynesian Islands, will be read by all with great interest, who take any interest whatever in those islanders. The state of the missions, and the result of them, are more than briefly hinted at; and while he speaks in the highest terms of the zeal and devotion of the missionaries, he deplores, as all do who know the facts, the wretched state of morals that everywhere prevail there. "Omoo" and "Typee" are noticed, and highly commended.

On the whole "*Los Gringos*" will highly amuse all who look into it; its descriptions are pictures, its characters portraits; it makes no pretensions, but has, not the less, its merits, and it has this advantage, that it instructs while it entertains us, concerning tribes and nations of whom we never heard much, and have hitherto known but little.

The title is taken from a term of contempt in common use among the Mexicans, and which they apply indiscriminately to the English and Americans; it means green-horns. An American army in possession of Mexico has probably given the term another signification, and has made the Mexicans to fear the race whom they had so long and so generally professed to despise.

The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eye-sights and One Object. Van Voorst.

The design of this work is admirable, and the execution deserves the highest praise for perspicuity, ease, and simplicity. The object is to expound, through the medium of a charming little story—a sort of human allegory—the wonderful fact in nature that, by the varied structure of the organ of sight in different creatures, the same object presents an entirely different aspect to each. A poor artist, who can get nobody to buy his pictures, and who, to mend the matter, has just fallen in love, drops asleep in a wood, and (his imagination having been recently excited by the pages of *La Fontaine*) has a vision, in which he is severally addressed by a Bee, a Spider, an Ant, a climbing Perch, a Robin, and a Cat, discriminated in a spirit which almost merits the epithet of dramatic. They have each of them seen an extraordinary object that morning, which they desire him to paint from their descriptions. This is a task of difficulty, for he cannot comprehend the nature of the thing or things described. The conversation amongst them is carried on in a tone of high-comedy raillery, replete with scientific banter; and the artist, gathering their meaning as well as he can, completes his tasks. The sketches being now finished, they all agree to go off and compare the copies with the originals, and when they arrive at an opening in the wood, to their mutual astonishment they discover that they have all been describing the same object—a bright new sovereign lying on the grass with a drop of dew in the centre of it. The wonder is explained, and the optical secrets of Nature laid open. Near sight and far sight, simple sight and compound sight, have their own peculiar powers, and thus it is that “men, bees, ants, fish, spiders, cats, robins, and the rest, see things very differently.” In the sequel, the poor artist is made as happy as his heart can desire, and the reader closes the book with a grateful sense of the pleasure and instruction he has derived from its perusal.

Pictures of Life from the Cottage and the Camp. By W. H. B. With Eighteen Illustrations. Flintoff.

A collection of little tales, illustrative of military experiences and national character, written with remarkable fidelity to the scenes and persons they describe, and in a style distinguished by simplicity and good taste. Kindliness of feeling, a pleasant humour, cordial good-nature, and a wide acquaintance with life, abroad and at home, constitute the chief characteristics of the volume, which may be recommended as a seasonable gift in the holidays, equally fit for the drawing-room table or the juvenile library. It is very prettily illustrated.

Saint Leger; or, The Threads of Life. Bentley.

A metaphysical romance is rather a novelty in these days, and the author of *St. Leger* has improved upon the old form by combining considerable dramatic interest with the spiritual mysticism which constitutes the essence of that class of narratives. The story of *St. Leger* is wild

and marvellous, yet reveals so much real character and actual mental suffering that, granting the elementary conditions upon which it is raised, there is nothing improbable or inconsistent in its incidents or mode of development.

It is the autobiography of a dreamy boy of three and twenty, who was born in an ancient castle in Warwickshire, where the family of the St. Legers have resided since the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted. The hero is the younger of two sons, and his life is coloured from the root by the brooding influence of a prophecy which points to the doom of his race, and makes his childhood thoughtful and wretched. Under the oppression of these dismal feelings he visits a kinsman in Scotland, and is thrown into the savage solitudes of the Hebrides, where he meets a beautiful girl, whose strange situation attracts his sympathies. The desolation of the place and its solitary occupants is enhanced by certain family horrors which are here disclosed to him for the first time. The experiences through which he passes work an alteration in his nature. But still the world is dark to him, and his observations upon life have failed to satisfy and enlighten the eager curiosity with which he set out to explore its mysteries. His next movement is a journey to Leipzig, where he falls in with Goethe, and almost falls in love with Theresa, the daughter of the professor to whom he is accredited. Theresa is an excellent specimen of a good-tempered, sensible German maiden. She exercises more power over the young St. Leger than all the wonders and superstitions of the stormy St. Kilda, and seems to be bringing him round to a sense of his duties and obligations when he is again caught up by the entangled threads of his previous associations. The beautiful girl of the Hebrides, at the dying request of her father, is about to be married to a man she abhors, and our hero, more courageous of purpose than decisive in action, interferes to save her. How this is attempted to be brought about by interviews in a roadside inn, and how and by whom the villain of the piece is killed at the steps of the altar, at the moment when the sacrifice is nearly consummated, are points of interest in the winding up which the curious reader must unravel for himself. The vengeance of the Highland cataran is a conception boldly worked out, and true to the life.

Metaphysical romances are seldom clear in their moral purpose. The final aim is less distinct than the progress of the mental struggle they depict. But there is an intelligible issue to this story, nevertheless, although it sets in gloom and doubt. It is reasonable to suppose that the hero comes purified and strengthened out of his wayward trials, that he sees the delusion of trust in the mere worldly life, and that he looks into the future with a consciousness of the saving power of a higher faith. Such is the object of the story. It is addressed to the young, and will be perused with interest by the old, if they are not stopped and turned aside by that sorceress of romance whose spells they have outlived.





Clara & Margaret

THE LADDER OF GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

In which time advances faster than the story.

YEARS rolled on, and Richard Rawlings was slowly but perseveringly achieving the great aim of his life.

The progress from want to wealth seems like an oriental fable, in which, at the bidding of a magician, palaces of gold are made to spring up in barren places, and inexhaustible riches are conjured out of rocks and caverns. But of all material facts in an age of commercial enterprise, and in such a country as England, this is in reality the least surprising. Men who regard money as a means to an end, seeking in other sources the true satisfaction of life, seldom grow rich. They resemble the watermen who are pithily described in an old London comedy as rowing one way and looking another. But men who regard money as the end itself, seldom fail. Opportunities descend upon the former like rain upon the succulent earth, into which it sinks and vanishes. The latter put out vessels and collect every drop.

His early experiences supplied Richard Rawlings with a sufficient incentive to activity. He owed the world nothing but a long reckoning of bitter memories. The hardships, humiliations, and struggles of his youth were ever present to him in his career of prosperity, shaping his actions and hardening his resolution. And now that he was acquiring the taste of power and independence, his desire of revenge upon the pride, tyranny, and meanness, from which he had suffered, assumed something of the grandeur of an overruling passion.

Ambition was setting in upon his heart, and turning it to stone. It is strange, but not less strange than true, that men who have risen up out of oppression, often become oppressors themselves. It was so with Richard Rawlings. Circumstances cast him amongst the Tory party, through his connections with Mr. Chippendale and the Dragonfelt family, and the purple sin, which had absorbed his reason from the outset, led him to culti-

vate the alliance. Although the Tories, or, as they were now called, the Conservatives, had been defeated in many hard fights on their own battle-fields, during these intervening years, they were still the depositary of the sacred old principles of exclusiveness and class ascendancy. This was the right creed for the man who had sprung from the people, who had beaten down all obstacles in his course, and who yearned to flush his victories in the face of fortune. It was a crushing rebuke to pomp in high places, that one who came of nothing, without a name or an ancestor, friend, or patron, should thus demonstrate to the world how ready the stalled, privileged orders are to open their arms to Mammon, through whatever miry channels it approaches, or in whatever shape it presents itself. To be sure, in working out his grudge against social despotism in his own way, he became a social despot himself, forgetful of the nobler vindications of the grade from whence he sprang; but he, nevertheless, successfully illustrated the power of gold, to carry off in its retinue a wider homage than nobility itself.

Whatever of pride, or love, or tenderness there may have been in his nature, was garnered up in his children. Their aggrandizement was the darling object of his existence. A costly education had been bestowed upon them. There were not wanting luxuries and accomplishments to nurture them in tastes befitting the destinies his ambition had marked out for them. They were now emerging out of childhood, and the season was at hand when it was necessary to form plans for the future. In the midst of the weighty concerns that pressed upon him out-of-doors, Richard Rawlings was watchful of his growing responsibilities at home. His intercourse with society had already carried him into the presence of men far above him in position, and he had profited by his opportunities. Self-educated, observant, shrewd, and politic, not a jot of the knowledge thus acquired was wasted. Even to surface ceremonials, and the furniture of his house, nothing was omitted that could advance the scheme of life he had laid down.

The characters of Clara and Margaret came out more distinctly and in stronger opposition as they grew in years. Clara, bright, gay, and bold, took all eyes by the brilliancy of her beauty and her overflowing spirits. In drawing-room attainments she outshone her sister, and attracted a wider circle of admiration. Like most young ladies, however, who are very quick at their studies, she was sadly wanting in perseverance, and, having vanquished the rudiments of an instrument or an art, she left it there and bounded off to something else. She painted, sang, played, and knew the elements of a great many graceful little accomplishments, which gave her the command of a dazzling variety of resources, not the less fascinating for being somewhat superficial. And Clara loved variety; and variety is, in its nature, fugitive, and would be spoiled by lingering and plodding and trying to be profound. She chattered in French and Italian, not very copiously, but quite enough for music and for imparting a sparkle to

conversation, and never cared to trouble her head about them any farther. She loved new faces and new excitements, not that she was indifferent about the old ones, but that she was universal in her enjoyments. Everybody liked Clara, and Clara liked everybody; and if some thought that she liked them better than she liked others, and blamed her in the end for disappointing them, they only deceived themselves and did an injustice to her. She was neither capricious nor inconstant; but she delighted in novelty. Such natures should be judged indulgently, for they are the soonest darkened by sorrow, careless and radiant as they seem. All this love of novelty was merely the fresh and buoyant impulse of her constitutional vivacity; and until there comes some serious demand upon her truth and steadfastness, we have no right to assume that she is not as capable of an inflexible virtue as other people who make a great show of whatever little gravity they have. It is as yet all summer with Clara, and we must let her flutter and sport, like a butterfly, among the flowers: winter will lay bare the pleasant garden time enough.

Clara was still Mrs. Rawlings' favourite, and more the favourite than ever. The versatility of the lively Clara enchanted her. A permanent conjurer on the establishment, who should dazzle her with a hundred new tricks a day, could not have amused her half so effectively. It was not difficult to entertain Mrs. Rawlings. The lighter the entertainment the better. And as Clara's gaiety played over the surface with an incessant flutter, it was exactly the sort of mirth that was best calculated to win the heart of mamma.

Margaret set off her sister to the utmost advantage. Her auburn hair, and auburn eyes, her pale, pensive face, and the delicate cast of her figure, supplied a portrait that paired off in admirable contrast with the southern glow that lighted up the features of Clara. When you saw them together, you were at once struck by this difference between them, that Clara was a creature with whom a great number of people might fall in love, but that Margaret was more likely to fall in love herself. The sensibility of her character was expressed in the gentleness and sweetness of her manner, which spread a tone of romance over her whole being. A lover of books in an atmosphere which was not particularly encouraging to such pursuits, she was constantly thrown upon her own resources, and while Clara was engaged in a round of pleasures, Margaret frequently indulged in the solitude that was more agreeable to her taste.

But although their opposite tendencies were thus clearly marked, these sisters were bound up in each other by ties of the fondest affection. Clara especially idolized Margaret. She thought her the truest and tenderest being in the whole world. She loved in her what she did not care a pin's-head for herself, and would listen with beaming eyes, when they were alone, to Margaret's talk about old rhymes and touching stories, although nothing reached her ears but the melody of the voice she doated

on. Nothing but Margaret's enthusiasm could prevail upon her to pore over a book. A glance at the title-page and a rapid run through the leaves was always enough to satisfy her curiosity; but when Margaret would read to her, she would sit entranced, not for the pleasure she derived from the lore that came floating upon her in those musical tones, but for the higher pleasure of making Margaret happy. She was very proud of Margaret, and of the acquisitions she had made in regions of study which her own temperament would never suffer her to explore. The love which grew up between them was fostered on Clara's side by a certain sense of her own superior strength in ordinary things, her greater power of casting off slights and vexations, and her indifference to trifles which wounded the more sensitive nature of her sister. She cast her radiance, like a protector, round the soft and loveable being that crept to her heart for shelter; and Margaret looked up to this strength with confidence and devotion, and thought that there was no creature on earth so beautiful, noble, or unselfish as Clara.

In one very important matter that entered into the every-day business of society there was a chasm between Mrs. Rawlings and her daughters. That amiable lady had not received the advantages of such an education as, in the turn of the wheel of fortune, she was enabled to confer upon them. The consequence was, they were considerably in advance of her on all points of taste and refinement. But some women have extraordinary tact in getting out of difficulties of this kind. Their art in concealing their deficiencies is quite equal to their skill in making the most of their acquirements. Under the matronly device of putting her daughters forward, she always managed to keep cleverly in the background when any display in the way of accomplishments was going forward, so that the judicious reserve by which she covered her own defects appeared to take the form of motherly pride and tenderness. One effect of this method of spanning the chasm was to give the girls more freedom and independence in society than, under other circumstances, girls usually enjoy. The restraint of the superior mind and guiding authority was wanted, and the young ladies, without being aware of it, insensibly obtained such an ascendancy over Mrs. Rawlings, that they had as much of their own way as they pleased to take in the things that make confidences between mothers and daughters.

But there was not so much danger in this inverted relationship as it might seem to threaten on the surface. People whose good nature is more conspicuous than their understanding, exercise a surer influence than the world, which falsely sets the reason above the heart, is disposed to allow. The strength and weakness of Mrs. Rawlings' character alike lay in her good nature, and when this estimable quality is tempered by love, as in this instance, it is wonderful what a quiet sway it wields in its own easy and kindly way. Her opinions did not count for much, but her indulgent fondness for her children went a great

way to secure their attachment. There was perfect confidence between them; they concealed nothing from her; flew to her upon all occasions with their little secrets; and if they did not get the wisest counsel from her, they got sympathy, which won them more securely.

As to the deficiencies of Mrs. Rawlings' education, which could not be evaded when they were closeted with their thoughts laid open to each other, she would adroitly refer them to the alterations that had taken place since her time. Girls were very differently brought up in her day. If her poor mother could get up out of the grave she wouldn't know the world again, it was so changed. Half the things weren't thought of when she was young that girls were expected to know all about now-a-days. It might be all for the better; she couldn't say a word against that; she had never taken the trouble to look much into it; but it was a great satisfaction to her to feel that her young ladies had the best education, and were fit for any company in the land. This kind of talk of the old times, when girls were useful and innocent, and not half so knowing as the present generation, used to fall upon the ears of Clara and Margaret like a tradition, which made them look back with a dreamy reverence to the age of housewifery, and served unconsciously to check any undue arrogance about their own more showy acquirements.

Mr. Rawlings was never admitted to these conferences. He was not in the baby-house. In his presence, the domesticities were more reserved and subdued. There was no familiar confidence between him and his daughters. He governed by the strength of his judgment—which, with all respect for the constituted authority of heads of families, is a harsh controller of the young, when it happens not to be softened by a little toleration. With reasonable allowances for the temperament and opportunities of youth, the admonitions of experience are invaluable. But you must not attempt to measure the sapling by the girth of the oak. Mr. Rawlings had lofty views for his daughters, and looked to their training with a severity which, in their ignorance of his objects, inspired them with rather more awe than love. Upon Margaret he bestowed his chief care. Her delicacy interested him, and he built his main hope upon the intellectual capacity which distinguished her above her sister. There was an ideal elevation in the character of Margaret which flattered his ambition. The giddy, and volatile Clara belonged to another order, not less likely, perhaps, to win a high prize in the lottery of life, but affording less security to his calculations.

Amongst the families in the neighbourhood with whom the Rawlingses had formed a close acquaintance, the Winstons were the most intimate. Mr. Winston was a gentleman of easy fortune, who lived in a pretty secluded place called the Wren's Nest; and a pleasant little nest it was, covered over with ivy and creeping plants, shut in by flowering trees and evergreens,

with its small gothic windows looking out upon a trout-stream that, running in among the woods and round about the grounds, seemed to belong exclusively to that tiny territory. Mr. Egerton Winston had no occupation upon earth, save and except his garden, and the newspaper. Life was a very tranquil business to him. Breakfast, an arm-chair, and a long spell at the paper, not a paragraph of which escaped him; a stroll in his slippers, dressing gown, and velvet cap into the plantation and garden where many hours were got through in a manner which he could by no means satisfactorily explain; dinner, and a nap constituted the simple routine of his existence. Mrs. Winston relieved him of all trouble in household, and, indeed, all other affairs. She was the almoner of his property; a capital manager within-doors, with a liberal, but prudent, attention to comfort and hospitality, and a Lady Bountiful to the poor. They had two children, a son and daughter, two or three years older than Clara and Margaret. There was some indistinct intention of putting Henry into the Church, but Mr. Winston never took any practical step towards its accomplishment, and as the boy declared he would be a soldier, the good people thought it a pity to thwart his inclinations. As for genial little Rose Winston, whose round, merry face came upon you out of the bushes like a burst of sunshine, nobody ever thought of what was to be done with her. She was sure of a bright path to the end, whatever happened to the rest of the world. The Winstons possessed within themselves all the elements of felicity—love, health, respect, and confidence. They had not a single care to make a break in their serene sky. Some people make cares if they do not find them ready made; but this was an exercise of ingenuity that never occurred to the Winstons. And they lived so pleasantly and contentedly that the Wren's Nest, which lay smothered up in a dell of foliage, obtained amongst the Rawlingses the name of the Happy Valley, which it owed to the playful fancy of Margaret.

The boundary of the Wren's Nest ran up to Mr. Rawlings' grounds, and out of this circumstance sprang the acquaintance, begun by the children through the hedges, and ripened into familiar intercourse by the ladies. From that time forth the children were inseparable. They were, in some sort, brought up together, following the same pursuits, enjoying the same pastimes, and thrown into such constant intercourse as to be as much at home in one house as the other. Mr. Rawlings felt that the social position of the Winstons was an advantage to his family. He was himself only on the threshold of society, and had much to learn. But his instincts led him in the right direction, and his discrimination of character was a safe guide in the choice of friendships. Mr. Winston was a Whig of the old school, with that hereditary touch of aristocracy in his nature which gives to the most careless actions an unmistakable air of good breeding. Everything within his house indicated the habits of a gentleman. There were no affectations of any kind; no pretensions to su-

periority over neighbours; no backbitings or whisperings, jars, or jealousies; no starched grandeurs or clipped voices to show off before strangers; you never could take them by surprise; come when you might, there was no flurry or ruffling up of company manners; the same composure, openness, and sincerity, met you at all hours; there was no finery set out for visitors, with a domestic back-ground of meanness and disorder. To the friends who were admitted to the Wren's Nest, the inner and every-day life of the Winstons was as transparent as crystal. Such associations were calculated to exert a refining and elevating influence over Clara and Margaret, and no man, who had not been born amongst them, was better able to appreciate them at their full value than Richard Rawlings.

Down by the brink of the clear stream to watch the minnows in the water, or away into the woods to chase the birds, went the four joyous children, day after day, and twilight found them at the height of their sports, pretending to lose their way in their own little domain, every step of which was as familiar as the stairs or the parlour, hiding themselves in the shadows of the great trees, and, with their glowing faces, heated and wild with play, gathering home in the dark to go to bed, and dream it all over again. Happy, happy childhood, to which we look back through a mist of tears, upon the joys we prized so lightly in their passage! There is no future in the lives of children. They live in the sweet blossoms and green leaves, and have no sense of the blight to come—that sense which shatters manhood, and makes all maturer happiness imperfect in the enjoyment. Who would not be a child again, and what a glorious world of delights it would be if we could all be children to the end!

Henry Winston was, of course, the hero of these scenes—a daring, dashing fellow, with light blue eyes and dark rich hair, and as strong and courageous as a little lion. What special enchantment there is in blue eyes we know not, but we have understood that they are capable of wonderful softness and tenderness in certain moods, as of passionate energy under other circumstances of provocation. This was true, at all events, of Henry Winston's eyes. They were considered marvellously lovely and captivating in his boyhood. What time did with them afterwards, when they were dimmed by a little more rain than was good for their lustre, to which the strongest men's eyes are sometimes exposed, is no business of ours at present. Henry was an absolute madcap. How he used to frighten his companions by the terrible risks he ran, the trees he climbed, the perilous leaps he would make out of bravado, and the big boys he would fight when they came peeping over the hedge, and making jokes at the young ladies. He was the *preux chevalier* of the Wren's Nest, and his frankness, gallantry, and handsome bearing did honour to the character.

But this delectable life was not to last for ever. Henry was rising towards manhood, and there was some family talk of send-

ing him to college. Mr. Winston considered it essential to his establishment in life. His own most valuable friendships were formed in college, and his pleasantest memories were associated with the days he passed at Christ-Church. Henry demurred. What use would Aristotle and Homer be to him in the army? He had an ambition, nevertheless, for the *éclat* of the university Hall-mark; but it was a struggle. He was happier at home, and didn't want to be sent away. And as the time approached when the matter must be decided, one way or the other, he entertained a secret hope that it would be given up.

One wet afternoon in autumn, the little party were collected in the drawing-room, Clara and Rose busy over some drawings, Mrs. Winston occupied with a thrifty piece of needlework, and Henry and Margaret seated close by her in the window, watching the misty rain falling into the stream, and making it brown and sullen as it swept past. The scene out of doors was dismal enough. The woods looked as if they were shivering in the damp air; the fields were oozing with wet; little pools were formed here and there, on the gravel walk, throwing back in bubbles the perpetual plash! plash! of the descending drops; small birds darted every now and then low down amongst the roots of the great trees, as if they were seeking out dry places; and even the winds that soughed through the branches had a watery sound. Once or twice Mr. Winston, in a great coat and an old hat, passed across the lawn, and made a wofully drizzling appearance, the grass gushing under his feet at every step. Every leaf and blade was dripping, and dreary clouds brooded over the picture.

"A pleasant day," said Henry, "I wonder how the robins like it. Twit!—twit!—twit! See that fellow hopping under the window. Let us give him some crumbs."

"No, my dear," cried Mrs. Winston; "don't open the window; we should have a flood in the room in a minute."

"Come here, Henry," said Clara, "look at this!"

"What is it?" inquired Henry.

"A view of the interior of the Bodleian library," replied Clara; "how still and solemn it is."

"Very," said Henry; "just the place to throw one into the blues. A library ought to be snug and warm—but this is as dismal as the nave of an old cathedral. The horrid silence of that long, icy room! The poor wretch there in the cap and gown looks as if he were ready to hang himself."

"But seclusion is the great charm of a library," observed Margaret; "don't you think so, Henry?"

"Not I, indeed," returned Henry; "it was all very well for the miserable old monks that used to be shut up with their books and missals, and knew nothing better; but for us who are to go out into the world, it's a complete damper. You wouldn't crush up the limbs of a child in a vice by way of training it to walk?"

"Ah! but the mind must be trained, as well as the body, Henry," said Margaret.

"Of course," observed Mrs. Winston, "a very judicious remark, my dear."

"The fact is," said Henry impatiently, "you all want to get me off to college. Now, confess the truth, Margaret—isn't that it? But I should like to know how you could get on without me? Why you'd be moped to death; and as for me, I should never study a bit."

"You mustn't talk in that way, Henry," cried Mrs. Winston; "if your papa thinks it necessary for you to go, you shouldn't make such foolish objections."

"Well, but can't I have tutors at home?" said Henry; "it's just the same thing, you know."

"We must leave that to papa," observed Mrs. Winston.

"We don't want you to go, Henry," said Clara; "I'm sure we should miss you every hour in the day, shouldn't we, Rose?"

"Miss him?" cried Rose, laughing; "I wouldn't pay him such a compliment. I'm sure he's a great plague to us."

"I'm not gone yet," said Henry, "so don't flatter yourselves; I should like to stay if it were only to tease you."

"Vanity!" laughed out Rose. "Isn't he dreadfully spoiled, Margaret?"

Margaret looked up at Henry, who was watching for her answer, and seeing that he was a little ruffled by the subject, she said nothing, but merely smiled and shook her head. Henry threw off the raillery with as much gaiety as he could, and humming a tune, turned again to the window, to try if he could collect any consolation from the rain.

"Mizzle — mizzle — mizzle!" he cried; "here comes my father, like a water-god, splashing through the rain. He must be drenched through and through by this time. There he goes right into the thick of it in the shrubbery."

All eyes were now gathered to the windows, as Mr. Winston disappeared in the shrubbery which conducted by a circuitous path to the front door. In a few minutes he was amongst them in the drawing-room.

"Well, Jenny, it's all settled at last," he exclaimed, addressing Mrs. Winston; "what a day it is to be sure. But fine growing weather, girls,—fine growing weather."

"What is settled?" inquired Mrs. Winston.

"The post has just brought me a letter," he replied, "from that kind fellow, Plowden—not a jot changed since they made him a dean—not a jot; just the same open-hearted soul he was when he and I used to chop logic together. It's like old times, this—it is indeed. Thirty years ago—full that! How the world does gallop with some people and stand stock-still with others! Here have I been marrying, and digging, and giving hostages to the state, and Plowden has never stirred out of the cloisters—in the same room, the same old chair and table, cupboard, bookcase, and all. And, what's better, his heart's in the same place, too;

—only there's a spice of his old fun in it, I'd show you his letter, my love?"

"Well, but what does he say?" asked Mrs. Winston.

"Say? everything, my dear," returned Mr. Winston: "he says he will take Henry himself, and watch over him as if he were his own son. I thought he would—I told you so. Henry, come here!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Henry.

"I didn't like to raise your expectations till everything was settled, my boy," said Mr. Winston; "so I wrote to my old friend, Dean Plowden of Christ Church, about you, and I've got his answer, lad. What d'ye think?—what d'ye think? You set out for Oxford next week."

Henry's face coloured and grew pale again at this announcement.

"It's all arranged, my boy," continued Mr. Winston, "all arranged—your first great step in life—and under such a man as Plowden. I really think I must go with you myself, if it was only for the pleasure of shaking dear Plowden by the hand once more." Then turning to Mrs. Winston, he began to read the letter aloud, carefully stopping at the college jest, over which he chuckled to himself with renewed satisfaction.

There was a hush over everybody else in the room. All arguments, hopes, and doubts were now at an end. The die was cast, and that pretty picture of the Bodleian library, which looked so peaceful only a few minutes before, all at once grew very gloomy and sombre. The girls glanced under their eyelashes from one to another, and would have been glad to have made their escape for the relief of a little free breathing. When Mr. Winston had quite finished his enjoyment of the Dean's joke, he turned round to explain matters more fully to his son, but Henry had stolen away unperceived.

CHAPTER V.

In which Richard Rawlings extends the sphere of his operations.

RICHARD RAWLINGS was born under the luckiest of stars. Great men have sometimes been lost by coming a century before or behind their time. Richard came in the very crisis adapted for the effective display of his genius.

A new element of power had arisen in the country, and was creating a revolution in the habits and character of the people. Science was the magician that called it into existence, and money was the spell by which it was to be worked.

Not a great many years before the point of time at which we are now arrived, there was one solitary little railway straggling up somewhere in the North; in the interval, every corner of the kingdom was convulsed by projects which were to enclose the land in a metallic net-work. The whole country, from coast to

coast, was to be traversed and dissected by iron roads ; wherever there was a hamlet or a cattle-track, a market or a manufactory, there was to be a railroad ; physical obstacles and private rights were straws under the chariot-wheels of the Fire-King ; mountains were to be cut through, as you would cut a cheese ; valleys were to be lifted ; the skies were to be scaled ; the earth was to be tunnelled ; parks, gardens, and ornamental grounds were to be broken into ; the shrieking engine was to carry the riot of the town into the sylvan retreats of pastoral life ; sweltering trains were to penetrate solitudes hitherto sacred to the ruins of antiquity ; hissing locomotives were to rush over the tops of houses ; and it was not quite decided whether an attempt would not made to run a railway to the moon.

The people had believed in the South Sea, in the Mississippi, in the Unknown Tongues. Why should they not believe in the conquest of time and space by practical science ? It was already an established fact. The basis of the popular credulity was, at least, secure, and out of this very security rose the grand delusion. The foundations were strong enough ; but the superstructure was a fantastic dream.

If the solar system had been suddenly swept behind a veil of darkness, or if the earth had been suspended on its axis, a greater ferment could not have been produced in the minds of the plodding population of these islands ; more railroads were projected, by tens and hundreds, than funds could be collected to construct in a thousand years, or than the necessities of the country, under any imaginable circumstances, could ever require. These trifling considerations were overlooked. Fabulous estimates, sparkling with richer promise than the sands of Pactolus, were circulated and swallowed ; and, to give greater intensity and a wider range to the enthusiasm of the multitude, new motive powers were invented, and as eagerly believed in as the rest.

A few dreamy individuals betrayed a sentimental antipathy to the railroads. They looked upon them as having a tendency to desecrate the repose and vernal simplicity of the country, to fuse the city and the fields into one burning mass, and destroy for ever the poetry of the rural world. No more Crabbes or Thomsons ; no more lumbering waggons plying on the highroads ; no more tranquil dells ; no more sleepy market-places, superstitions, grey legends, or fairies ! Others, wise from the experiences of the past, stood aloof contemplating the fury of the masses, and watching its disastrous issues. But these exceptions had no more influence on the mania, than specks of oil in a great tempestuous ocean.

A colony of solicitors, engineers, and seedy accountants had settled in the purlieus of Threadneedle. Every town and parish in the kingdom blazed out in zinc plates on the door-ways. From the cellars to the roofs, every fragment of a room held its committee, busy over maps and surveys, allotments and scrip. The darkest cupboard on the stairs contained a secretary or a

clerk, shut up and palpitating in its mysterious organism, like the lady in the lobster. To this focal centre were attracted the rank and wealth, the beggary and villany of three respectable kingdoms. Men who were never seen east of Temple-bar before or since, were now as familiar to the pavement of Moorgate Street, as the stock-brokers who flew about, like messengers of doom, with the fate of thousands clutched in scraps of dirty paper in their hands. Ladies of title, lords, members of Parliament, and fashionable loungers, thronged the noisy passages, and were jostled by adventurers and gamblers, rogues and impostors. From his garret in some nameless suburb, the outcast scamp; from his west-end hotel, the spendthrift fop; from his dim studio, the poor artist; from his starved lodging, the broken-down gentleman; from his flying address, the professional swindler; from his fine mansion, the man of notoriety, whose life was a daily fight to keep up appearances—poured into Moorgate, every day, and every hour in the day, and every minute in the hour, petitions to be allowed to participate in the bubbles which were blowing there faster than the impatient public, at the top of their velocity, could catch them.

Richard Rawlings noted carefully the signs of the times. Long before the fever had reached its height, he saw that it was setting in. Looking steadily through the glare that blinded most other people, he discerned the profits which a man of sagacity and energy might carve out of the universal madness; and he took his course with a resolution that never faltered.

There was a short starving railway near the sea-shore, the sleepers of which slept between Noplace and Nowhere. Its traffic was represented by a figure that disappeared so far back in the fractional parts of nothing, as to puzzle an arithmetician how to draw it out and exhibit it in an intelligible calculation. The shares were down to a fearful discount. The shareholders were delirious with terror about future responsibility, and ready to sell on any terms, but no terms could be got. When this tempting line was *in extremis*, Richard Rawlings became a purchaser to so large an extent, that he at once obtained a monopoly in the famishing board, who were only too happy to resign its dying functions into the hands of so bold a speculator. By a little skill in the management, and by making arrangements with other companies to link the isolated and forlorn railway to the general business of that part of the country, he rapidly revived its fortunes, and brought up the shares to a startling premium. The ascent of the first balloon, when it was liberated from the ground, and soared into the clouds, was not more surprising to the spectators than the astonishing rise of these apparently hopeless shares. The reputation of Richard Rawlings rose in proportion. He broke the back of at least one venerable saw, and soon came to be regarded as a prophet in his own country.

Founded upon his first success, and extended observation, a larger project now engrossed him. By the establishment of a

railroad from Yarlton, which should connect the town with the main lines that ran north and south, taking up his own little branch in its course, there was a certainty of increasing the value of property in that direction, and of bringing Yarlton into immediate communication with the metropolis. Selecting carefully the most available route, he found that it would be necessary to carry the line through the rich demesne of the Earl of Dragonfelt. This was sacred ground, fenced in and walled up from vulgar eyes, and jealously guarded at all its entrances by lofty gates and grand lodges. A brave man must he be who should open a proposal to the Earl of Dragonfelt for invading the patrician stillness of his woods and parks. The landed proprietors were everywhere up in arms against the luckless engineers and their assistants, who were forced to come like thieves in the night to take their levels and measurements, at the risk of being shot by the keepers, to whom strict orders were issued to be on the lookout for them. The Earl of Dragonfelt had already prosecuted half-a-dozen of these scientific interlopers, and declared his determination to deal with all similar trespassers in the same way.

Richard Rawlings was not intimidated from the prosecution of his design by his Lordship's powerful hostility; and, resolving to negotiate the matter in person, he presented himself for that purpose one fine summer's morning at Dragonfelt Hall.

It was a stately old place, very gloomy and solemn, with a vast stone hall and staircase, and arched passages, breathing a dank and earthy atmosphere. A dreadful silence hung over it. One or two speechless livery servants glided like phantoms athwart the eternal shadows, and fear and awe seemed to creep in the shuddering winds up and down the dismal corridors, and through the jaws and joints of helmets and pieces of armour that stood out from the walls in ghastly array.

The Earl of Dragonfelt was in his library, a magnificent apartment, richly carpeted, and presenting a comfortable and luxurious contrast to the icy temperature and nakedness of the hall and passages by which it was reached. A single glance at the Earl was sufficient to reveal to the most superficial observer the prominent attributes of his character. In person very large and stalwart, with a great head, covered by an enormous quantity of grey hair, billowy white whiskers flowing round his cheeks and under his chin, huge protruding eye-brows, sinister dark eyes, and a heavy sensual mouth, his appearance inspired you at once with feelings of aversion. You could see mixed up in the aspect of this massive man the repulsive elements of pride, selfishness, and predominant will, backed up by a brute force that imparted an unmistakable tone of violence to his passions.

This is happily not the character of our English aristocracy—a race distinguished by nobility of person and graciousness of breeding. It is an exceptional character, bequeathed to us by the old feudal ages, and now almost extinct.

When Richard Rawlings was shown into the library, the Earl

was seated in a great chair, in a morning gown, with his legs stretched out, leaning back on his elbows, the points of his fingers being brought together before him, and clicked against each other, by way of marking the supercilious indifference and impatience he wished to impress upon the reception of his visitor. At the opposite side of a table crowded with pamphlets, newspapers, and writing materials, sat a thin, sallow gentleman, curiously shiny in appearance, his sleek hair brushed down over his forehead, with a pale glistening face, very smooth and unmeaning in expression, his shirt-collar turned down and showing his neck, a shirt with black studs, a narrow satin tie, a black satin waistcoat, and a full-dress coat. There was something about the dress and bearing of this gentleman which suggested the notion of holiday finery, without taste or breeding. His manner was nevertheless quiet and indolent, except when he began to talk, and then the sleepy languor of his look vanished, and he kindled up into a sort of phosphoric glow, subsiding rapidly again into listlessness.

"I have taken the liberty, my lord," said Rawlings, after his lordship had made a ceremonial movement with his head, "to wait upon your lordship concerning a matter of public business."

"Public business?" repeated his lordship, slowly motioning him to take a chair. "Will it be a great bore to you?" continued his lordship, turning to the sallow gentleman.

"Not at all, my lord," returned the other; "I particularly esteem so favourable an opportunity of improving my information."

"Go on, Mr. Rawlings," said his lordship.

"Your lordship has heard of a projected railway between Yarlington and Hatchet Ferry?" observed Richard Rawlings.

"I *have* heard of it, and you ought to know that I am opposed to it. If that's your public business—"

"My object, my lord," interrupted Rawlings, "is to supersede a design which I am convinced must be attended with failure."

"By proposing another in its place, I suppose?"

"I have such a project, certainly."

"I thought so."

"If your lordship will allow me to explain—"

"Oh! let us have it, by all means."

"A line from Yarlington to the Dosberry branch, which joins the main trunk at Oldbeach," said Richard, "would open a direct communication between London and the borough. I need not point out the local advantages of such an undertaking."

"No,—you may save yourself the trouble," returned his lordship; "pray, Mr. Rawlings, when this patriotic design entered your head, did it occur to you that there were any difficulties in the way of the route?"

"I have fully considered all that, my lord," said Rawlings, "and have brought with me an outline map on which the route is traced. Your lordship will see here—"

"Yes, I do see here," said his lordship, looking at the map, "and I should like to know, sir, by what authority you propose to break into my property, and drive your steam-engines through my park?"

"By the only authority, my lord," replied Richard, "that can justify the sacrifice of private interests—the public convenience."

"What do you think of that?" inquired his lordship, smiling grimly at his friend.

"Well, if you ask my candid opinion," returned the other, "I must say that it strikes me as a pretty considerable demonstration of democratic sentiment."

"Democratic!" cried his lordship; "why, sir, we have agitated the puddle in this country so successfully of late years, that the mud no longer lies in its slimy bottom, but is all thrown up to the surface. A man can't call his own his own. Here comes a gentleman who, without leave or licence, coolly announces his intention of establishing a highway across my lawn—right under my windows—and who thinks no more of cutting up an hereditary estate of some centuries' growth, than of pulling down a hen-roost. And, in the new vocabulary, this is what is delicately called sacrificing private interests to public convenience."

"Your lordship, I am sure," said Richard Rawlings, "would not object to a slight infringement on a corner of your estate, if it could be shown to confer a great public benefit."

"But suppose I do object?" exclaimed his lordship; "suppose I regard such a proposal as an impudent attempt to violate the rights of property? what then?"

"Why, then, my lord," returned Rawlings, "it will be useless to discuss the matter any farther; it must be left to rest upon public grounds alone."

"What do you mean by public grounds?" demanded his lordship; "what business have the public to break into my park? Your mob of smashers, rick-burners, and thieves might as well break into my wine-cellar, and set fire to my house. Public grounds, sir?—public robbery. You think I'll submit to such acts of violence? You're mistaken. You don't know me, and the wisest thing you can do is to mind your own business, and let me mind mine. If you've a grain of sense you'll take warning in time. You're knocking your head against a stone wall."

"My lord," said Rawlings, "I have as great a respect as your lordship for the rights of property, and must take the liberty of saying that your allusion to rick-burners and thieves is not likely to turn me from my purpose. My motive in waiting on your lordship was to consult your wishes in the first instance; for when the project is once put into shape it will be beyond your lordship's control, or anybody else's. I am sorry you should put an offensive construction upon my object."

"Offensive? pish!" cried his lordship; "who ever dreamt of offending you? And who cares a rush whether you are offended or

not? I suspect, Mr. Rawlings, that you imagine you can exercise an influence over me by other means; but you deceive yourself. Listen to me—I will make short work of your notable scheme. The first man that sets foot in my grounds shall be lodged by the heels in the county jail—and if my keepers catch any of your gang of engineers marauding at night about my property, let them look for a more summary process than judge and jury. Now, sir, you have got my answer, and I wish you good morning."

"I submit, my lord," said Richard Rawlings, "that this is not an answer to anything I have said."

"It is an answer to your map, sir, which I take it is tolerably lucid as to what you meant to say."

"My lord," returned Rawlings, "you deal with this question as if it were personal to me. Allow me to remind your lordship that it concerns the public at large; and since your lordship will not entertain it in the shape of private negotiation, it shall be removed to a tribunal whose authority your lordship will not be so ready to dispute."

"Remove it where you please, sir," exclaimed his lordship, rising and ringing the bell, "so as you remove yourself from my presence."

"I shall not fail in due season," replied Richard Rawlings, making a profound bow, "to remember your lordship's courtesy. You have taught me a rough lesson, my lord, but I believe a useful one. I thank you for inflicting upon me the authority of your lordship's position, which has shown me clearly what is due to my own." And with these words he withdrew.

On his ride back Richard revolved in his mind the reception he had met with. The haughtiness of the earl revived the bitterness of earlier feelings. But circumstances were widely different now from what they had been when his spirit was wrung by a meaner tyranny in his youth. He was now a man of some mark in the world, and had lived down the contumely and scorn that rear their heads of venom, and hiss in the path of the poor and meanly-born. Why should he submit to opprobrium from the Earl of Dragonfelt? Why should he not rather resent, revenge it? Revenge! A great opportunity was already casting its shadow before. The dissolution of Parliament was at hand, and Lord Valteline, who had stepped into the borough by an arrangement with Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, was about to present himself for the second time to the suffrages of the constituency. What if the proud crest of the Dragonfelts were humbled on the hustings in the face of the electors, and the son stripped of his senatorial honours in revenge for the insult of the father? How could this be done? The Dragonfelt family were omnipotent in Yarlton. A light breaks—there are means for its accomplishment more effective than bribery, partizanship, or family connections, and Richard Rawlings has the control of them in his own hands.

The next morning a highly-glazed card was sent in to Richard Rawlings, with the name, written in pencil, in a small fine hand of "Joel Washington Trumbull." Presently the proprietor of the card made his appearance in the person of the fallow gentleman in the satin waistcoat, whom Richard had met the day before in the library at Dragonfelt Hall.

"I esteem it a great privilege, Mr. Rawlings," said Mr. Trumbull, "to have the honour of shaking you by the hand. I calculate upon many privileges in your fine country, but, as a free citizen of the noblest nation in all creation, I reckon the highest gratification I can aspire to is to make the acquaintance of a man of independent principles."

"You flatter me, sir," replied Rawlings, drawing up a little in surprise; "do you come from the Earl of Dragonfelt?"

"I should say not, Mr. Rawlings," returned Mr. Trumbull; "I am come off-hand on an original speculation of my own. It struck me yesterday that you went slick at his lordship, and whipped him to a stand-still. It was a grand specimen of the dignity of the human species, and I thank you, sir, for that noble assertion of the democratic sentiment in the name of the rights of man, which are developed in my country, Mr. Rawlings, to the wonder and admiration of the whole civilized world."

"I do not very clearly understand you, Mr. Trumbull," said Rawlings; "pray enlighten me."

"I am a native of Massachusetts," said Mr. Trumbull; "by birth a citizen of the American republic, but I do not forget that I am also a member of the great human family. I have visited your country for the purpose of observing the manners and customs of your people, and I esteem it a high privilege to be admitted to the recesses of your domestic life, which will enable me to expound to my own countrymen the remarkable usages by which your society is distinguished. I have explored the sublime rivers and magnificent prairies of that wonderful continent, Mr. Rawlings, where the real nine-foot man, made of cast-iron with steel springs, makes eternal smash of the poetry of the wilderness; but there's something more stupendous than rocks and cataracts, and muscles stub-twisted, and knit in and in with horse-shoe nails; I mean human nature, Mr. Rawlings, in its state of intensified civilization. That's, right through, the most miraculous of all—the rocks and cataracts of the human heart, melted down and pumped dry by a system of artificial expedients."

"I presume you have not been long in England?" observed Richard, hardly knowing what to say in reply to this bewildering apostrophe to human nature.

"Three clear months," replied Mr. Trumbull; "and during that epoch I have visited some of your principal nobility, and seen how they get along in their own houses. How they do chaw up the people, Mr. Rawlings; we've nothing like that in the whole length and breadth of the Union, and it throws all my

speculations into a heap of pretty considerable chaos to contemplate the fix they would find themselves in if they were to try on some of their despotic operations in my country. Why, they'd be wound up and squashed in no time. Now, I look upon you, Mr. Rawlings, to be a down, fast, out-and-out man, with a biler inside that will steam a-head in spite of all impediments."

"Your opinion of the upper classes, I am afraid," observed Richard, "is not very favourable."

"I think they beat us hollow in the soft-sawder line," replied Mr. Trumbull; "we can't come up to them, no how, there. When you squat down in a grand house here, you live at your ease, as if the whole concern belonged to you; but it requires a windlass to draw a natural man up to the top of their ceremonials. I've been taking notes of their modes and habits, and there's no end to 'em. It strikes me, Mr. Rawlings, that though they have their feet in the clay, like other people, they carry their heads out of sight up in the clouds. I calculate, your aristocracy will take a long time a-drowning."

"But upon the aristocracy after all," Richard ventured to interpose, "depends the solidity of our institutions."

"That's a remarkable observation," rejoined Mr. Trumbull; "it's just like building a house upside down. That's not the way we go to work in America. *We* make our foundations in the earth; we base everything in the people; and it will be an immortal tempest that will shake the eternal institutions of the Union. The thing's impossible, by no means whatever; and when your monarchies and nobilities are scattered like wrecks upon the great ocean of time, the banner of the Stripes and Stars will float sublimely over them, and the Republic will be heard through all eternity, singing out, 'Hail, Colombia, happy land!'"

"You really think so?"

"I'm clear convinced of it. What can come of a country where the principle of representation—the first law of the universe—is a mere sham?"

"Will you be good enough to explain yourself, Mr. Trumbull?" said Richard.

"Square yourself then, Mr. Rawlings, for I'm coming to the clock-works. His lordship tells me you're going to have a general election, and being curious to get all the information I can on the machinery of your complicated society, he lets me see how the wheels are greased beforehand. Now it's quite transparent to me that the electors have no more to do with it than so many spades and shovels. They're clawed up and bowled out long before you come to the poll. That's my speculation on the case. While men like you, Mr. Rawlings, are waiting to get in at the reg'lar time, when the doors of the Constitution are to be opened to the public at large, the aristocracy are letting themselves in at the private entrance with a latch-key."

"There is some truth in that, Mr. Trumbull," replied Richard;

"but we have made great reforms in these matters, and it is necessary to proceed cautiously in a country where there are so many distinct classes and interests. The Earl, no doubt, possesses a commanding influence, but it is a principle in our Constitution that a peer cannot interfere in elections."

"A principle with a great many holes in it," returned Mr. Trumbull. "You set up a particular strong edifice, and then take the mortar out, and let the bricks tumble to pieces. Look at this borough of Yarlton, his lordship's as sure of it as if it was double-buckled up in the pocket of his porcupine jacket."

"He is?" echoed Richard.

"Now that's what I want to see, Mr. Rawlings. I want to see a right-down popular election; to wedge in among the bilers, and see how you get up the steam. You're a go-a-head man, and can get me a sitting to witness the performances."

"But if there's no opposition to Lord Valteline's return," replied Richard, "there will be nothing to see. His lordship will make a speech, and there will be an end of it. The election, however, may furnish you with materials for further speculation on the strange things that happen in this country, and there is no reason why your curiosity shouldn't be satisfied."

"I've taken a fancy to you—I have," returned Mr. Trumbull, "and if ever you should find your way to Massachusetts, U. S., you may reckon on my hospitality—that's a fact. Joel Washington Trumbull, I live on my own estate, don't owe a dollar to any man, warranted true whalebone back and front, and not an ounce of blubber."

It was quite true there wasn't an ounce of blubber on Mr. Trumbull, and the whalebone he spoke of might account for the elasticity of his frame throughout this rapid colloquy, during which he could not be prevailed upon to sit down, but kept sawing the air with his arm, running his hand in a jerking manner up his back, as if he were feeling for a bowie-knife, and twisting his body into distressing and perilous contortions.

At parting, Mr. Trumbull renewed his professions of admiration of Mr. Rawlings' go-a-head disposition, and volunteered to collect a budget of news about the election manoeuvres of the Valteline party. Richard Rawlings was not indisposed to encourage an acquaintance so likely to be useful at this juncture; for it was evident that the Earl of Dragonfelt received Mr. Trumbull, on the credit of letters of introduction, with implicit confidence, and talked freely before him about the election business, and, indeed, all other matters. So, before they separated, it was agreed that Mr. Trumbull was to repeat his visit on an early day.

CHAPTER VI.

In which an unexpected shot is fired into the town of Yarlton.

THE departure of Henry Winston for Oxford left a sensible blank in the little circle at the Wren's Nest. But that was not all. It suggested to the young people that they were no longer children, and awakened them to the fact that they were growing up, and entering upon the verge of those tremulous experiences at which responsibility begins. Henry Winston was now out in the world—he was no more to be regarded as the playmate—all the signs and tokens of manhood were showing themselves in him—he was acquiring new views and habits—and who could tell what changes might be wrought in his tastes, feelings, and character by separation from his family, and residence at the University? There was much anxiety on these points, and they were frequently discussed by the girls when they were alone. They had great confidence in the purity of his heart and disposition, as most people have in persons to whom they are strongly attached; still they were not the less eager to obtain frequent intelligence of his progress, as an assurance that he continued to remember his home and his playfellows with unabated affection. Clara and Margaret were quite as much interested about him as Rose herself; but they felt that his removal to Oxford gave him a sort of brevet-rank as a man which threw a reserve over their conversation. The old familiarity gradually resolved itself into more careful forms of expression, out of that dawning consciousness of womanly instincts which the wisdom of years may be permitted to look back upon with regret as the first shadow that falls on the sunny path of childhood. They liked him as much as ever—missed him grievously—and would have been as glad as ever to have romped through the woods with him; but—but—but—Henry was no longer a boy!

Months passed away, and he never failed in writing home once a week. He had a world of gossip to relate about the college—what fellows he had to supper with him—what companionships he was forming—what odd things were said and done by worthy, crusty Dean Plowden, who, in a private postscript to mamma, he described as a kind-hearted old bear. It was evident that his time was fully engrossed, and that he had not much leisure to indulge in home reminiscences; yet, although his letters were nearly all filled with his own history, he seldom forgot to throw in a dash of kind remembrances to his old friends and companions. In one of his letters he said, "Let Clara and Margaret Rawlings know that I am cramming very hard, and intend to come home so learned, that I shall look to be treated with the utmost respect. Tell Margaret that she was quite right about the library. It's not half so dull a place as I thought it was. I spend all the time I can there." When he did come home in the vacation there was decidedly a change. The boyish hilarity

was fled; his animal spirits had gone off in another direction; he no longer treated the girls as children; the topics between them were no longer the same; the colour and tone of his conversation were deeper and bolder; and the little turns of raillery which formerly exploded in laughter, were now spiced with repartee, which he contrived to finesse into a compliment or a playful equivocation. He was abundantly amusing, had a multitude of anecdotes to relate, and seemed all at once to have sprung up into a wit. They were not exactly sure that they liked the new phase as well as the old one; but he was only passing through the first stage of life, and everybody was willing to make allowances.

The approach of the general election threw the little town of Yarlton into a grand ferment. Rumours were abroad, though nobody could tell how or where they originated, that there was an intention of starting a candidate to oppose the return of Lord Valteline. At first, this was treated as an idle story; and a glance at the constituency was sufficient to satisfy any new candidate that he had not the slightest prospect of success. The Dragonfelts, in fact, had the borough completely at their own disposal; the electors were all known; and every man of them, from a prudent regard to his own interests, was devoted to the interests of the Earl. As the time drew near, the rumours died away, for no candidate appeared; and Lord Valteline, taking possession of the Grundy Arms, where his committee went through the form of lolling out of the windows, issued his address to the "Free and Independent Electors of the Borough of Yarlton."

Matters went on very smoothly during the canvas, which, in the absence of his Lordship, was conducted by his committee, out of deference to the old constitutional practice. As to Lord Valteline, he thought it would be time enough for him to appear at the nomination. The result of the canvas was decisive. Even if an opposition were to start up, it couldn't poll a dozen votes.

Within a week of the day fixed for the election, the inhabitants of Yarlton on getting up out of their beds, and walking into the streets, were struck with unspeakable amazement at seeing a placard, in the following terms, posted up in all parts of the town.

"TO THE ELECTORS OF YARLTON.

"GENTLEMEN,—A General Election restores to your hands the exercise of the elective franchise; and I avail myself of the occasion to solicit your suffrages, as a candidate for the honour of representing your ancient borough in Parliament.

"My principles are Conservative. I am an advocate for such reforms as shall be proved to be necessary; but I am opposed to rash innovations. What is called popular feeling is not always the safest guide to that course which is best for the public good. To confer sound and substantial benefits on the country, we

must legislate for the interests, and not for the passions, of the people.

"In this hasty address I cannot go into details, but I shall feel it my duty to lay before you, without loss of time, a full exposition of my political views.

"Connected with the trade and industry of your town, a resident amongst you, and having a personal interest in your prosperity, I am acquainted with your wants and desires, and will undertake to represent them with a zeal which shall, at least, possess the advantage of being practical.

"The diversion of great masses of capital to the establishment of a system of railway communication over the country has opened up a new field of profitable enterprise. Already largely engaged in these operations, and qualified by experience to estimate their importance, I shall labour strenuously to obtain for your town a participation in their advantages. Should you do me the honour to elect me as your representative, one of my first objects will be to obtain a bill for a line of railroad that shall form a direct communication between Yarlton and London.

"I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"RICHARD RAWLINGS."

Although we have never witnessed such a catastrophe, we can form a general notion of the effect that would be produced in a quiet country town, in a season of profound peace, if a bomb-shell were suddenly to descend and explode in the middle of the main street on market-day. We know of nothing in the way of a simile (only we are sorry it is so old) that comes so near the consternation produced in Yarlton by the publication of this address. People refused to believe their eyes. Men with spectacles took them off, rubbed them, and tried again. Round the corners, under the gateways, and down the bye-lanes, clusters of people might be seen all that day whispering to each other like conspirators. The agitation in front of the Town Hall exhibited that lively emotion and eager curiosity which usually precede an execution; and, as the crowds increased, broke up, and parted, making way for new streams of gaping idlers, speculation took so many shapes, that at least a score of different versions of the affair were in circulation before nightfall.

Lord Valteline's committee were indignant. They treated the thing, of course, with immeasurable ridicule and contempt, as if they affected to think it a hoax; but there it was notwithstanding, and they couldn't look out of the windows without seeing the Drake's Head opposite (where Rawling's committee was established) placarded with "Rawlings and Commerce," "Vote for Rawlings," "Rawlings, Railways, and Independence," &c. The whole town seemed to be blistered over with the name of "Rawlings." Whichever way they turned, up or down the street, it glared upon them in great sprawling letters. The most mortifying part of the business was, that Rawlings should

have presumed to start on the same political principles as Lord Valteline, at the risk of dividing the Conservative interest. If he had put up as a Whig or a Radical, Lord Valteline would, at least, have been able to detach and combine the whole Conservative party; but, by hazarding a division amongst them, he at once exposed the borough to an assault from the Liberals. Here was a capital point to work up against him—a disgraceful piece of political treason; and it was accordingly unanimously resolved that Rawlings should be denounced as a hireling from the enemy's camp. With respect to his clap-traps about the trade of the town, and railway enterprise (which the Earl of Dragon-felt took as a personal indignity), the committee determined to set all that aside as a mere stock-jobbing imposition. The mode and manner of dealing with the new candidate gave them much consideration, and elicited a variety of original suggestions. Some were for issuing a handbill, offering a reward to any person or persons who could furnish them with authentic information as to who this Richard Rawlings was; others were for publishing a short account of his life, in which the obscure incidents of his rise and progress should be exhibited in a series of caustic sketches; and one gentleman proposed that a placard should be put out, with an accurate description of the person of one Richard Rawlings missing, and that the bellman should be employed to cry him through the town.

While the committee were deliberating over these measures, Richard Rawlings was actively employed in addressing different meetings of the electors. He was not much practised in public speaking, but a man with a purpose, firm nerves, and clear head, can never be at a loss on such occasions. His reception, upon the whole, was more favourable than he had calculated upon. They heard with attention what he had to say about the questions that immediately affected their own interests, and seemed to think that he was a fit and proper person to represent them; but the tide of local influence ran so strongly, that they dispersed without any further manifestation of opinion. He had gained, however, all the ends he aimed at; made himself personally known to the constituency, and set them thinking how much better they would be off if they could get a practical man instead of a popinjay.

After a day of incessant movement, Richard Rawlings returned home late in the evening, and was surprised to find that Mr. Pogeys had been waiting full half an hour to see him. Pogeys, who has grown very pursy since we saw him last, with a silvery tinge through his hair, which you could see flickering in streaks up and down if he sat between you and the candle, had evidently something very important to communicate.

"Ha!" said Richard Rawlings, with a pleasant electioneering smile; "this is really friendly of you, Pogeys. Come to give me your vote—sit down—sit down. I can't offer you a supper of oysters, such as we used to have in the old times, you remember,

but you may command anything else in the house. What shall it be?"

"Vote? vote?" said Pogey, walking up and down the room, "nonsense—nonsense! I don't care if I do take something. What have you got there?—eh?—a little brandy and water—that will do—I never was in such a state of excitement in my life."

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired Richard; "sit down, and compose yourself."

"Compose myself? Easily said. What's all this about, Mr. Rawlings? what's it about? Will you be good enough to explain to me the meaning of that extraordinary document I see pasted all over the town, with your name at the foot of it?—eh? What does it mean?"

"Exactly what it says," replied Rawlings.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Rawlings, that you are a candidate for the representation of Yarlton against Lord Valteline? or is it only a joke?"

"It is a simple matter of fact," returned Rawlings.

"A matter of fact?" said Pogey; "I shouldn't be surprised if the sky would rain larks after that. The thing's impossible! It's the world to a China orange against you."

"Well, I'm determined to take my chance, notwithstanding," replied Rawlings; "you'll vote for me, at all events, and that's something."

"I?" screamed Pogey; "I vote for you? Don't you know that I'm medical attendant to the household at Dragonfelt Hall? Twenty pounds a year all round. Very fine to talk about 'throwing physic to the dogs!' 'Pon my life, I can't afford to throw physic away in that style. To tell you the truth, between you and me—I don't mind saying this confidentially to an old friend,—I ought not to be here now—it's a dereliction of principle,—but I couldn't sleep in my bed to-night without coming up to give you a friendly hint—a word to the wise. You'll ruin yourself, if you don't resign before nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Don't be so mysterious, my good friend," returned Rawlings. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I can't precisely tell you," said Pogey; "it would be a breach of confidence—hang me if ever I was so much put out by anything. You know I take the world pretty comfortably—not very easily ruffled—have had my share of the rough and the smooth—balance them in a pair of scales;—if there's too much vexation at one side, throw in a little extra enjoyment at the other, and so get them right in the end. True philosophy that—eh? But this business; I don't know how it is—it tee-totally upsets my equilibrium." Saying which, Mr. Pogey gulped down half a tumbler of brandy and water.

"I don't ask you to commit a breach of confidence, Pogey," observed Rawlings; "but after such an alarming hint, don't you think you ought to give me some clue to your meaning."



For. Wash. Rep.



"You'll not betray me?" said Poge.

"I pledge myself to the strictest confidence," replied Rawlings.

Poge settled himself in his chair, and, leaning over the table, began to rub his knee. "I'm on Lord Valteline's committee," he whispered; "are you aware of that?"

"No, I was not," replied Rawlings, echoing the whisper.

"Well, does anything dawn upon you now?"

"Nothing whatever, except your very good-natured face. Go on."

"I am going on; only let me do it my own way. The committee have been sitting all day on your address."

"Well?"

"Well? They'll oppose you tooth and nail."

"Good."

"Bad—as bad as bad can be. They are determined to bring up everything they can against you."

"Indeed!"

"I don't like to see you take it so coolly. I wish my patients to know the worst, and then let them follow my advice or their own. That's what I call open treatment—honest—above-board. Now, if I warn you of your danger, and you won't take my prescription, I wash my hands of the consequences. Plain English that, I suspect."

"The English is plain enough," said Rawlings; "but I haven't the remotest suspicion of what you are driving at?"

"None so blind," answered Poge, "as those that won't see. Just take a perspective view of your life, and tell me if you think it would be any good to you to have it all blazoned out to the world."

"My life," replied Richard Rawlings, "has been a life of exertion and progress. I am what I am by my own unaided efforts. I began without friends or resources."

"Yes, that's it—now then—without resources," repeated Poge, laying a strong emphasis on the last word.

"Without one penny piece," returned Rawlings. "I have built up my own fortune. What have they to say to that? Why that I was born in poverty, and that I have raised myself to independence; that when Lord Valteline was wasting in profligacy the hard-earned fruits of other people's industry, I was toiling to lay the foundations of a position which entitles me to meet his lordship face to face on the hustings. Let them blazon it in full. My life? Lord Valteline had best look to his own. Which of the two do you think a man would have most reason to be proud of?"

"Very true, very true, Mr. Rawlings," replied Poge; "but consider—Lord Valteline can afford to be attacked, you know. What does he care? He can carry everything before him; and as to profligacy and so forth, it's so common to people of his rank that nobody minds it; they make a boast of it; it's a

feather in their cap, especially with the women. A different case with you. He stands upon his title, and snaps his fingers at defamation; you have nothing to rely upon but character—character, Mr. Rawlings. I believe that's practical—eh?"

"Perfectly practical," replied Richard Rawlings; "there is no escape for a man who makes his own way in the world; he is picked to pieces, suspected, sneered at, slandered; while people like Lord Valteline may do what they please with impunity. I am prepared for that. Depend upon it, I did not enter upon this contest without weighing the consequences. And so, I suppose, they intend to attack my character?"

"I didn't say that," returned Poge, beginning to look a little alarmed; "but they *have* fished up some queer stories, and, if you persevere, they will certainly publish them. I wish I was out of it. I've a great mind to be suddenly taken ill, and keep my bed till it's over."

"It will be wiser to tell me in confidence all you know," said Richard; "by that means you may save your twenty pounds a-year, and make a friend of me into the bargain. Come, you're a man of experience, and ought to make the most of your opportunities."

"Ah! well, there's something in that," replied Poge, "only you mustn't blame me, or suppose that I have any hand in it. The fact is, I don't know where they got their information; but they have the whole story about old Raggles, and things I never heard or dreamt of."

"What things?" demanded Richard.

"That's the extraordinary part of it. I never knew that old Raggles made a will."

"Nor did he," said Richard.

"So I said," replied Poge; "and I told them I had your authority for it; but they only laughed at me. You know there ~~was~~ a secret, Mr. Rawlings—that is—I don't know anything about it; but Raggles had something on his mind, and wouldn't tell it to anybody but you."

"I understand," said Rawlings; "the story is this,—that Mr. Raggles made a will, and that I suppressed it. This is what they mean to impute to me? Don't hesitate to be candid about it. You know you like your patients to know the worst."

"Well, it is something of that kind," returned Poge.

"The darker the better for their purpose," observed Rawlings. "Now Poge, I have only one word to say upon this business. It is a naked fabrication. We must allow some latitude for electioneering stratagems, but this goes a little beyond fair and legitimate warfare. Let me recommend you to have nothing to do with it. It will be cheaper for you to give up the Dragonfelt household all round, than risk your good name with the committee, if they venture upon so desperate an experiment. You are my chief witness. Don't be alarmed. I have not the least intention of meddling with you, unless I am compelled to it, in

self-defence. But, as certain as there is law in England I will prosecute, to the last extremity, every person, high or low, to whom I can trace the remotest connection with this scandalous, but very shallow, falsehood. That's plain English, I believe—eh?"

"No doubt of it," replied Pogey. "I'm glad to hear you take it up so warmly. I don't believe a word of it myself. But they want to know where you got money to begin with. That's the point. Everything must have a beginning. I had a beginning myself. You must have had a beginning. They say—but it's only suspicion after all—that the night you were up with Raggles alone you got possession of something. If it wasn't a will, what was it? Only just tell me, between ourselves, what I am to say, and I'll say it; and if they don't back out of it after that, I'll have a fit of the jaundice to-morrow that will lay me up for a fortnight."

"The best thing you can say," returned Richard, "is that, as you were not present, you really don't know anything about it. There is no doubt, Pogey, I had a beginning. It is a very sensible remark; and I am not at all disposed to dispute its truth. I was born. My beginning was very much like everybody else's. I starved and struggled, and struggled and starved. I saw how the poor were crushed and buffeted, and that the only chance a man had of making his passage through life a passage of ease instead of pain and misery, was to secure an independence. I laboured for that; I devoted my whole energies of mind and body to that one object. When a man is in earnest, he is generally successful. I have succeeded, and I mean to persevere till I throw back in the face of the world, to which I owe nothing, the scorn and hardships it bestowed so bountifully upon me when I was steeped to the lips in want and drudgery. If the committee are very curious to know how I have done this, you may tell them I have done it by pursuing a fixed course with unflinching resolution."

"Very honourable to you, Mr. Rawlings," cried Pogey, with a strong emotion swimming and glimmering in his eyes,—"very; it's shameful that a man can't rise in the world without being exposed to slander: I have had enough of it in my time—professional jealousies—Mr. Rawlings. You'd hardly believe it; they stop at nothing. Envy, malice, and uncharitableness. But, looking at the election.—Don't you think, as a friend, you'll only throw away your money? We have canvassed the whole town, and booked a majority of ten to one."

"As a friend, then," replied Rawlings, "you may make your mind easy. On this day week I shall be elected member for the ancient and loyal borough of Yarlton."

Pogey sat bolt upright in his chair, struck the table with his clenched hand, and with a mixed expression of awe and astonishment in his open eyes and mouth, tried to say something, but could not get it out. The quiet confidence with which Richard Raw-

lings made this astounding announcement paralysed him. He had hitherto considered the Dragonfelt family all-powerful in that neighbourhood, and this free and easy way of turning them out of the borough seemed to him like a piece of witchcraft. When he recovered a little from his amazement he did not know exactly what to say; to confess the truth, he was a little incredulous, and began to entertain a secret suspicion that Richard Rawlings must be labouring under some extraordinary delusion. At last he started up, and put on his coat.

"I must get home," he cried,—"member for Yarlton! You're a wonderful man, Mr. Rawlings. Of course you know best; but I hope, as a friend—well!—I wish you success, with all my heart! As to my vote, you know, it's bespoken; can't help that,—member for Yarlton! I'd vote for you if I could—only one doesn't go for much—besides, you don't want it, you know—sure of your election—eh? Wonderful!—good night! Keep your head cool—nothing like that. Avoid stimulants—a little sherry and water, effervescing draughts, weak tea, fish, chicken, chop—easily digested. Don't allow yourself to be excited—good night! Sleep as much as you can. How's your pulse!—steady—wonderful!—member for Yarlton. Well, I must get home—good night!" and out he went, closing the door quickly after him. All the way home Mr. Pogey, making every now and then a short run, and pulling himself up to breath, continued muttering, "Member for Yarlton!—wonderful!—well—member for—pish!—ha!—ho!—wonderful!"

CHAPTER VII.

In which an event takes place that influences the lives of all our heroes and heroines.

THERE was a prodigious bustle for the next few days. The Valteline committee appeared to have thought better of their slaughterous intentions. They neither charged Mr. Rawlings with the suppression of a will, nor had him cried through the streets by the bellman. They contented themselves with simply asking the electors a variety of questions, under the head of "Queries for Electors," in which they gibbeted the opposition candidate by inuendo, as a person whom nobody knew, who had never taken any part in public life, a railroad jobber, a money-lender, and a Radical in a mask. Innumerable hand-bills were circulated, in which these imputations were dispersed in detail in other forms, and open carriages, with flags and banners, went up and down the town, crowded with bands of music, and people standing up on the seats shouting for "Valteline," and the "Agricultural Interest," and the "British Constitution," and "No Surrender." From the violent enthusiasm displayed by the persons in the carriages, it might be inferred that the three estates of the realm were reduced at that moment to some imminent peril, and that their rescue from destruction depended

upon the return of Lord Valteline. A great deal of money was spent in this way, and his lordship's committee had the satisfaction of obtaining ample interest on their outlay in noise and confusion.

Mr. Rawlings' committee conducted themselves more peaceably. They made no display, and went to very little expense. They treated the squibs of the opposite party with silent indifference. In the addresses which they issued, there was no allusion whatever to Lord Valteline. They appealed to the constituency as if there was no such person as his lordship in existence; nor could the taunts and bravadoes of the hired agents who paraded the streets, and endeavoured to get up riots under their windows, tempt them into reprisals. Crikey Snaggs, who had not one moment's rest throughout this momentous week, highly disapproved of the placidity of the committee. It was difficult to raise the ire of Crikey Snaggs. He was naturally of a dull and somnolent temperament. But when his blood was up he was fierce and passionate, and exhibited symptoms of an heroic spirit which nobody could expect to find lurking under so stagnant a surface. The wild excitement of the election, working upon his devoted attachment to Mr. Rawlings, called into full play the latent energies of his character. He could not endure to hear the name of his benefactor, who held a much loftier place in his estimation than the whole race of the Dragon-felts, bandied about in a contemptuous and insulting way by the mob; and once or twice he rushed out into the thick of them, inspired with a terrible tingling at the tips of his fingers. Fortunately the bantering crowd were wiser than poor Crikey, and treated him so good-humouredly, that he was obliged to vent his rage in anathemas that nearly suffocated him.

The committee showed more wit in their policy. Mr. Tom Chippendale, although professionally employed on the other side, was frequently in close conference with Richard Rawlings. To his sage counsel was to be in part ascribed the remarkable quietude with which the opposition was conducted. There was a reason for this, of which the benighted constituency were profoundly ignorant, little suspecting, while they were displaying their honest patriotism in the streets, that the candidates were playing a private game in their committee-rooms, upon the issue of which, and by no means on the "sweet voices" of the unconscious electors, depended the return of a representative.

In a small room at the top of the house at the Drake's Head, Mr. Tom Chippendale was closeted one morning with Mr. Rawlings.

"We must cover his retreat with some reasonable excuse to the electors," observed Mr. Chippendale; "have you thought of somebody to start in the Liberal interest?"

"I have," replied Rawlings.

"Is he ready?"

"I can't answer for him yet," returned Rawlings; "and

before we commit ourselves any farther, Mr. Chippendale, we must have an undertaking from Lord Valteline in writing."

"Utterly impossible," replied Chippendale; "such a thing was never heard of. You must take my word for it that his lordship will resign on the hustings."

"Umph!" returned Rawlings; "no man can answer for slips between the cup and the lip."

"When you have seen as much electioneering as I have," said Mr. Chippendale; "you will acknowledge that you are taking up an untenable position. It would damage him for ever as a public man to give such an undertaking in writing. The arrangement must be strictly secret and confidential, and can be done only by deputy. His lordship cannot appear in it personally."

"And what guarantee am I to have," inquired Rawlings, "that his lordship will carry it out?"

"The best possible guarantee in the absolute right of sale, which you can enforce within four-and-twenty hours, should his lordship be guilty of the folly and bad faith of driving you to such an extremity. Reflect for a moment on the conditions pending between us. On your part, you propose to forego the right of sale for the term of the duration of the next Parliament, provided his lordship will resign in your favour. We, on our part, accept your proposition. Such an arrangement must rest on the honour of the parties on both sides; but as you retain in your hands the power of making ducks and drakes of the title-deeds, if his lordship should fail to complete his part of the contract, it is quite clear you have the best of the bargain."

"I have nothing more," replied Rawlings, "than an advantage of which his lordship cannot deprive me, and which I shall certainly use in case of necessity. Let there be no misunderstanding on this point, Mr. Chippendale. If his lordship should attempt any trick, of which I do not hesitate to say that I believe him thoroughly capable—"

"Pshaw! to be sure he is," interrupted Chippendale; "you don't imagine I rely upon his lordship's honesty. Stuff!—He can't help himself. That makes your speculation safe."

"Well—should he not resign."

"You will sell, of course. We understand that, my good friend. It is his interest to retire from the contest, as the only means of rescuing his estates from the hammer. But we must give him a decent excuse. If we start a Liberal, his lordship withdraws on the plea of declining to divide the Conservative interest. Who is your man?"

"Don't you think it would be as well that you and I should know nothing about him!" returned Mr. Rawlings.

"Perhaps so. But can I reckon securely upon him, as we must take our measures accordingly?"

"I think so. Should there be any hitch I will let you know."

"Good. Now, I'm off; and if I don't hear from you, I shall

have no occasion to see you till we meet on the hustings. Hurrah ! for Rawlings and Independence," cried Mr. Chippendale, in a low humorous voice, as he stealthily crept out, and, gliding down the stairs, retired by the back way through the yard of the inn.

When he was gone, Mr. Rawlings drew a written paper from his pocket, and began to read it attentively. While he was thus engaged, the door opened, and Captain Scott Dingle thrust in his head. He looked taller and thinner than ever, and poised his bamboo with inimitable ease, as usual, in his left hand.

"Do I break in upon you?" cried the Captain; "up to your eyes in business. Shall I look in again?"

"No," replied Rawlings? "come in, and close the door. You got my note?"

"That's what brought me here;" returned the Captain; "what the deuce is it? What can I do for you? Command me you know—an idle fellow—my time's my own—at your service all day long, only don't work me too hard. Not quite so young as I was, though there's a spice of the old campaigner left in me yet."

"What I want you to do," said Rawlings, "will not task you very severely. Sit down. I believe you never troubled yourself much about politics, Captain?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Dingle, "that sort of thing is not much in my way. I have been knocking about the world most of my time, you know, and care very little about who's in or who's out. One's as good as another, so far as I am concerned."

"Then you are exactly the man we want," returned Rawlings; "all parties are alike to you. Perfectly independent of factious influences, you wouldn't mind straining a point to oblige a friend."

"Oblige a friend?" answered Dingle; "only show me how I can do it—that's all. I don't care a rush for Whig; Tory, or Radical. I'm no politician, Rawlings, but I'll tell you what my private opinion is—that it's hang choice between them."

"Well—I'm going to let you into a little secret about the election—but it mustn't go beyond this room."

"On honour!" replied the Captain; "I only wish I had a vote—one word for you, two for myself. There's a prejudice against lodgers—can't help that. Go on."

"You know," observed Rawlings, "that Lord Valteline and I start on the Tory interest. Now it is necessary for special reasons that a candidate should be found on the other side. Do you know such a person?"

"You couldn't apply to a worse quarter," returned the Captain; "can't think of anybody. Besides it's too late in the day now, you know."

"Not at all. Nothing more would be required than to put out an address. Now I know the man who is exactly qualified, with plenty of idle time, and unfettered by pledges to any party, and you can tell me whether he would be disposed to do it."

"I? Who is he?" inquired the Captain.

"Captain Scott Dingle," replied Rawlings.

"What? I set up for Parliament—if you mean that as a joke, Rawlings, I must say it's a signal failure."

"I'm perfectly serious. It shan't cost you sixpence."

"Not likely it should," returned Dingle, with a comical twinkle in his eyes; "for private reasons, which neither you nor I need trouble ourselves with at present. But, hang it, Rawlings, explain yourself. What the deuce is it you mean?"

"Simply that you should allow your name to be put to an address, which is here ready drawn up; you will not be required to do anything more; and you will materially serve me without involving yourself in the slightest compromise or responsibility of any kind."

"If you are serious," replied the Captain,—"it's the strangest business I was ever engaged in in the whole course of my motley career. But stop a moment. Suppose now—I'm only supposing a case—suppose, just for argument's sake—that they were to elect me?"

"Don't alarm yourself," replied Rawlings; "I can promise you before hand that there isn't the remotest probability of such a thing."

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Because you know, if they should come down upon me for a qualification, it would be rather awkward."

"I will guarantee you against every contingency of the sort. What do you say? Time is precious."

"Say? That I'm afraid I shall make myself look confoundedly ridiculous. But if it will really serve you—"

"Most essentially."

"I don't know what it is," said Dingle; "but there's something about you, Rawlings, that gets over me in a most unaccountable way. I should have as soon expected my bamboo to set up for Parliament. What will everybody say when they see my name stuck upon the walls? Why I shan't be able to show for a month. There's an end to my rounds, that's certain."

"Rounds?" said Rawlings, "you must look to something better than that, Captain. A man of your standing ought to have a more profitable occupation; and by putting yourself forward in this way, we can cut out a place for you by and by. I shall have it in my own power to help you to it, and I pledge myself—"

"No bribery, Rawlings," returned the Captain, looking rather gravely; "I'm sorry you said that. If I am to do this—and I don't half like it—I do it to serve you, although how it is to serve you is an impenetrable mystery to me. If you put it upon any other grounds, you must look elsewhere. I'll give my name cheerfully to oblige a friend—but I'm not the man to sell it for a consideration."

"You will acquit me," replied Rawlings, "of intending what I said in that sense."

"Oh! of course—of course," returned the captain.

"The fact is, it is you who place me under an obligation, and I am willing to accept it from you upon no other condition than that you will command me in any way I can serve you in return. You have no objection to that, captain."

"Not the least in the world," replied the captain; "but I have been so buffeted all my life, and have had so very slender an experience of friendship, and so many hard rubs and disappointments, that I'm callous and indifferent to the future. Hang it! don't let us talk of such things; they only throw me into the blue devils. It's too late for me, Rawlings, to look forward to anything, but dropping down the hill as quietly as I can. There! I've put my autograph to it, and now that I'm going to set up an opposition to you, all I can say is that I hope you'll be returned with an overwhelming majority. When it's all over I'll come and celebrate your victory over a bishop—only, I stipulate that I manufacture it myself. Ragstaffe's a humbug!"

The address was forwarded to the printer, and within an hour the town of Yarlton was apprised that Captain Scott Dingle was in the field on liberal principles.

It was a busy day with Richard Rawlings. The captain had scarcely left him, when he was surprised by a visit from Mr. Joel Washington Trumbull.

"Well, Mr. Rawlings," said Mr. Trumbull, "I'm in a pretty considerable confusion of ideas about this election. I'm mistaken in you—that's a fact."

"How is that, Mr. Trumbull?" inquired Richard.

"I can't exactly tell how it is," rejoined Mr. Trumbull; "I thought the democratic sentiment was predominant in your mind; but I see that you go a-head in the opposite direction. My notion is, Mr. Rawlings, that you don't very clearly comprehend the eternal principles of liberty and human progress. You're in a regular fix—you are."

"Will you have the goodness," said Richard, "to be a little more explicit?"

"Well, if you'll just give me a little sea-room, I'll walk unmercifully into your address. You can put out signals of distress if I bear down too hard upon you. First, there's your conservative principles. I should like to hear an explanation of them. I can't realise them at all, by no stretch of imagination whatever. You come from the everlasting people and want to hook on to the aristocracy. It won't do at any price. You'll be conclusively smashed between them. Go up like a rocket and come down charcoal. That's my fixed belief."

"In this country, Mr. Trumbull," replied Rawlings, "every man is free to embrace the principles he thinks best calculated to promote the general good."

"But if a man holds on to the wrong end of the stick," cried

Mr. Trumbull, "he'll be knocked clean off, and no mistake. There'll be an almighty smash by and by if your people go on giving up their rights and privileges in this fashion. They'll be stripped to the skin at last, and left like an oyster with the shells off. I'm asking for information, Mr. Rawlings, for I can't see the working of your society by no means, and I want to know what is meant by waiting for reforms to be proved to be necessary. Isn't that rather a piling up of obstructions for people to break their bones over? Ain't all reforms necessary? Reform is a high-pressure principle that must go forward in spite of wind and tide, and if you keep tossing about looking out for proofs, you'll be run down and go to the bottom like a bit of lead, while the immortal keel of democratic progress is sailing slick into port."

"You deal so figuratively with these matters," observed Rawlings, "that I find it rather difficult to follow you. But the truth is, you must look a little closer into our institutions before you can form a proper judgment of their mutual relations and dependency upon each other."

"I have no fault to find with your institutions," returned Mr. Trumbull, "except that they're all the wrong way—just as if you took a horse to the water and dipped his tail in instead of his head. It occurs to me that if you persist in trying to make a horse drink with his tail, and won't give him water in the natural way, he'll die of thirst some day when you're speculating upon saddling him. That's my private view of the upshot. As to this election, Mr. Rawlings, it's a clear case. The earl has chewed up the electors, and I'll begin to believe that there is such a thing as free representation when I see a man like you staving in the aristocracy and getting returned to Parliament in spite of them. But that's a total impossibility."

"You think so?"

"It would be just as feasible to lay a trap for a flash of lightning."

"We shall see, Mr. Trumbull," replied Rawlings; "and when we have more time to talk of these things perhaps you may have occasion to change your opinions. Come on Thursday to the hustings and I'll secure you a seat. You shall see, hear, and judge for yourself. At the present moment I have so much business on hands that I must postpone the discussion."

Mr. Trumbull was grievously put out by this conversation, and went away more confounded than ever in his speculations upon the British constitution. That day he filled a leaf in his note-book with an agonising apostrophe to the democratic sentiment, including a dark hint that the elements of English society were on the verge of spontaneous combustion.

The announcement of a new candidate, in the person of Captain Scott Dingle, produced an extraordinary sensation. A small knot of liberals, who had hitherto looked on in sullen hopelessness at each returning election, began to brighten up. But who was Captain Scott Dingle? All that was known about him

was that he was familiar to the streets of Yarlton, through which he daily careered, balancing a bamboo in his hand. Other qualifications were desirable, they thought, in the man to whom they should give their confidence. What could the liberal party gain by setting up a candidate whose whereabouts was so exceedingly obscure, and whose personal pretensions were so indefinite? Besides, they had made no preparations, and the failure of this unconcerted attempt to open the borough would only expose their weakness. The result was, that they determined to abandon the captain to his fate. The heads of the party resolved not to go to the poll.

The captain was duly informed of this resolution, and strongly admonished to retire. The dilemma was distressing. He had given himself up as a sacrifice to friendship, and was determined not to flinch, let the consequences be what they might. But, although he was resolute on this point, he secretly made up his mind that no earthly temptation should induce him to show himself on the hustings. When the awful day arrived Captain Scott Dingle betook himself to the streets, and might be seen with his bamboo under his arm chatting to Pogey, or sauntering through the crowd with as much apparent *sang froid* as, under the circumstances, he could bring to his aid.

The hustings were erected in the open space of the market-place. Up to the last moment not a hint transpired of the intentions of Lord Valteline. Expectation was afoot with the dawn. The town poured out its palpitating population long before the hour appointed for the nomination; and by the time the proceedings commenced every inch of ground was occupied.

On the front of the great booth stood Lord Valteline, Richard Rawlings, and their proposers and seconders; Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe taking up a prominent position in virtue of his former connection with the borough. Mr. Joel Washington Trumbull was ensconced at the back, watching with intense curiosity the strange spectacle of a popular election, in which the people were regularly chawed up and bowled out.

Captain Scott Dingle was duly proposed and seconded. A buz ran through the crowd. A faint attempt was made to get up a few broken cheers, but they died away and expired at a distance, in a faint "Hoo-oo-rah!" which sounded, we are sorry to say, like a voice of derision.

Then followed the nomination of Richard Rawlings, and when he presented himself to address the electors he was met by "mingled cheers and hisses." At this crisis Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe interposed to request a patient hearing for the new candidate. A clear stage and no favour, he declared, was the boast of Englishmen, at which the crowd set up a more furious yelling than before. Every man is entitled to a fair hearing, roared out Mr. Ragstaffe, whereupon the mob roared still louder, and Mr. Rawlings was reduced to the necessity of explaining his principles to them in dumb show, after the manner of a pantomime.

At length Lord Valteline signified his intention of addressing them, and a temporary silence was obtained. He had very little to say, and was anxious, for a variety of reasons, to get over the ground as quickly as he could. He told them that the unexpected appearance of a new candidate ("Where is he?" groaned the crowd) had altered the state of the case; that proud as he would have been to have devoted himself to their service in Parliament, he was advised that a division in the Conservative camp might give a majority to that revolutionary party which, on this occasion, was represented, or, he should say, not represented by an unknown individual, who was afraid to show himself to the electors—an observation which was succeeded by a tumultuous uproar of "bravos!" and "go it, Valteline!"—and that, under the circumstances—under the peculiar circumstances, he repeated, circumstances which—the rest of the sentence was drowned in shouts and catcalls, to the infinite vexation of Mr. Washington Trumbull, who was particularly anxious to know what the circumstances were); he, therefore, called upon them to follow his example, and to give their undivided support to Mr. Rawlings, rather than let the enemy steal a march on them—"Hurrah!" "Rawlings for ever!"—he had no personal animosity to that gentleman—he only hoped he would stick to his principles—and, for his own part, he could only say that he would take another opportunity—(here he was cut short again by the miscellaneous and somewhat contradictory cries of the multitude, who, by this time, were getting rather mystified); "therefore," he added, "immolating personal ambition on the altar of public principle, I retire from the contest, and shall cheerfully give the whole of my influence to that candidate, be he who or what he may, who pledges himself to nail his colours to the mast!" This last sentence was appallingly triumphant; it ran like an electric shock through the mass of upturned faces; and when a show of hands was called for, a forest of brawny fingers sprang into the air for Rawlings.

The proposer of Captain Scott Dingle now stepped forward. He said that his friend was too good a patriot to expose the town to the horrors of a contest which, from the exhibition he had just witnessed, could only end in the discomfiture of the principles he espoused. He would, therefore, prove to them the purity of his sentiments by sacrificing the wish dearest to his heart, and resigning his pretensions for the present. But, he observed, a time was coming when, regardless of expense and personal inconvenience, his honourable friend, Captain Scott Dingle, would be ready to vindicate the independence of the borough, and when that time came he would be found at his post. This observation produced an unfortunate effect upon the audience, who, breaking in upon the speech, set up a chorus of howls and hisses, intermingled with cries of "Bah!" "Oh!" "Where is he?" "Why doesn't he show?" and other base insinuations injurious to the honour of the Captain.

Richard Rawlings was now Member of Parliament for Yarlton. The duties which this new position imposed upon him demanded a sweeping change in his domestic arrangements. It would be necessary to reside in London the greater part of the year; the old house in the country was to be given up; and a suitable mansion, in which he could work out the ambitious schemes he had formed, must be taken in the metropolis. Farewell to the tranquil fishing-town—the hand of Time, and the hearts of Clara and Margaret, thrilling with vague sensations and youthful desires, point to London, henceforth the scene of whatever joys or sorrows are to be unfolded in this story.

 DIRGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER WHO DIED AT THE AGE
OF SEVENTEEN.

(From the German of Gustav. Solting.)

WHEN on heaven's arch I gaze,
Deep through ether's azure blaze,
Methinks her form I see!
Fair and pure that angel-form,
As a sunbeam through the storm,
Sweetly smiling upon me!

When evening closes round,
Hush'd and tranquil ev'ry sound,
In Nature's wide domain,
Still, one is near to me
Whom no other eye can see—
One image doth remain!

When night darkly reigns,
And Philomel complains,
Through the listening grove,
I hear in every tone,
One remembered voice alone,
Now only heard above!

When the stars, with sparkling eye,
Hang their golden lamps on high,
She joins the glittering troop;
From the regions of the blest,
To soothe my aching breast,
Methinks I see her stoop!

When around, returning Spring
Her emerald robe doth fling,
And bids her blossoms glow,
Each flower appears to say,
"Thus bloomed, her short Spring-day,
Your fair Sister, long ago!"

Ye flowers, softly weep,
O'er the grave where she doth sleep,
Tears of gentle dew!
There, ye zephyrs mildly stray,
Ye moonbeams brightly play—
She was mild and bright as you!

Heart! wherefore thus oppress?
Rather, envy her sweet rest;
She hears thee not!
Though lost to mortal eye,
In her seraph-home on high
May I share her blessed lot! E.T.A.

SPRING-TIDE;

OR, THE ANGLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY PAUL PINDAR.

FIFTH DAY.

The River-side. SENEX and JULIAN seated at their luncheon beneath a hawthorn bush. SIMON counts the fish they have taken.

SENEX. Well, Simon, how many?

SIMON. There 's five brace o' yourn, zur, and dree brace and a haaf o' good uns o' Measter Julian's.

SENEX. Pretty good work, considering the brightness of the day.

JULIAN. You promised to discuss the relative advantage of fishing up or down stream.

SENEX. I have heard anglers contend for either, but it appears to me to depend upon circumstances. I think it of little use to fish up stream, unless the trout are taking the fly greedily. In that case the advantage is obvious, as shown by Mr. Penn, a practical angler, whose book you should possess yourself of. But if the fish are sluggish and not rising, you will find your throwing up stream fruitless.

JULIAN. If they are not rising I fancy it will be but dull sport.

SENEX. Not so: I have sometimes taken fine fish when even the smallest trout would not rise. For instance, when the May-fly is ascending the stalks of the flags, and not yet rising in the air, the artificial May-fly, *under water*, is a deadly lure. I have found this repeatedly, and taken some of the largest fish in the stream, who have seized the fly under water, when they would not regard it on the surface.

JULIAN. I have observed that to-day my fish took the fly after it had sunk beneath the surface. It appears to me that there is almost as much art in managing your fly when ~~in~~ the water as in casting it upon the surface.

SENEX. Assuredly: I have known some anglers who never made a good cast, yet succeed, because they are careful after the fly has sunk; being mindful not to drag the lure roughly through the water when preparing for a fresh throw. It is well known, too, that a trout in a swift running stream will often follow and seize the fly just as it arrives at the bank, so that unless you can see the fish, you are often in ignorance whether he is after what you offer him;—but give me a horn of ale, and try a piece of that gammon, which you will find excellent.

JULIAN. Notwithstanding the heat I have an appetite like a ploughman's. Oh, ye sons of luxury and dissipation, who are now discussing a maudlin breakfast in town, come hither!

SENEX. See! as the heat increases, the May-fly and the dragon-fly ascend the flags and hoist sail: poor feeble trembling things, vibrating their flaccid wings, and looking forth upon a new world, while their cerements crackle in the sun and drop from their fragile bodies—a type of the soul's appearance after its final conflict with the grim enemy! Look how some, more lusty than their fellows, soar into the air and commence their wanton mazes. The alder-fly, too, encun-

raged by the warmth, spreads his dusky membranous wings, and joins in the insect revel.

JULIAN. I see also some insects shaped like the May-fly, but infinitely smaller.

SENEK. They are the "duns," which continue from early spring down to the close of the season, though the colour of their bodies varies. These flies are well imitated and prove a good lure when the fish are shy and the water very clear and low.

JULIAN. How infinitely our sport is to be preferred before "bottom fishing."

SENEK. For my part I cannot now tolerate fishing with a float, and yet I confess that that kind of angling, when the barbel are on the feed, in very deep and clear water, such as the Thames at Twickenham or Richmond, is far from despicable sport, and may afford great delight to those who cannot fish with the fly. A good perch, too, is a powerful and resolute fish, a free biter, and rarely tries your patience.

JULIAN. I never hear of perch fishing without thinking of a contrivance of a cockney angler who used to fish in one of the canals in the neighbourhood of London. The old fellow having marked a good swim of perch, forthwith prepared a large glass bottle, which he filled with water, and then introduced a handful of live Thames shrimps. The bottle being carefully stopped, was then let down by a string to the bottom of the canal, and was soon surrounded by all the perch in the neighbourhood, who finding they could not assail the imprisoned shrimps, swam round and round the outside, rubbing their snouts against the glass, like hungry *gamins* at the steamy windows of a cook's shop. While thus engaged, the angler let down a shrimp on a hook by the side of the glass, and you may be sure he was not long without a bite.

SENEK. An excellent contrivance, and certainly much to be preferred to the many abominations composed for "ground bait," and used by some people in bottom fishing. These preparations appear to be devised chiefly that they may rival in filthiness the recipes of the old pharmacopœias in which every imaginable nastiness may be found. But see, there is a breeze springing up which curls the water. On with a "soldier palmer," or a "golden palmer," if you would rather, and I promise you rare sport.

JULIAN. I adopt your advice, and have a soldier palmer for "stretcher," and a golden palmer for "bob."

SENEK. Well chosen, and now follow me, and I warrant you we shall have sport. Come along, Simon. [Exeunt.]

Another part of the river. SENEK, JULIAN, SIMON PARADISE.

SENEK. Here lie some of the best trouts in the river when the weather is warm. The breeze so ruffles the surface that they cannot perceive you, or they would fly up the stream. Now, cast your fly just over that stone.

JULIAN. There! ha! I missed him! he's a large fish!

SENEK. Try again: you are not likely to have frightened him with this wind. You have him! Up with your rod, and shorten line. Quick, or he'll gain that patch of weeds. So, that's right, he's yours; lead him gently to the side and exhaust him. Give me the landing-net, Simon. No; another plunge and another.

JULIAN. Shall I give him a little line? I hope my tackle will hold him. My line twangs like a bow-string!

SENEX. Not an inch, but give the top of your red free play. He grows weak now and turns on his side: I can land him. There! a fine fish, twenty inches at least! See, by pressing him I make him disgorge three minnows, and yet he clutched at your fly greedily.

JULIAN. I thought it was the practice with so large a fish to give out more line.

SENEX. It may be with some anglers, but I have taken larger fish, and never returned an inch of line after I had wound up. I have always thought that the hazard is greater when the line is the least slack than when short;—taking care, however, never to pull your fish, which may be hooked slightly, in which case you infallibly lose him. Come, clear your line and try again. Another!—shorten line, and keep him clear of that stone. Well done! you have him now at advantage. He grows weak—bring him to the side—there. What think you of this spot?

JULIAN. Beautiful! I never saw a sweeter stream in the south of England. What a shoal of minnows in the pool behind that great stone.

SENEX. They are there to avoid the trouts which are now on the shallows. A friend, on whose veracity I can implicitly rely, told me, some years since, that he was one day fishing in Hertfordshire, when, as he sat by the river-side changing his flies, he beheld a concourse of these beautiful little fishes apparently in deep council. They formed a very perfect circle of about three feet diameter, each fish having his head turned inwards. They remained thus grouped and perfectly immovable, except their fins, but if any strange minnow ventured near them, two or three of the body moved out of the circle and chased it away, returning and falling in again with the greatest precision. How such creatures can commune with each other I leave for the consideration of the naturalist;—they, indeed, have “neither speech nor language,” and yet truly there must exist the most perfect intelligence among them.

JULIAN. It is, after all, not more wonderful than the instinct with which Providence has endowed many creatures of inferior organization. Fishes, I believe, are destitute of natural affection.

SENEX. To all appearance they are, but then we know so little of their habits. They appear, too, to be insensible to pain, or, at least, to be less affected by it than most creatures.

JULIAN. I have heard many anecdotes of their voracity, and of their insensibility to corporal suffering after being hooked; their struggles then, which so horrify humane people, would appear to be rather the effect of their efforts to get away than the writhing under torture.

SENEX. You will find it difficult to persuade many people of that, and I have no inclination to debate the matter, but I am well acquainted with an angler who once unintentionally caught a fish, and a trout too, with its own eye!

JULIAN. Pardon my incredulity, but I was not prepared for such a fact as that!

SENEX. I do not ask you to believe it, but I have perfect confidence in the veracity of my friend, who assured me that having hooked the fish foul, and torn out its eye, he threw again, and the same trout seized it and was captured. It is well known that a small trout is a

tempting bait for a large one, and this is notoriously the case with pike, who prefer their own young to any other fish. Smelts, too, are most readily taken with pieces of their own kind. Taking into account the comparative insensibility to pain of these creatures with the habit of fish in preying upon their own species, the adventure of my friend appears the less incredible. But what are you watching so attentively?

JULIAN. I was observing the robin on that withered branch, yonder: he has been regarding our doings apparently with great attention for the last ten minutes, and seems to look on with more than brute intelligence.

SENEX. It is a characteristic of that interesting bird which has made him such a favourite with us country folk. Walk down your garden, and take a seat in your summer-house, and, in less than five minutes, robin pops his head in at the door and peers at you inquisitively. Ramble into the thickest wood or coppice, and seat yourself on some moss-covered bank, and the red-breast confronts you directly. Scarcely has the gardener turned a spadeful of earth when this "familiar peast to man" comes a-leasing for the worms thus laid bare, perching so close that he might be taken with the hand. He who wrote the favourite ballad of "The Babes in the Wood," was fully aware of the habits of this pert and familiar bird. Yes, robin has often shared the simple meal of the anchorite and the furtive repast of the hunter and the outlawed man, when the wild wood afforded the only refuge from tyranny and oppression.

JULIAN. And yet I believe he has a bad character, quarrelling and fighting with his kind, and even with the members of his own household, on the most trifling occasions?

SENEX. I cannot deny it: his pugnacity is notorious, and it is well known that he often cuffs his parents or his brothers soundly,—a very unamiable trait on which poets have charitably been silent. A friend of mine sometimes amuses himself by setting two robins to fight, which he effects in this manner. Perceiving a single robin in his garden he soon brings a second to the spot by tapping sharply with the edge of one shilling on the surface of another, and thus imitating the abrupt, pert, petulant note of the bird itself. The note of defiance is quickly responded to, and a battle invariably ensues. Still robin will continue a favourite with the countryman, and the couplet,

"The robin redbreast and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

be recited as long as the dialect I have attempted to illustrate shall be known and spoken.

JULIAN. What could have been the origin of that strange rhyme?

SENEX. I am somewhat puzzled to know why the wren is thus coupled with the robin, unless it be that the tiny songster, like the redbreast, haunts gardens and homesteads, where its shrill pipe may be heard even in winter time if the weather be not frosty. Perhaps the peculiar cock of the wren's tail might have suggested the conceit of a diminutive hen, it being very unlike that of other small birds, and more resembling the tail of a gallinaceous fowl. The wren never enters houses like the robin, and does not, therefore, claim the protection which the latter still obtains, though I fear the harmless superstition is already assailed by the stride of "education:" Pope, in his

day, had some misgivings on this head, for he says:—

“ The robin redbreast, till of late, had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest.”

JULIAN. What could have given rise to the story of the robin covering the dead bodies of human creatures?

SENEX. It may be traced, perhaps, to the popular ballad, but it is possible that the simple rhyme embalms an ancient superstition. In an old play the wren is made to join in this pious office:—

“ Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flow'rs do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.”

The fondness of the robin for his summer haunts is well described in these lines:—

“ Some redbreasts love amid the deepest groves
Retired to pass the summer days. Their song
Among the birchen boughs, with sweetest fall
Is warbled, pausing,—then resumed more sweet,
More sad, that to an ear grown fanciful,
The babes, the wood, the men, rise in review,
And robin still repeats the tragic line.”

—But it is in the winter that robin's familiarity increases. When the wind whistles sharply through the leafless thicket, and the snow covers the frost-bound earth, the redbreast boldly enters the house and finds no enemy but the cat; fearlessly perching at length on your very chair back, and almost living within doors. He loves, too, a draught of milk, and often invades the dairy, where he sometimes tumbles into the leads and is drowned.

JULIAN. Some time since, the congregation in the cathedral church of Canterbury were daily visited by a robin, one of a pair which had taken up their abode in some carved capital of the sacred pile. I was once or twice witness of this myself. The little creature, as soon as the tones of the organ were heard, descended, and actually perching on the choristers' desks, peered in their faces, and joined its shrill note with theirs. The sight at first provoked a smile, but, after a time, as the service proceeded, and the *alto* of the feathered intruder mingled with the voices of the choristers, and resounded audibly above the loudest notes of the organ, the scene became inexpressibly affecting.

SENEX. Another proof of the familiarity of this bird, which will ever be a favourite with man.

SIMON. I thinks there's a good trout or two in owld Speck's meadow, zur. Will 'e try?

SENEX. Ay, we'll go thither at once, Simon. Did you tell Speck that I wish to see him?

SIMON. Eez, zur.

SENEX. What did he say?

SIMON. Haw! a laafed and zed as how a'd come, but 'twas o' no use;—ye couldn't get any more rent out o' he;—'twas like puttin' a crupper on a twoad.

SENEX. Why so, Simon?

SIMON. 'Cos a twoad 'ant got no tayl, zur! I do think a's the stingiest owld wosbird in the 'orld. Last winter a was buildin' a cow-hus, and because a wouldn't buy hair to mix wi' the marter, a shaved

his donkey so close that the poor beayst was pretty nigh killed wi' the cawld!

SENEX. There 's a lesson in thrift for you, Julian! Come, let us go and try the stream in my tenant's meadow. [Exeunt.

Another part of the stream. SENEX, JULIAN, SIMON PARADICE.

SENEX. There, cast your fly just under that high bank opposite.

JULIAN. Ha! I missed him!

SENEX. Yes, and by your own precipitancy. The fish is greedy enough, but you did not give him time.

JULIAN. I have read that you should be prepared to strike the moment he rises.

SENEX. And rightly so, if you were fishing in the rapid streams of Derbyshire or Westmoreland, where if you do not strike instanter, the fish winds your foot-line round some great stone, and frees himself ere you can count two; but in these south country streams, which run aluggishly, you should not strike until the fish has turned himself. A good fish will invariably hook himself on your simply raising the point of your rod, and this I always do, so that I am in less danger of losing him by tearing out my hold in "striking." Of course you will lose no time in getting your rod erect, or in "giving the fish the but," as it is significantly termed, when he proves mettlesome. Try again. There 's a rise under that alder bush.

JULIAN. I have him, and perceive you are right: I did not raise the rod until I counted three, when the tenna of my line told me that he was well hooked. Out with him, Simon.

SIMON. A's a good pound and a haaf, zur.

SENEX. Let us proceed a little higher up the stream, where the current is stronger; the fish that haunt the rapids are twice as good as those in stiller water, and infinitely more vigorous.

JULIAN. You must be well acquainted with these streams.

SENEX. Yes, and with many others in this part of England:—

"—— fondly I pursued,
Even when a child, the streams—unheard, unseen.

Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
They taught me random cares and truant joys,
That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
Vague minds."

—I often find myself musing at particular spots which I haunted in my childhood, with nothing to disturb my reveries, but the joyous note of the fly-hunting wagtail as it bounds from patch to patch of bright weeds, or the startled cry of the moor-hen, or the kingfisher skimming along the sedgy bank of the stream, and in its turn flushing the solitary snipe which hurries away to some more secure retreat. Out on the man! I say, who finds *all* his pleasure in *destroying*. The river-side rambling of the fly-fisher affords more real enjoyment to a contemplative mind than all other sports of the field.

JULIAN. You are right; though other sports have their interest and their excitement, none yields such a quiet pleasure as ours; none furnishes such opportunities for the study of Nature. I have seen to-day a dozen nooks which I would fain transfer to my sketch-book.

SENEX. Very pleasant are such memorials of a fishing ramble; but

we still want the accessories, the voices of birds, the hum of insects, the ripple of the pebbly stream, and the sound, most grateful to the angler's ear, the plash of the greedy trout as he launches at the struggling fly borne on the eddying current ; while high over head, a speck in the blue ether, the lark is carolling blithely, and in the neighbouring fields are heard the plowboy's whistle, the jangle of the traces, and the crack of the carter's whip, startling the feathered foragers from the fresh turned clods ;—these are beyond the cunningest limner's art.

JULIAN. Still, as we contemplate a well-executed sketch, the mind supplies the accessories you have enumerated with such *gusto*.

SENEX. I think you will find a trout near the roots of that pollard-oak, but take care of the thorn that overhangs the water.

JULIAN. It's a dangerous cast :—I'll cede it to you.

SENEX. Very well then ; stand aside. Ha ! I have hooked a couple !

JULIAN. I'm glad they are in your hands, for I should have found one of them sufficient. How they plunge in different directions like a couple of hounds in the leash, as if they were conscious that they had you at disadvantage.

SENEX. They begin now, however, to show symptoms of distress, but they are not landed yet.—Bring the net, Simon. No, they are not yet subdued.

SIMON. Oon on um zims mwore cam than t'other ;—but it's ael up wi'm now.

SENEX. Out with 'em ! Poor rogues, they fought well for their freedom.

JULIAN. Do you often kill such a brace at once ?

SENEX. No, not such a brace as this ; but when trout are feeding greedily, it is no very uncommon event to find both your flies seized at the same time ; though one of them is generally taken by a small fish.

JULIAN. On these occasions our chief hope is in good tackle.

SENEX. I am no advocate for very light tackle, because of possible contingencies. A friend of mine, angling some years since in the Foy in Cornwall, hooked a heavy fish in a rough stream, and played it for some seconds, in much doubt as to what he had hold of. At last, to his great surprise, he discoveerd it was an *eel* which he had harpooned in the tail. After a struggle of some minutes, with the assistance of his companion, he landed his prize, weighing upwards of two pounds.

JULIAN. A troublesome acquaintance at the end of a fly-rod.

SENEX. Troublesome at the end of any rod, but especially so in a swift stream.—Are there any pike in Speck's pond, Simon ?

SIMON. Eeez, zur, a veaw. 'Th' owld genelman vound a strange vish there oon marnin' laast Michaelmas.

SENEX. What was that ?

SIMON. Haw, a zeed a vish under the water as zimd to ha' two tayls, oon at each ind an hin, zo, as a was quite dead, a got un out wi a rake, and then a vound 'twas a pike o' six pounds that had tried to swallur a carp o' drie pounds, and the carp had stuck in his droat and choked un. I zeed un bwoth jist as they was tuk out.

SENEX. I can believe anything of the voracity of the pike, who is truly the wolf of the waters, and, if not kept under, will soon devastate a trout stream.

JULIAN. The privations which fish must sometimes endure doubtless render the pike occasionally very rash in his craving for food.

SENEX. Yes, I believe with Simon, that, when pressed by hunger, nothing comes amiss to them ;—but in the next field is the source of the stream. We can go through this gap. Let us approach softly, for a large fish often lies under the hollow roots of that thorn tree. Give me my spinning rod, Simon.—There ! I told you so ! Down he goes sulkily,—a good three pounds, if I ever had a fish in hand. Now he rises to the top, and vents his indignation by a violent shake or two, but it's of little use striving against such tackle.—Lift him out Simon. After all, it's coarse fishing with the minnow, and only justifiable in places such as these, when the fly cannot be used without the risk of being *hitched*,—*Aut musca aut nihil*, is my motto, and I rarely resort to other means.

JULIAN. What a charming spot !

SENEX. I thought you would be pleased with it. Let us sit down beneath the shade of this bush, and, as you love the picturesque, indulge your fancy awhile.

“ Salve, fons ignote ortu, sacer, alme, perennis,
Vitree, glauce, profunde, sonore, illimis, opace ! ”

Here the masters of the world may have celebrated their *fontinalia* here, perhaps, the altar was raised

NYMPHIS
ET
FONTIBVS
SACRVM.

and the most poetical of all the rites of polytheism were celebrated by men ignorant of Him “ who turned the hard rock into a standing water, and the flint stone into a springing well : ” here, in after ages, when priestcraft was all potent, the sick man resorted and drank of the stream, which a new faith had hallowed and adopted.

JULIAN. I can imagine all. These luxuriant thorns, whose branches shade it from the sun, and whose roots are nourished by the spring, are of great age.

SENEX. Yes, I remember them these thirty-five years and more, and they appear unaltered : it is very difficult to ascertain the age of such trees. These are my especial favourites, for, as I have before observed, they are beautiful even in winter. I do not marvel that they were cherished by our Saxon forefathers, or that in these days, when land is cleared of underwood, immunity is granted to “ hollies and thorns.”

JULIAN. I remember that Asser, in his *Life of the Great Alfred*, tells us that, in the memorable battle of Ashendun, the fight raged fiercest around one of these solitary thorn trees—*unica spinosa arbor*.

SENEX. Yes, and such a tree may have sheltered the Royal fugitive when, parted from his friends and adherents, he traversed the most unfrequented tracts, hoping and trusting that a brighter hour awaited his desponding countrymen.

JULIAN. I confess the scenes of the last five days have wrought a

great change in me;—I could almost find it in my heart to take to a country life.

SENEX. If such thoughts possess you now, you will find them gaining firmer hold of you in advancing life. When otherwise disposed, I often found myself amidst the din of the busiest thorough-fares of London repeating the lines of Marvell:

“Climb at court for me who will
Tottering favour’s pinnacle;—
All I wish is to lie still,
Settled in some secret nest.
In calm leisure let me rest
And, far off the public stage,
Pass away my silent age.
Thus, when without noise, unknown,
I have lived out all my span,
I shall die without a groan
An old honest countryman.”

I hold with the ancient, *vita rustica sine dubitatione, proxime et quasi consanguinea sapientiæ*.—It was this which, in old times, led the wisest and the best to abandon the busy world, its strifes and jealousies, to enjoy the “dry morsel and quiet.”

“Tranquillity, thou better name,
Than all the family of fame!”

But do not misunderstand me; I abhor the misanthrope who lives for himself alone; and, if I thought that by leading a country life, I was denied the opportunity of being useful to my fellow-man, I would abandon my favourite haunts, and betake me to busier scenes. Come, I will now lead you to a little tributary stream which washes the roots of the old pollard-willows in yonder paddock.

JULIAN. I am ready, and cannot follow a better teacher—lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

WHEN sadly down the slope of Paradise
Our parents took their way towards the plain,
Eve lingered still, and turned her tearful eyes
On the fair flowers she ne’er might see again.

The pitying angel marked her silent prayer,
And stooped,—for Angels stoop to deeds of love:
And plucked and gave our trembling mother there
Two peerless buds, the favourites of the grove.

“Take with thee Hope,” he said, “take with thee Love,
To sweeten every sorrow thou must taste;
These cherish still all other flowers above,
For these may make an Eden of the waste.”

Nor vain the counsel: through succeeding time
Her exiled race the old tradition keep;
And in these tokens of a happier clime
With her find solace, when with her they weep.

C. B. H.

THE VIELLIEBCHEN;* OR, THE DOUBLE-ALMOND.†

BY MRS. ROMER.

TEN o'clock had just struck, and the great public room of the Hotel of the "*Kron Prinz*" began to fill. At one end of the long, narrow table were seated three exceedingly ugly, taciturn, and gentleman-like individuals, all dressed in the same manner, with black coats, white waistcoats, and white cravats, looking very much like three magpies. At the other extremity of the table were gathered together in a group some military officers, who were laughing and chatting in an under tone, without paying any attention to the severe glances every now and then directed towards them by the three black-looking personages, whose sombre dignity appeared to be scandalized by the somewhat light remarks that occasionally reached their ears.

"Good evening, Colonel," exclaimed one of the young men, accosting one of two new comers, who entered at the moment; "I have been waiting for you. I have already supped; and here are the dice. Sit down here by me."

"Don't you perceive, Moritz, that old Kinzingen is deafer than ever this evening?" said another. "I have remarked that whenever he goes to hear *Robert le Diable*, he returns from the theatre as deaf as a post."

"Never mind," replied Moritz, "he must pay for my *fromage de Brie* all the same. Come, old Cossack, let us begin!" and seeing the Colonel seat himself opposite, he offered him the dice-box, which was eagerly accepted.‡

Nothing but the rattling of the dice was heard for some moments, when suddenly the door opened, and a young man in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery entered and seated himself at the table.

"Well, *meine Herrn*, what news?" he asked, lighting his cigar.

"Nothing particular. But how the devil comes it that you are here at this hour? I thought you were on duty at S——."

"I had business in town."

"Take care, Edgar," remarked one of the officers; "you will get into a scrape with the Grand Duke."

"As to that," replied the young artilleryman, "it would be difficult to be more completely in his bad graces than I already am; and a few days, more or less, in arrest are all the same to me. But tell me, will nothing prevent my illustrious cousin, long Wolfsburg, from coming here nightly to devour his eternal dish of green peas! To see him there, making a third in that *kleebblatt* (trefoil) of pompous fools, one would not divine the mishaps that have befallen him."

* In Germany, when any one at the dessert finds an almond with a double kernel, he gives one of them to the person seated next to him, or to any other person whom he may choose. The first of them who afterwards says to the other "*Guten tag, Vielliebchen*, (Good-day, beloved)" has the right to ask of him what he pleases.

† From the French of Arthur Dudley.

‡ After dinner and supper, dice are always placed upon the table, and a portion of the celebrated Brie cheese is a favourite stake among the officers of the German garrisons near the French frontier.

"What do you call mishaps?" asked an officer of dragoons.

"It seems to me," replied Edgar, "that when a man loses his place at so illustrious a Court as ours, and that he marries so pretty a woman as Clara Van Selsbeck, it is allowable for his friends and acquaintances to pity him."

"Appropos!" exclaimed a young man, who until then had not opened his mouth; "explain to me why he is no longer Grand Master of the Ceremonies?"

"Because, iceberg as he looks, he has the blood of the Wolfsburgs in his veins, and at the last Court ball he forgot himself so far as to strike one of the footmen for some supposed neglect. This reached the grand-ducal ears, and occasioned his disgrace. But how came it that you were not at the last ball, Felstadt?"

"I seldom go to those *fêtes*; there is too much etiquette at them, a dearth of pretty women, a bad supper, and Bordeaux wine which would not cost fifteen sols a bottle at Paris."

Various idle remarks followed, the greater part of them having reference to some of the married ladies of the residence, whose reputations were very unceremoniously treated by the light-tongued officers.

One of the grave personages forming the black trio grouped at the other end of the table, rose and took up his hat.

"As soon as one discourses upon husbands and wives, the great Wolfsburg returns home," remarked Felstadt.

"Good night *lieber Fetter*," cried Edgar. "Remember me to my fair cousin!"

The ex-Grand Master of the Court slammed the door violently after him, and was almost immediately followed by his two dismal-looking companions. There only remained a stranger in plain clothes, who had entered at the same time with Colonel Kinzingen, and who, seated at some distance from the officers, appeared absorbed in the columns of a newspaper.

"Ouf! there are our wet blankets gone!" exclaimed Edgar. "I begin to breathe freely again! Now, at least, we *may* talk without fear of scandalising those Court ravens." Then, taking his cigar from his mouth, "Do you know what has brought me here to-night? A stranger—an unknown—unknown to all the world here, except myself: not more than sixteen years old, and formed like the Venus de Medicis!"

"By Jove! I know who it is; it must be the niece of General Mannsthal."

Edgar shook his head.

"Then it is Julia Von Adlersheim, the Grand Duchess's new maid of honour," said another.

"You are all in the wrong; it is neither one or the other, but a stranger, who has been here only two days."

"I have it," exclaimed Felstadt; "it can only be our beauty of the *Fremden Loge*."

"Eleven!" vociferated old Kinzingen, in that loud tone peculiar to deaf persons.

"Sixes!" exclaimed Moritz, examining the dice he had just thrown. "Holla! Ludwig, bring us some *fromage de Brie*; it is ta

* The Strangers' Box at the Theatre.

Colonel who pays." Then, turning to the others, he continued, "What were you saying about the lady in the *Fremden Loge*? *Tausend sapperment!* she is the prettiest creature I ever beheld!"

"Who is this mysterious beauty whom you are talking so much about?" asked Edgar, in a nonchalant tone.

"The loveliest of created beings," answered Moritz. "She was at the theatre this evening in the strangers' box, seated by a pair of grey mustachios which I heartily hope belong to her husband. Everybody's eyes were directed towards her, but nobody knows who she is."

"Oh! yes, Moritz," said Felstadt, "Kinzingen does, for I saw him speaking to her as they went out."

Edgar arose, and slapping the colonel on the shoulder, shouted in his ear, "Old Lovelace, what pretty girl was that you were flirting with, going out of the theatre this evening?"

A chuckling laugh escaped from between the colonel's enormous mustachios, as he shook his head, and replied:—"She is no longer a girl—she is the wife of General Von Linsdorf, my old campaigning friend. We served together in 1812, when we were both jolly subalterns. Lucky dog! he is happier far than me—to get such a lovely young creature for his wife!"

The stranger, in plain clothes, to whom we have already alluded, here suddenly ceased reading the newspaper with which he had been engaged, and gave his undivided attention to the conversation that was going on.

"That devil of a fellow Edgar!" said Felstadt, in a low voice to Moritz; "I am convinced that the incognita he has come to see this evening, is no other than Madame Von Linsdorf."

"Then you are mistaken, sir," said the stranger, in a firm tone, fixing his eyes upon Felstadt.

"I should like to know how you can be so sure of that," was the reply.

"I have never given you to understand that my incognita was Madame Von Linsdorf," interrupted Edgar; "but after all, why may she not be so?"

"Because, sir," returned the stranger, with calm severity, "you would find it easier to shake the column of the Place Vendome by breathing upon it, than to make Madame Von Linsdorf forget what she owes to herself."

Edgar looked at the speaker with a strange incredulous smile. "Pardon me," said he; "we know that you are not the husband of the lady in question—do you happen to be her brother?"

"I have not that happiness; but her name is dear and sacred to me as that of a sister, and I cannot bear it profaned by any light remark, without feeling the same indignation a brother would experience under similar circumstances."

"Really, sir," replied Edgar, somewhat ironically, "you give me an irrepressible longing to become acquainted with Madame Von Linsdorf. If I were not apprehensive of wounding your feelings too deeply, I should be tempted to make you a proposal concerning her."

"Say on, sir," replied the stranger; "judging from what I have already heard this evening, it appears to me that you would not stop at anything."

Edgar took a letter from his pocket, and having written with a

pencil some lines upon the envelope, handed it to the unknown. Scarcely had the latter glanced his eye over it, than crushing the paper in his hand, he said collectedly—

"I accept your proposition, but on condition that if you do *not* succeed, you will have to answer to me for the way in which you have this evening spoken of a person who is completely unknown to you."

"Willingly," replied Edgar. "And thus, in either event, I make sure of my time being agreeably or usefully spent."

"Till when?" inquired Moritz.

"For any other woman I should have named a month; but taking into consideration the impregnable virtue of Madame Von Linsdorf, I have fixed upon three weeks," said Edgar, ironically. "Do you think I have allowed too much? In that case we can reduce it to a fortnight! Perhaps you are in a hurry to return to France?" he continued, addressing himself to the stranger.

"Not in the least," was the reply.

"Well then," resumed Edgar, "it is an understood thing that you are not to breathe a word of all this to Madame Von Linsdorf?"

"I give you my word of honour that I will not. I respect Madame Von Linsdorf too sincerely to venture to repeat to her the conversation with which her name has been coupled this evening; and I have too firm a confidence in her virtue to suppose that any such warning could be necessary. But to whom am I to address myself in order to know the truth in this affair?"

"To me alone, sir," said Edgar, haughtily. "The pleasure of a meeting with you, which awaits me in the event of a failure on my part, ought to appear a sufficient guarantee for my veracity."

"We will all answer for him!" exclaimed his military friends in a breath.

"But in the event of my succeeding?" pursued Edgar.

"If you had the least chance of doing so, Matilda would be unworthy of the exalted sentiments I entertain for her, and the shame of exposure would fall upon her own head." Then turning towards the other officers, whose countenances were indicative of surprise, he added, "As it may appear singular to you that I should call Madame Von Linsdorf by her Christian name, I owe it to her to tell you that she is the orphan daughter of my father's oldest friend; that she was brought up by my mother, together with my sister, who is now dead, and that she only quitted our roof to become the wife of General Von Linsdorf. I have never seen her since her marriage; she is as ignorant of my presence here as I was of hers until within the last few minutes. But you will now understand that I have a right to defend her, and to protect her reputation against any attack that may be levelled at it."

"Certainly," observed Edgar; "but before we part, I must know to whom I am pledged?"

The stranger arose, and taking a card from his pocket-book, placed it with an air of disdainful politeness on the table. Edgar glanced his eye over it, and read,

"GUSTAVE DE LAUNAY,
Capitaine d'Etat Major."

"You now know my name, sir," said Monsieur de Launay, "have the goodness to tell me yours."

"Edgar, Baron Von Wolfsburg," was the reply; "and, if you wish

for any information respecting me, you have only to address yourself to the first person you meet—everybody knows me here. And now, air, good night.”

Monsieur de Launay coldly returned his parting bow, and Edgar and his friends quitted the hotel together.

II.

On the following day the Princess of D—— gave a grand dinner. Edgar Von Wolfsburg was one of the guests, and, at a quarter before two, he made his *entrée* into the Princess's drawing-room in full dress uniform. Shortly afterwards the Count and Countess Von Linsdorf were announced.

The General, a tall, thin, perpendicular-looking man, apparently from fifty-five to fifty-seven years of age, with thin grey hair, grizzled moustaches, and his breast covered with stars and crosses, formed a striking contrast to the lovely, graceful young creature who leaned upon his arm, and whom he led up to Her Serene Highness, and presented as his wife. A gracious kiss was imprinted upon the fair brow of the youthful Countess, and an arm-chair assigned to her close to the sofa, where the Princess sat enthroned.

Dinner was announced. “General,” said Her Highness, “give me your arm. Baron Von Wolfsburg, offer yours to Madame de Linsdorf.”

Edgar allowed the Princess to reiterate her command before he acted upon it; then carelessly apologizing for his inattention, he offered his arm with an air of indifference to the fair stranger, whom he had, nevertheless, not ceased to observe from the moment she entered the room, and whose beauty at the first glance appeared to him scarcely to merit the exaggerated encomiums passed upon it by his brother officers. That momentary delay enabled Madame Von Linsdorf to direct an investigating glance towards the person by whose side she was destined to pass the three mortal hours that are devoted to a German court dinner; and the first impression was a favourable one.

No sooner were they seated at table, than Edgar established an easy flow of conversation between his neighbour and himself. He spoke French perfectly well; she was an equal adept in German. He dwelt with delight upon the happy period he had passed at Paris, and named several of his acquaintance there who happened to be intimate friends of hers. She, on her part, charmed at being able to talk of those she loved with one who had recently seen them, and transported in imagination to her native land by the recollections his words had evoked, yielded to the charm of the moment with all the ardour of her frank and enthusiastic nature.

“Ah!” said she, in a voice tremulous from emotion, and raising her beautiful eyes to his with a look at once so modest and so confiding, that it almost disconcerted his machinations—“Ah! if you knew the happiness of talking of one's country, and the friends of one's childhood, when one has been so long separated from them!”

Edgar began to think her absolutely beautiful.

“Is it then very long since you quitted Paris, madame?”

“I quitted it immediately after my marriage to accompany my husband into Courland, where he had been appointed to an important command, and for the last four years I have not seen half a dozen of my own country people.”

Edgar dexterously took advantage of the chance which had brought him in contact with Madame Von Linsdorf, and ingratiated himself so successfully with her, that, at the end of the dinner, she looked upon him almost in the light of an old acquaintance. At the dessert, having found a double almond on his plate, he turned laughingly to her, and asked, "Are you acquainted with this German custom?"

"Oh, yes! Give it to me," she exclaimed with vivacity: "I am very lucky with my *Vielliebchens*—I always win them!"

"I will bet you what you please that you will lose this one," he answered gaily, presenting her one of the kernels of the almond, and retaining the other for himself.

"When is it to be?" she asked.

"The first time I have the pleasure of meeting you again."

When the guests returned to the drawing-room, Madame Von Linsdorf, approaching her husband, presented the Baron de Wolfsburg to him; and Edgar played his part so admirably with the General, that, at the end of half an hour's conversation, the worthy man's good will was as effectually captivated by him, as his wife's had already been; and when the company were about to disperse, he not only expressed a hope that the Baron de Wolfsburg would afford Madame Von Linsdorf and himself an opportunity of cultivating his acquaintance during the few days they were to pass at M—, but extended the invitation to the Château of Linsdorf, whether they were about to proceed, and where he could promise him some excellent hunting.

And Matilda, as she took her husband's arm to depart, held out her hand to Edgar, and with charming frankness reiterated the invitation

Madame Von Linsdorf was seated at an open window on the following morning, listening to the military bands of the several regiments that were marching past to go to mid-day parade, when the door was thrown open, and a servant announced Monsieur de Launay.

"Gustave!"—"Matilda!"—"My more than brother!"—"My sister-friend!" was all that was uttered as they threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept with joy at meeting.

Then, when the first delightful agitation had subsided, followed on by those delicious conversations when heart speaks to heart,—when, in the effusion of tender friendship, every feeling is unveiled without constraint. On one side it was the recital of the busy, active, realities of life; on the other, the history of a quiet and lonely existence where thoughts are substituted for passions, and sensations assume the place of events. In half an hour Matilda knew all that Gustave had done since they parted; and Gustave had obtained a clear insight into the mind of the interesting young creature, whose four years' sojourn in the wilds of Courland had transformed the gentle, timid, reserved girl, of sixteen, into a frank, courageous, and independent spirited woman of twenty,—one who, in the internal contemplations engendered by solitude, had learned to analyse all her own sensations, and had arrived at a perfect knowledge of every thing connected with herself—except her heart!

Gustave soon saw that this superb pupil of nature was no longer the Matilda he had formerly known; he felt how fatal her complete ignorance of mankind and the world might become to a being so superior in a purely philosophical point of view. He felt, too, that in the magnificent harmony of that gifted nature, one chord had not yet

vibrated—that in the moral developement of that ardent, poetic, and enthusiastic woman, love had had no part! He took her hand, and, looking steadily at her, said, with an an accent of tender solicitude,

“Are you happy, Matilda?”

“That is a question which a married woman never asks herself.”

“Matilda,” he persisted, lowering his voice, and wringing her hand, “answer me candidly,—do you love your husband?”

She cast down her eyes; a momentary silence ensued; then bending upon her friend a look full of noble pride, “Do you suppose,” she asked, “that in order to be happy and to remain faithful to her duties, it is necessary that a woman should be *in love* with her husband?”

“When a woman is only twenty, and possesses the romantic imagination you have created for yourself, I think it would be as well that her heart were occupied.”

“You think it, then, impossible to live without *love*?”

“It is a destiny from which few women can escape!”

“I believe that examples of the contrary are less rare than you imagine. As for myself,” she continued, with warmth, “putting my position as a married woman out of the question, I never would submit to so inexorable a despotism.”

“Matilda, you speak of love like a child. You cannot be ignorant of your own beauty and fascinations; but it is neither vanity nor coquetry that will prove dangerous to you—it is your inexperience. You know not the snares that will be laid for you, the enemies you will have to combat, without knowing them to be such, and against whom, when at last you know them for what they are, you will find yourself powerless to struggle!”

“Be assured, my dear friend,” answered Madame Von Linsdorf, “that a woman *can* remain that which she *will*. When her heart points out what she ought to fear, when she does not attempt weakly to fly from the danger, but on the contrary, looks it steadily in the face, measures it from the height of her dignity, arms herself with virtuous courage, and wrestles powerfully with it,—ah! then, believe me, woman’s nature is ennobled by such a combat! You men, whose mission it is to cut one another’s throats for a king—a principle—an idea—tell me, when called upon to defend your country, to fight for your altars, to shield your hearths and homes, step by step, from the aggressions of the invader, does not your holy ardour increase a hundred fold?—do you not feel that your energies become supernatural?—would you not rather die a thousand times than yield? Well, then, what country, altars, household gods, are to *you*, our honour is to *us*; and do you think that we do not know how to preserve it pure and intact at the cost of our tears, of our blood, even of our very existence? Ah! you cannot understand the power of that womanly pride and self-respect which enables us to say, ‘I will look upon the face of heaven without a blush?’”

“Poor child!” said Gustave, with a sigh. “To believe in the possibility of playing with a thunderbolt and remaining unscathed!”

They conversed for a length of time together; but, bound by his promise to Edgar, Gustave quitted Madame de Linsdorf without acquainting her with the peril that menaced her. But he reflected with dread upon the change that had taken place in her character.

He saw her full of energy, of enthusiasm, and of imagination, knowing nothing of the passions but their names, or of men but what she had read of them in books. She was entering into the world with an unlimited confidence in herself, and a faith proof against every doubt in her own strength; she was, besides, beautiful—only twenty years of age—and had never *loved* her husband.

This conversation with her early friend left Matilda restless and pensive; for a length of time she remained plunged in a sombre reverie, unable either to rally her spirits or to resume her occupations, the observations of Gustave floating on her mind, producing a vague sensation of impending evil, when a servant entering, placed some visiting-cards before her. The first that her eye glanced upon was that of the Baron Edgar de Wolfsberg. She had almost forgotten him, so completely had the presence of Gustave absorbed her; but now as she mechanically took up his card, she thought that he might as well have asked to be admitted; his visit would have amused her, and she felt a momentary want of something that would carry her away from her own thoughts. Matilda laid down the card, and remembered the *Vielliebchen*.

"It would appear that he cares little about it," she murmured to herself."

III.

There was a ball at Court on the following evening. The appearance of Madame Von Lindsdorf created the greatest sensation there, and everybody asked the name of the beautiful stranger who, in the midst of the ill-dressed, and for the most part, ill-made ladies of M——, looked like a royal lily in a parterre of meaner flowers. Many persons might have thought her figure too tall, her swan-like throat too long; but there was such an easy grace in all her movements, such flexibility in her willowy form, that even the most critical were charmed into admiration. In truth, she was a captivating creature; a perfume of youth and purity appeared to float round her, and to charm and refresh the senses of all who approached her; when she drew near it was like opening the window of a heated room and inhaling the fresh breeze laden with the odours of roses steeped in the dews of evening.

For above a quarter of an hour Matilda had been seated on a sofa at the upper end of the dancing-room, her cheek resting upon her hand, and her large, dark eyes fixed upon vacancy. Heaven only knows what she was thinking of, but at that moment she looked so ineffably beautiful, there was something so dreamy, so mystic, so intellectual in her countenance, that she might have been taken for the shade of Egeria seated amidst the ruins of her grotto. And thus she sat motionless, when suddenly a hand was laid upon the back of the sofa, and a low, sweet voice whispered, "*Guten tag, Vielliebchen!*"

Taken by surprise, she lost her self-command, and started from her seat like a frightened fawn; then, abashed at the emotion she had betrayed, and blushing up to her temples,—“You have won, it,” she said.

It would be impossible to express the effect those few words, so simple in themselves, produced upon her; she neither understood, nor, what is more, sought to fathom her feelings.

"And what am I to give you for your *Vielliebchen*?" she asked, after a few moments' conversation.

"I shall entreat of you to grant me four waltzes at least."

With a look of charming simplicity Matilda answered, "It is so long since I waltzed that I am almost fearful of having forgotten how—and then the crowd—the orchestra—have already made me giddy; a long seclusion from the world renders one so timid!—and if you only knew —"

But before she had proceeded thus far in her excuse, Edgar's arm was passed round her slender waist, and she found herself in the midst of the dancers. Her first steps were timid and uncertain, but, thanks to the extreme skill of her partner, before they had made the circuit of the ball-room, Matilda surpassed every other waltzer in the grace and vapoury lightness of her movements. Animated by the irresistible charm of Strauss's music, her naturally pale cheeks glowed with excitement, her dark eyes flashed with unwonted fires; never before had she appeared so dazzlingly beautiful. Every eye was fixed upon her, and murmurs of admiration reached her from all sides. In the intoxication of her complete success—and it was her first success too—Matilda secretly, in her own mind, thanked Edgar for her triumph and the gratification she had derived from it.

Towards the close of the ball, the Baron de Wolfsberg approached Matilda, and asked at what hour she proposed starting on the following day for Linsdorf.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "I had forgotten that we were going there!"

"But it is not likely that I should forget it," replied Edgar, "for General Von Linsdorf has had the goodness to invite me there, and I shall have the honour of accompanying you thither to-morrow."

At that moment the General came in quest of his wife to take her home.

"You will not fail to be with us at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, my dear Baron," he said, shaking hands with Edgar. "We shall let Madame Von Linsdorf have the carriage to herself, and you and I will make the journey on horseback. That young man pleases me amazingly," he remarked to his wife, as they descended the staircase.

"Oh, what a charming ball! what a delightful *fête*!" exclaimed Matilda, springing into the carriage.

IV.

After all, Edgar de Wolfsberg was not quite so bad as he made himself appear. When he did wrong, it was less from calculation, or the pleasure of violating propriety, than from thoughtlessness and the habit of doubting in the existence of virtue. Noble in blood, beautiful in person, proud as the first fallen angel, brave as a lion, and an officer before he was sixteen, Edgar no sooner took his place in society than he beheld all the women of the Grand Duchy disputing the conquest of his heart; and thanks to their advances, which soon converted him into a young Richelieu, he finished by believing that if at some former period female virtue *had* existed, it had, for the time being, gone out of fashion. His greatest misfortune was having been born in a German Duchy instead of one of the great European capitals. In Paris or in London he would have been quite another man. His

noble intellectual faculties, smothered in the narrow sphere in which he moved, would have there developed themselves; his ambition would have taken a nobler flight than mere *succès de société*; and his youthful follies might have passed unnoticed, or at least not have drawn upon him the unenviable notoriety he enjoyed. In short, in an enlarged sphere of society, he would have found his own level; a perpetual contact with superior minds would have formed, enlarged, and perfected his own; and instead of being merely a reckless man of pleasure he would have certainly become a distinguished, perhaps even a remarkable, character.

Like the generality of his sex, Edgar possessed two descriptions of honour entirely differing from each other. In the ordinary acceptation of the term, he was the most punctiliously honourable man in the world; that is to say, he would have allowed himself to be burned alive rather than to have broken his word; and the most trifling infraction of the courtesies of society would have been sufficient to make him call out the conceived offender. But whoever would have tried to persuade him that there could be either shame in compromising a woman, dishonour in deceiving her, or cowardice in abandoning her, would have found him deaf to their reasoning. Therefore when, without knowing anything about Madame Von Linsdorf, he made his bet with Monsieur de Launay, it never entered into his head that there could be infamy in thus coldly trifling with the reputation, the happiness, and the future well-being of one who was perfectly indifferent to him; or rather he did not seriously think that a woman's happiness could depend upon what he termed a childish consideration. Unfortunately his experience of the sex had been such as to lead to his utter disbelief in their tears or their principles. When, therefore, he undertook the conquest of Matilda, he thought only of gratifying his vanity, and not of loving her. The second time they met, her exquisite beauty made a deep impression upon him; the impulse of passion was aroused, but with it came another feeling which he did not exactly comprehend—a sort of involuntary respect inspired by the angelic purity and unpretending dignity of Matilda. And on quitting the Princess's ball, Edgar said to himself, “I *might* after all love that woman! Well, so much the better for her! In that case I will fight with De Launay, and he shall believe that I have not succeeded, and—and, perhaps, our loves may last six weeks instead of three!”

Owing to the very short time passed by General and Madame Von Linsdorf at M——, and the limited number of their acquaintance there, nothing prejudicial to Edgar's character had reached their ears. Insinuating and deep as the Serpent of Holy Writ, and, Proteus-like, able to assume the form and colour of those who surrounded him, he had at once succeeded in captivating the General; and it was under these advantageous circumstances that he became his inmate at Schloss Linsdorf.

The life led there by Matilda was precisely that best adapted to make her fall into the snare prepared for her by Edgar. Left entirely at liberty by her husband, whose indulgent disposition led him to treat her like a child who ought to be amused and compensated for the long period she had passed in utter solitude in Courland, and who never dreamed of the danger that could arise to her from this intimacy and domestication with a young man like Edgar, she passed the greater part of every day *tête-à-tête* with their guest; while the

General congratulated himself upon having found so agreeable a companion for his wife, and one who at the same time could play at billiards, hunt, and smoke with himself.

As for Matilda, her happiness was complete; and without knowing from whence proceeded the sunshine of the heart which suddenly appeared to have shed its magic hues over her existence, her inward contentment betrayed itself in every gesture—in her look, her voice, her step! While the General busied himself in all those indispensable occupations of a landowner who has been absent for years from his estate, his wife and Edgar made long excursions on horseback in the environs, and visited every site worthy of remark; at other times they would wander through the roads of Linsdorf, and while Edgar paused to sketch some picturesque ruin, Matilda, seated amidst the fallen stones, would recite the verses of her favourite poets, or sing some fragment of an Italian melody in her thrilling *contralto* tones. She had discovered in the village a young boy who played waltzes admirably on the piano, and she made him come every evening to the castle, in order that she might practise waltzing with Edgar, to the great amusement of the General, who looked on and beat time while they whirled round the great hall, causing the armour with which it was decorated to rattle against the walls. Wolfsburg, who was a first-rate artist, proposed painting a portrait of Madame Von Linsdorf; she at first refused, but persuaded by the wishes of her husband, who remarked that a full-length picture of her would be a charming addition to the great drawing-room, she yielded, and converted one of the upper chambers into a *studio*, where she daily gave her guest a sitting.

Nothing could be more innocent than all this; everybody appeared happy and amused, and Matilda could conceive no state of existence half so delightful. Insensibly she associated Edgar with all her future projects, never dreaming of the necessity of a separation, or foreseeing any peril to her repose in such an intimacy. Like a sleep-walker, she fearlessly, because unconsciously, trod upon the edge of a precipice; and had any judicious friend endeavoured to enlighten her as to the real state of her heart, she would confidently have replied that a woman is never so little in danger of falling in love with a man as when she is enjoying his friendship. Sweet sophist!

Thus matters stood, and Edgar had been for eight days an inmate of Linsdorf when it came into his head that in the interest of his project, it might be as well to disturb a calm and serenity which, if prolonged, might baffle his intentions. One morning, therefore, at breakfast, he announced his intention of returning to M——, where business required his presence. Matilda was stunned by his words, and for the moment was conscious only of one feeling—a firm determination to resist his intentions,—she exclaimed against this sudden decision, pouted, grew angry, and enlisted the General in her cause, who, after having exhausted all his powers of persuasion, remarked to his wife that as there were doubtless powerful motives that rendered the Baron's departure obligatory, it would be unfair in them longer to oppose them.

"You take the thing very lightly, my dear General," said Matilda, laughing; "but what will become of us when Monsieur de Wolfsburg is gone? who will help you to kill your hares and roebucks? who will waltz and ride with me? and how is my picture to be finished?" And rising from the table and drawing herself up to the full height of

her lofty stature, she looked down upon Edgar, who was quietly smoking his cigar seated by the General, and said to him in a tone of mock solemnity :—" Listen, Baron Edgar de Wolfsberg ! if you persist in leaving us, I herewith declare war unto death against you ; therefore, reflect ! " And she quitted the room.

Later in the day, when Edgar found himself once more alone with her, she turned her back upon him, feigning to treat him with the most haughty disdain. " Will you not be friends with me ! " he asked, laughing. Madame Von Linsdorf turned an angry glance upon him. " No, I will not be friends with you ! " Then perceiving his air of astonishment, she continued : " I am as gentle as an angel when people do what I like : but mark me, Baron, when they do not do everything that I wish, I become cross, obstinate, and above all, unforgiving. As I am, besides, very candid, I will frankly own to you that it is because I detest you that I will not make friends with you."

" I am sorry for it, madam," replied Edgar, pretending to take what she had said seriously, " for I had formed quite another idea of your character." And bowing profoundly, he turned to leave the room.

This was quite sufficient to confuse Matilda, and make her forget the angry part she had assumed.

" Come," said she, in a gentler voice, and intercepting him, " you must not be offended."

Edgar gravely protested that he was not in the least so.

" You are determined then," she resumed, " to make me own that I am in the wrong? Well, then, let us be friends again ! It is I who now ask it of you."

Had Edgar been less of a *roué*, he would have sought to have converted this reconciliation into an opening for something more tender : but he saw that the moment for a declaration had not yet arrived, and that there was too much open-heartedness in Matilda's demeanour towards him, for him yet to risk anything of the kind. Therefore, with the coldest gallantry he raised to his lips the little white hand she extended to him.

" Our reconciliation is complete ! but," she added, with a supplicating look, and an inflexion of voice full of the most winning softness " you will not leave us, will you ? " And seeing that he was about to reply : " I will hear of no excuse ! I have ordered the horses to be saddled, and you must accompany me to see some ruins four leagues off, which I only heard of this morning. Come, you cannot refuse me this ! "

" Well, then, I will not leave you—at least not to-day."

The ride was delightful, the weather magnificent, and Matilda, enchanted at having vanquished Edgar's resistance, had never been more gay and brilliant. On returning from the ruins, the sky, which had heretofore been so bright and limpid, suddenly became dark ; thick black clouds overspread the horizon, and some large drops of rain began to fall. In a quarter of an hour the storm burst forth in all its violence, and Matilda, checking her horse, looked around her.

" Do you know," said she, " that we have lost our way, and that I no longer see Johann ? " And so it was ; the groom, who had hitherto followed them, was nowhere to be seen.

Matilda on that day rode, unknown to her husband, a young Mol-

davian horse which he had just purchased from an Hungarian officer at M——; and the groom, forgetting that it was not the horse habitually ridden by his lady, had neglected to put on a snaffle, so that she rode it with a simple bridle. Up to that moment, neither Edgar or herself had perceived that anything was wanting, for the horse had been all gentleness; but the first clap of thunder made it so fidgetty, and in proportion as the storm increased he became so violent, that Edgar, alarmed for the safety of Matilda, seized upon the bridle, notwithstanding her assurances that there was no danger. Their road lay across a rustic bridge, which was neither more nor less than a plank of wood four feet wide, thrown across an abyss two hundred feet deep, and protected by a rustic parapet. At the bottom of the precipice, the torrent, swollen by the storm, mingled its hoarse voice with the roar of the thunder, and dashed its white foam upwards as though in defiance.

Matilda's admiration of this magnificent conflict of the elements was interrupted by Edgar prudently suggesting that she should pass over the bridge on foot; but she objected to such a measure, declaring that she was too wet to lose any time in getting off her horse and mounting it again. Edgar, therefore, passed the reins of his own horse over his left arm, and grasping with the same hand those of Matilda's, with his right hand he applied a vigorous stroke of his whip upon its haunches. In an instant they found themselves upon the bridge, but there the struggle became fearful. As soon as the already startled animal heard the hollow sound produced by its hoofs upon the plank, its terror augmented to a pitch that rendered it unmanageable. With a bristling mane, dilated nostrils, and eyes flashing fire, it neighed and shivered in an agony of fear, and, exasperated by the lashes inflicted by Edgar, reared upwards, so as to remain standing upon its hind legs. At the same moment a loud crack was heard, and a part of the parapet broke down, and fell into the gulf. Wolfsberg saw the danger, let go the reins, and throwing his right arm round Madame Von Linsdorf, lifted her from her saddle as though she had been a child, and placed her before him almost upon his horse's neck. He had scarcely time to do this, and to back his own horse a few paces, ere the bridge, already shaken to its foundation by the last clap of thunder, gave way, and fell into the torrent below, carrying with it Matilda's frightened steed. Edgar heard a faint cry of terror, felt the convulsive shivering of the form he supported, and saw that Madame Von Linsdorf had fainted in his arms.

Seriously alarmed for her, Wolfsberg turned back, and clapping spurs to his horse, took the road towards the forest, bearing with him his lifeless burthen. At a turn in the path he heard a voice calling on him to stop, and beheld Johann riding towards him at full speed. After having explained to the latter the accident which had befallen the general's horse, he inquired whether there was any habitation near, whither the Countess might be conveyed, and learned that the only place of shelter within reach was a barn. Wolfsberg directed him to conduct them thither, and having lifted Matilda from his horse, bore her to the shed alluded to by Johann, and immediately despatched him to the château for a carriage to convey her home.

Left alone with Madame Von Linsdorf, Edgar contemplated with a sort of terror the lifeless beauty before him; he wiped the raindrops from her colourless face, wrung the long tresses of black hair that had

escaped from beneath her hat, and fell in wet masses round her neck, and kneeling on the ground by her, raised her head upon his shoulders, chafed her cold hands in his, and vainly endeavouring to restore her to animation. For more than twenty minutes his efforts were fruitless, but at last Matilda unclosed her eyes, and evidently unconscious that all danger was over, clung convulsively to her preserver, and in stifled accents murmured—"Save me, Edgar, oh, save me!" The tender familiarity of these words overcame Wolfsberg's previous caution, and addressing her by the fondest epithets, he burst into a passionate avowal of the love with which she had inspired him. But, completely aroused to a sense of her situation by these words, Matilda raised her head, and seeing where she was, violently disengaged herself from Edgar's supporting arms, and rushed towards the door. At that moment the carriage-wheels were heard, and Madame Von Linsdorf, without addressing a word to Edgar, sprang into the britchska that Johann had brought for her. Wolfsberg followed on horseback; and no sooner had they arrived at the château, than Matilda, pretending indisposition, retired to her room, and did not leave it for the remainder of the day.

On that night, Edgar, who was generally the last up in the house, was accosted at the door of his chamber by Matilda's maid, who said to him, "Herr Baron, the Countess begs that you will be in the *studio* to-morrow morning at six o'clock." Edgar had seen through Matilda's character too well to anticipate any flattering result from this rendezvous. After a sleepless night, restless and disconcerted, he repaired to the studio ten minutes before the appointed time, and was absently gazing upon the unfinished portrait, when the door opened, and Matilda entered. She was pale as death, and the depression and exhaustion apparent in her countenance, showed that she too had passed a wakeful night.

"You did me the honour to wish to see me here," said Edgar, bowing respectfully.

She drew near, and looking him full in the face, answered in a low but firm voice: "Monsieur de Wolfsberg, I have a great favour to ask of you—it is that you will immediately leave Linsdorf!"

The stroke was not entirely unexpected; but that which astonished and confounded Edgar more than her words, was the perfect calm and self-possession of Matilda's demeanour. Sorrowful but not agitated, it was evident that the struggle was over, and that nothing remained but the depression consequent upon a victory painfully achieved over her own feelings. Edgar, conscious of the danger of his position, lost all self-command, and exclaimed passionately: "Leave you!—no, Matilda, you know not what you ask of me,—yesterday I might, indeed, have gone; but to-day it is no longer possible."

Neither irritated nor softened by these words, but with a manner at once gentle and determined, she replied, "I know well that I can exact nothing of you, and that I ought to possess neither influence nor authority over you. No tie exists between us that can give me a right to require your obedience; therefore, I do not venture to impose a command upon you,—I come to ask a favour. I appeal to your generosity with full confidence in it.—Go, I entreat of you!"

"Matilda, tell me that you love me!" interrupted Edgar, in a tremulous voice, and seizing her hand, which she immediately withdrew.

"I can never be yours," was her answer.

"Tell me, at least, that you regret it," he persisted.

Matilda fixed her eyes upon him, and then coldly replied, "You force me to regret the step I have taken—you teach me that I have been too candid; but, unfortunately, I know not how to feign. I believed that you entertained for me a disinterested affection, a noble sentiment of friendship. I now see that you only sought for the indulgence of a worthless vanity."

"Ah, Matilda! what a cruel reproach have you addressed to me!" he exclaimed, in an accent of the bitterest grief.

"If I have wounded you," she replied, "forgive me; but promise that you will go. Monsieur de Wolfsberg—Edgar,—I wish to live free from self-reproach; help me to live without regret."

"But, Matilda, I cannot live without seeing, without hearing you; my life hangs upon your presence. I love you!"

"Oh, then, if indeed you *love me*, go!"

There was so much energy in her voice, so much supplication in her streaming eyes as she bent them upon his, that Edgar saw that he must no longer resist her commands.

"You shall be obeyed, madam," he said, after a momentary silence.

V.

When Edgar quitted Schloss Linsdorf he trembled for his bet. Matilda's conduct surprised him, so totally did it differ from all that he had hitherto encountered in her sex. She was the first woman who had known how to inspire him with esteem and respect—the first who had opposed truth and virtue to his libertine advances. He saw that she loved him, but he saw, too, that to yield to his love would be a sacrifice to which she never would consent. That very certitude rendered a victory over her scruples more than ever desirable to him.

As for Matilda, she never ceased to think of Edgar after his departure. Everything that surrounded her recalled him to her memory; and, with a melancholy pleasure, she dwelt upon the recollection of all that had passed during his sojourn at Linsdorf, contrasting that happy period with the blank gloom that had succeeded, until she at last began to reproach herself for a cowardly weakness in having driven him from her presence. "Surely," she thought, "I might have brought him to feel for me the pure and exalted friendship which I shall ever preserve for him."

But if anything could have enlightened her as to the real nature of her sentiment for Wolfsberg, it would have been the following incident:—One day as she was stretched upon the sofa in her dressing-room, her eyes mechanically followed the movements of her maid, who was taking from a large case some of the evening-dresses that she had brought from M——. In shaking and refolding one of those dresses (it was the one Matilda had worn at the Princess of D——'s dinner), something hard fell from it upon the floor, and a ray of sunshine piercing through the closed *jalousie*, gilded a small object not larger than a nutshell. Matilda sprang from the sofa, ran to the spot where it lay, and picking it up hastily, hid it in her bosom; then rushed from the room before her maid had time to perceive that her face was flushed with emotion and her heart beating violently. Madame Von

Linsdorf traversed the garden, and penetrating into one of the shady alleys beyond, sank trembling and breathless upon a rustic bench ; then, after casting a timid glance around, she drew from her bosom one of the kernels of a double almond, and gazing fondly upon it, whispered, "*Guten tag, Vielliebchen.*"

What a host of recollections did those words recall ! She thought she beheld Edgar once more by her side, and closing her eyes, fancied she heard his voice as on the night of the ball. Long did she remain plunged in that tender reverie ; then, with a sigh, returned to a sense of her loneliness.

On the evening of the fourth day after Edgar's departure, Matilda received a note, which ran as follows :—

"MADAME,

"Business of importance requires my presence to-morrow at V——, and as on my way thither I must inevitably pass before the gates of Linsdorf. I feel that it would be an ungrateful return for the friendly hospitality lavished upon me by the General, were I not to pay him a few minutes' visit *en passant*. I take the liberty of apprising you of my intention, not only that you may be spared a disagreeable surprise, but because I am anxious to explain to you the motives that influence me. In presenting myself at Linsdorf, I do not meditate a violation of your wishes, but merely the discharge of one of the duties of society.

"Allow me, madame, to reiterate the expression of my sincere respect.
E. DE W."

The General happened to be absent with his land-steward, and Matilda was therefore alone when Wolfsberg was announced. Their conversation was forced and languid ; on his side, coldly respectful ; on hers, confused and disjointed. Edgar did not fail to profit by the ill-disguised agitation of Matilda. After half an hour passed in talking of the most insignificant things, he arose and took leave of her ; but scarcely had he advanced a few steps towards the door ere he stopped, and turning back, said in a broken voice, "Madame Von Linsdorf, I cannot leave you thus ! this is perhaps the last time in my life that I shall behold you. Tell me, then, that you forgive me for my audacity the other day—tell me that you have ceased to be angry with me—or at least that you *will* cease to be so."

Matilda silently extended her cold and trembling hand ; the tears which she had vainly endeavoured to check, rolled down her pale cheeks as she raised her eyes and met his. "Matilda !" he exclaimed, passionately grasping her hand and pressing it to his heart, "it is in vain that you would conceal it—you love me !"

She wept unrestrainedly, but spoke not, and her silence, her deep emotion, were to him more expressive than words could have been. Emboldened by her passive tenderness, he no longer scrupled to address her in the language of love ; but, for the first time in his life, it was love in all its intensity and purity that dictated his glowing words, and not the vulgar passion which he had hitherto ever mistaken for it ; while Matilda, to whom such language, such feelings as those that agitated her, were entirely new, forgot in the enchantment of the moment that they should never have been listened to, never indulged in, by the wife of General Von Linsdorf.

More than an hour was passed by them in those tender confidences

which follow the first avowal of mutual attachment, and with the sophistry of the heart Matilda arranged for herself an imaginary existence, in which Edgar was to be constantly near her, in which their mutual affection was to be unceasing, but in which, too, she was to remain strictly faithful to her marriage vows.

Edgar was too practised a deceiver to rashly disturb those illusions; he knew that the woman who has once allowed her mind to dwell with complacency upon a sentiment which she dare not avow to her husband, has already made a fatal step upon the slippery descent that leads to dishonour, and that very little more is required to precipitate her to the bottom; and he left her, secure that his unworthy triumph was at hand. His love, however, was sufficiently sincere to make him deplore the bet into which his vanity had led him, but that vanity was still too strong to admit of his relinquishing it. They parted, and when he was gone it appeared to Matilda that the light of the sun had vanished with him.

But when he was gone her better angel returned to her, and shame and remorse for the weakness that had betrayed her into an avowal of sentiments so unhallowed assailed her with an agony of mind never before experienced, and proportioned to the dreadful struggle which took place between her heart and her reason. She endeavoured to retrieve the false step she had taken, by writing to Edgar, and imploring him never again to seek to see her; she threw herself upon his generosity, and trusted that it would not be in vain.

Jealousy alone was wanting to complete her misery. Matilda had flattered herself with imagining that Edgar suffered as much as she did from their separation, a conviction which unconsciously brought to her heart the greatest consolation of which it was susceptible. Her husband was destined to destroy that illusion. The General, after a few days' absence at M——, returned suddenly home to apprise his wife that he should be obliged to quit her again in order to accompany the Grand Duke to P——.

"*A propos*, my dear," said he, a few minutes before his departure—"I am not surprised at that devil of a Wolfsberg being so determined to leave us. I heard at M—— that he is about to make a most advantageous match with a young lady, who is not only beautiful and highly-born, but extremely rich. I saw him only once while I was there, but he never mentioned a word of the matter to me."

VI.

It was past eleven o'clock, and all the inmates of Scloss Linsdorf, save Matilda, were locked in deep slumber; but, too restless to retire to bed, she had extinguished her lamp, and wrapped in a white muslin dressing-gown, with her beautiful dark tresses hanging in disordered masses over her shoulders, she seated herself at an open window to cool her fevered brow with the fresh night breezes. The chamber of Madame de Linsdorf was upon the ground-floor, and opened into a beautiful garden, so that she had only one step to make to find herself in the midst of flowers and green turf. The night was magnificent; the moon shed her pale light upon the sleeping blossoms, and tipped with silver the summits of the forest trees. The time had been when those glorious summer nights caused the soul of Matilda to thrill with holy ecstasy—when, penetrated with the harmony of creation, she

adored in silence the Supreme Intelligence which had formed so fair a world for man, and her vague aspirations ascended towards those unknown regions where fancy revelled amidst joys too pure for earth. Now those blessed reveries could never more return. The liquid notes of the nightingale, the soft rays of the moon, the perfume of the flowers, called up one image alone—Edgar! Since the General's departure her heart had been unceasingly tortured by what he had said of Wolfsberg. The dreadful idea that he loved another, that he had been deceiving her, haunted her like a phantom. She pictured him to herself directing to her happy rival those impassioned looks and words which she had never seen addressed by him to any other than to herself, until the vision she had conjured up became too painful for endurance. In the jealous tumult of her soul, her late remorse was forgotten—her love alone remembered! there was but one happiness upon earth for her—Edgar's affection: but one misfortune—his indifference!

"Alas! alas! how wretched I am!" she exclaimed aloud, and covering her face with her handkerchief, burst into a passion of tears.

Madame de Linsdorf continued to weep bitterly for some time, until a deep sigh falling upon her ear caused her to start up, and in a trembling voice she exclaimed, "Who is there?"

"*Guten tag, Vielliebchen*, replied a man's voice; and Edgar—for he it was—appeared at the window. Her first impulse was that of the wildest joy. Forgetting all else in the happiness of seeing him, she stretched forth her hands, and in accents of emotion murmured: "Edgar, do you still love me?"

"Wherefore am I here?" he answered.

"You had not then forgotten me!" said Matilda; "what *he* told me of you this day was not true, then."

"Listen, Matilda," replied Edgar; "not only have I never forgotten you for an instant—not only have I never loved any one but you, but now that I know the intensity of our mutual feelings, I devote myself unreservedly to you alone. Do with me what you will—tell me to do anything, everything, save to forget you!"

Explanations, vows, protestations, followed on the part of Edgar; the admission into which Matilda had been weakly hurried of the jealous fears that tortured her, seemed to place her entirely in his power, but imprudent as she had been, there was in her a strength of virtue which enabled her to resist his pleadings, and to rise even above the reproaches of defeated passion.

"Edgar," she said, "you can no longer doubt how dear you are to me—you know that at this moment I would give my heart's blood to you—my hopes of earthly happiness—*everything* except—" She hesitated, cast down her eyes and blushed; then resumed in a firmer tone: "It is because you can no longer doubt of the devotion of my heart, that in the name of that devotion I ask a sacrifice of you which will be shared in by me (for henceforward our feelings can never be separated)—Edgar, we must not tempt fate by meeting thus again."

"Perhaps you will exact that I ought to forget you too?" he exclaimed bitterly.

"Oh, no, no—I exact of you nothing of which I am not capable myself. Love me, for while this heart beats I shall never cease to love you; regret me, for my life will be passed in weeping for you; but save me, for I would not forfeit my right to your esteem and

live!" Then sinking upon her knees, she continued with irresistible energy: "In the name of honour and generosity, I implore of you to grant my prayer! Go, if you would not behold me expire at your feet!"

Wolfsberg raised her from the ground with a sentiment of respect as new as it was inexplicable to him, for he saw that she was in earnest, and all his better feelings were elicited by that conviction.

"Matilda!" he exclaimed, while tears glistened in his eyes, "your happiness is dearer to me than my own—I obey you! But before I leave you for ever, give me something that has been touched by you—a glove—a ribbon—a flower that you have worn—that I may place it upon my heart, and feel that everything has not been taken from me."

"Take this handkerchief," said Matilda; "it is still wet with the tears I have shed for you."

Edgar received it from her trembling hand, thrust it into his bosom, and without daring to trust himself with a last look, rushed from her presence.

On quitting Matilda, Edgar had nobly resolved to do her justice; he loved her sincerely, but he admired and respected her even still more. Vanity and self-love no longer found a place in his heart, which, for the first time, was absorbed by the most exalted affection.

No sooner had he arrived at M—— than he hastened to Felstadt's lodgings, although it was too early to find him risen.

"What the deuce do you come for at this hour?" inquired his friend.

"Give me pen, ink, and paper, and get up immediately, for I want you to do me a service."

Felstadt obeyed, and hastily dressed himself, while Edgar wrote. "And now do me the favour to give this, yourself, to Monsieur de Launay," said Wolfsberg, placing a letter in his hand.

"*Tod und teufel!* who is Monsieur de Launay? Ah! I remember—that French officer! But surely the time is not over yet?"

"The three weeks have expired to-day."

"You have lost your bet, then?" and Felstadt burst into a fit of laughter.

This hilarity appeared to displease Edgar, for, placing his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, he said, with grave severity, "My dear fellow, there are some women purer than refined gold!"

"That may be possible," he answered, shaking his head, "but I never thought I should hear *you* say so."

Seven o'clock struck as Felstadt was ushered into De Launay's apartment and presented Edgar's note to him; he hastily tore it open, and read aloud the following words:—

"SIR,

"I have lost my bet, and shall therefore expect to meet you at the Z—— Gate at nine o'clock. I leave the choice of weapons to you.

"EDGAR, BARON DE WOLFSBERG."

There was nothing in this communication that surprised De Launay. Although the position of Matilda, and perhaps her romantic disposition, had caused him serious anxiety on her account, he had never allowed himself to imagine that a woman of her character would have fallen. Wolfsberg's letter was therefore fully expected by him.

Edgar was the first to arrive at the place of meeting, but his adversary

soon followed him. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, the ground measured, the pistols loaded, and it fell to De Launay's lot to fire first. Edgar, with a cigar, in his mouth, looked composedly at the muzzle of the pistol which was levelled at him ten paces off. De Launay fired, and missed him. Wolfsberg's skill was universally known; he never failed to snuff out a candle at fifty paces distance; therefore when he fired, and that his ball merely grazed De Launay's hat, Felstadt, who was ignorant of his determination not to wound his adversary, looked at him with astonishment.

"It is your turn, sir," said Wolfsberg, slightly bowing to De Launay.

De Launay deliberately took aim, and this time with fatal effect. Scarcely had the detonation been heard, when he beheld Edgar stretched upon the ground. He rushed forward and assisted in raising him, but the ball had entered Wolfsberg's heart, and he gave no signs of life.

"You had better get to the frontier without loss of time," said the surgeon; "the wound is a mortal one."

While assisting to unbutton Edgar's uniform, De Launay perceived, something in his bosom which he contrived to possess himself of while the wound was being examined. It was a pocket handkerchief edged with lace, in one corner of which was embroidered the name of "Matilda," surmounted by a Countess's coronet.

It was settled that Gustave de Launay should take his second's horse, and make the best of his way to F——, from whence he could take post to the frontier: and in ten minutes after the catastrophe he was on the road thither. Schloss Linsdorf lay just half way between M—— and F——; a sentiment of curiosity impelled Gustave to seek an interview with Matilda; he wished to restore her handkerchief to her and to find out whether it had fallen into Edgar's possession by chance, or by some unworthy trick. In less than an hour after quitting M——, he was at Linsdorf and in the presence of his friend.

"Have you any orders for Paris?" he said. "I shall be there in two days."

Then, after having explained to Matilda that urgent business recalled him to France, Gustave drew the handkerchief from his pocket, and showing it to her asked, "Is this handkerchief yours?"

Pale and trembling at the sight of it, she answered that it was.

"Did you give it to any one?" he pursued, almost fearing to hear her answer.

Matilda looked steadfastly at him, and an almost imperceptible "Yes," escaped from her lips.

De Launay placed the handkerchief in her hand without adding another word. Madame Von Linsdorf divined all that was passing in his mind, but no blush pervaded her blanched cheeks; a feeling far different from that of shame was freezing her heart.

"Did he give it to you?" she asked, seizing the handkerchief.

"I took it from him!" was the reply.

Matilda started from her chair. This answer, joined to the precipitate departure of Gustave from M——, aroused a dreadful suspicion in her mind. She unfolded the handkerchief, and perceiving some spots of blood upon it, rushed towards De Launay, and grasped his arm, while a convulsive tremour shook her whole frame.

"Gustave," said she, with almost superhuman energy, "I would not curse you—Tell me, then, that you have not killed him!"

"I have saved your honour!" he replied.

At these words Matilda fell senseless at his feet.

As soon as Gustave had placed her in the hands of her women, he remounted his horse, and, with feelings that can scarcely be described, proceeded to the frontier.

* * * * *

When the General returned to Linsdorf some days afterwards, he was struck by the melancholy faces of his servants. Where is the Countess?" he inquired of Matilda's maid. "Is she ill?"

"Ah, sir!—my poor lady!" was all that she could articulate in the midst of her sobs.

Astonished and alarmed, he hurried to his wife's chamber. Matilda was seated at the open window; the last rays of the setting sun fell like a glory round her head, and threw a golden gleam over the long masses of dark dishevelled hair that, streaming over her shoulders, swept the ground. Her back was turned to her husband, who, as he entered, pronounced her name; but receiving no answer, he drew near, and observed her attentively. Her eyes were fixed upon a white handkerchief which she held in her hand, and upon which were perceptible some spots of blood, already dried and discoloured. The General laid his hand gently upon his wife's shoulder.

"Matilda," he asked, "do you not know me?"

She turned round, and raising her husband's hand to her lips, said with a strange vacant smile; "*Guten tag, Vielliebchen!*"

BROKEN VOWS.

- THERE be dreams which fade and perish
 Ere the morning light appear;
 There be visions which we cherish
 More than truth for many a year.
 Such were mine in days long vanished,
 By enamoured fancy wrought,
 Ere a graver wisdom banish'd
 Youth's delusions from my thoughts.
- Up among the breezy mountains
 All a summer's day we strayed,
 Where a thousand murmuring fountains
 Scattered coolness through the glade.
 Woe is me for vows there plighted
 'Neath the ancient chestnut trees,
 Words of love for ever slighted,
 Hopes more fleeting than the breeze.
- Yet, as memory fain will wander
 Back along the path of years,
 Still the fairy scene I ponder,
 Finding sweetness e'en in tears.
 In her magic glass beholding
 Still I look, and love again:
 Truly there is no withholding
 Love once given, though given in vain.

C. B. H.

v 2

RICHARD RAFFERTY ;

OR,

THE IRISH FORTUNE-HUNTER.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," "MY LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A Lady's Letter.—Matrimonial movements, in effecting which the Priest turns up a Trump.—Mr. Rafferty, the Younger, prepares to start for the Modern Babylon.—He receives excellent advice, and departs under a shower of brogues and blessings.

WITHOUT delay, we will give the fair one's epistle as indited, with the running commentary that accompanied each paragraph, as Father Anthony read the same—

"SIR—

"DEAR I might have prefixed, had not maiden delicacy forbade it."

"That's a beautiful beginning any how," said Mr. Rafferty.

"A brief explanation of the motives which have influenced my conduct will best extenuate it, should that be necessary."

"That's coming to business, Father Anthony, without any rigmarole."

"The absence of my beloved father—"

"So—she has a father."

"And, Mr. Rafferty, did ye ever know any Christian woman that wanted one?" said the priest. "Can't ye keep listening, like a dacent Catholic, till I have finished. Where the devil—God pardon us!—did I lave off?"

"At 'a beloved father,'" said the Lord of Castle Rafferty, "like a corrected school-boy, who has been flagellated for a recent bruillerie."

"The absence of my beloved father, who has been obliged to visit his West India estates, to nominate a new agent, the last having broken trust and—"

"Go on, Anthony; but first let me make a tumbler for you and another for myself, and if there's murder in the next page I'll not trouble ye with a pig's whisper."

In "Hamlet" the player queen promises too much, and so did the proprietor of Castle Rafferty.

"Confided to the custody of a treacherous guardian by my idolized and absent parent, the trust has been grossly violated—"

"Och! murder!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "the creature has got a blast."

"Upon my conscience!" and the churchman laid down the letter in alarm, "I'm sorely apprehensive that she's a little damaged in her reputation. But stop till we know the worst," and he read on accordingly.

"This fiend in human form, to whom a too-confiding father thus unhappily entrusted me—in his eyes the most precious charge on earth,

is class-leader in a Conventicle, and wants to marry me to a preacher, blind of the left eye, and ugly as original sin—and also make over my paltry pocket-money—five poor thousands in the Four per Cents.,—to endow a chapel, and export to New Zealand a cargo of Watts' Hymns."

The priest laid down the letter and elevated his eyes to the ceiling, while my father swore roundly (and Father Anthony did not rebuke the outburst), that the guardian aforesaid should be hanged—and also, that the one-eyed abuser of his satanic majesty, namely, the preacher—should be committed, as a rogue and vagabond, to the house of correction.

The remainder of the lady's letter can be easily compressed. To Dick's proposal she answered "Done!" She had two protectors, now,—her father, engaged at present in rummaging for gold-dust; and her lover, awaiting her decision with the painful anxiety of a culprit who pleads guilty, as he eyes any suspicious movement of the judge's finger towards the cushion before him, underneath which, as he knows from Old Bailey experience, the black cap is generally deposited. Amelia waived idle ceremony, and came like a brick to the scratch. Bred an orthodox episcopalian, she was ready to renounce methodism, and all that aided and abetted it. Connemara was nearer than California. The sooner she was in security the better—and the trifle in the Four per Cents.—her hand and person included—like a note payable on demand, were ready for Mr. Rafferty for claiming of them.

"The sooner Dick starts the better," said the priest. "I'll take the bull by the horn, and see if I can't knock the fear of God into the heart of that miserable old malefactor, that, to your disgrace, is but four akin. Think of him, the antiquated sinner, offering a light shilling only last week, to take his own Cousin German, by the mother's side, out of purgatory—and he, as the ould villin knew well the loosest lad that ever the parish produced. But I'll not part him chape, and if the ould lady will get Dick's linen put together, and you will drink asy, and comfort yourself with an air upon the pipes, I'll do my best, and see if the Virgin—glory to her for a real gentlewoman!"—won't stick to us, as she has done, at many a stiff pinch before."

It was late the next day before his reverence returned, for he had lost the best end of the preceding evening, before he could bring the miser to the point. But he did succeed. The skinflint forked out thirty pounds—but the *gompeeine* he exacted was known only to himself and to the loan contractor. The old gentleman was to pass his note; the priest agreed to be security; and as many of the tenants were to join the twain, as could find room for a name or their X upon the back of the bill.

In three days, Dick was ready for the road, and set out by times, to catch the coach at Cloghnageerah. Prayers were offered for him in the chapel after second mass; and as he trotted towards the coach-road, there wasn't an old shoe within the parish that was not pelted after him for luck. The priest undertook to see him off, for, the old gentleman being a quarter behind-hand with the hush-money, was mortally afraid to meet the sheriff, and kept snug and warm in the house.

"Dick avour neeine!" said Father Anthony, "fortune's before ye

like a wheel-barrow—and the ball is at ye'r toe, if you can but manage to give it the right kick. When ye arrive in foreign parts take things fair and 'asy—and don't, at the first word, off with the coat to every divel that wants to fight ye. Don't be late out in the streets upon the batter—nor ware ye'r boots out dancin' at every cake, or in skrimagin over the wide world after every woman ye run against, because she wears a fliskmahoy ribbon in her bonnet and has jimkin bobs in her ears, that are, may be, only gilt after all. Don't, when ye'r in for a heavy drink, sit with your back to the fire; and keep two things close shut—your pocket and your mouth. Write down all that happens ye, and ye can now and then get a frank, or send it by some friendly boy who has been in London for a spree, or out of the way of trouble for being over civil to a neighbour's daughter, and is waitin' till he hears from home that the match-money is made up. And now, up with ye on the roof—for I see the devil, Phil Maguire, has boulted his cropper at the counter, and is drawin' his cuff across his mouth. Be sure ye mind y'er duty like a raal Catholic, and niver miss mass when ye can help it. The coach is going, and now, Dick, *astore*,* remember ye'r clergy's words, and God bless ye, if it be possible."

Mr. Maguire touched the off-leader with the silk—the helpers pulled away the horse-cloths—a shower of blessings and old brogues were discharged as the coach started—one of the latter unsettling, from over-zeal and mal-direction, the back tooth of an English traveller.

"Won't I be proud of ye in a month or two," and his reverence gave a wink, which, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head in the play, conveyed an infinity of meaning.

Poor Father Anthony! Before half the allotted space, the story of his pupil had concluded for, like the history of a fox-hunter, Dick's career had been short, sharp, and decisive. To honour its wind-up, however, no public demonstration at Castle Rafferty was made, and at chapel, neither

The bells were rung,
Nor the mass was sung.

But why and wherefore this occurred, the reader will discover after he shall have read the next chapter, which we venture to assure him shall be found rather short, very pleasant, and uncommonly instructive.

CHAPTER III.

Penmanship and Orthoepey,—Departures from both, professional and polite.—Opening occurrences of the Journey, as detailed by Mr. Ignatius O'Boyl.—Dick Rafferty finds favour with a Coroner's Jury.—Crosses the Channel, and opens the Hymeneal campaign.—Letters from London.—What happened at the Sign of the Lady without a Head.—A change of Quarters for the worse.—Julia goes to Newgate, and Dick enlists.—Both ordered on Foreign Service, and also in the same vessel.—The Lady proceeds on a Cruise, and Mr. Rafferty returns to Connemara.—Luck's everything, and Virtue is rewarded in the long run.—A bad start does not always lose a race, and Dick comes in a winner.

It has been commonly remarked, that attention to caligraphy is not considered an essential either by the great or learned. Indeed, it would appear that they rather prided themselves in running into

* *Astore*—*Anglicò*, darling.

the opposite extremes. With professional men, distinctive singularity is pardonable—a bad hand is indispensable to a medical practitioner, as a Brougham and a book—while the enormity of occupation which a personage learned in the law struggles to insinuate that he labours under, would be dissipated at once, could it be remotely suspected that he could find leisure to loop an “l,” or cross a “t.” As in physic, half the virtue of a prescription lies in its hieroglyphics, so also, in law, what client would fee counsel who conveyed his private sentiments on the merits and demerits of the case at issue, in language that could be understood, or characters decipherable by any person but a solicitor? Would any elderly lady swallow rhubarb, were the drug not mystified on its bottle into “rad: rhei:”—and yet that ornament to the profession, Doctor Ollapod, would tell you that “rhubarb’s rhubarb,” after all. No, could the old gentlewoman but suspect that she swallowed at bed-time in a bolus, what she discussed very comfortably at dinner in a tart, she would cut the family chemist incontinently, and seek some more cunning leech, who, though he might in submission to the revolutionary spirit that unhappily marks the age, have discarded the stuffed alligator he took with the fixtures of the shop some fifty years before, still, true to his vocation, will involve even to the last, his “beggarly account of empty boxes,” in mystic characters and bad Latin?

Lawyers and doctors are permitted, by custom immemorial, to inflict “cursed crabbed pieces of penmanship” upon the community—but it is expected, *per contra*, that they shall neither lengthen or abridge any word in common use, in aught of its fair proportions, as allotted to the same by Lindley Murray. Persons, not professional, are entitled to claim exception. Lord Loggerhead, in right of his peerage, held himself authorized to spell physician with an ‘f,’ and Antony Lumpkin, Esquire, a gentleman of ancient family and good estate, candidly confessed that he never could tell “an i from an izzard.” With such precedents ready to quote at command, Dick Rafferty felt that no apology was required for his being, in orthographical matters, a little erratic. As *Hamlet* excused a cold supper on the score of thrift, the priest’s *élève* might plead for the omission of double m’s and n’s, that, while the meaning of the word could be comprehended, by a judicious curtailment, the writer’s time—*ad valorem* amount, not correctly understood—and a saving of ink, would be equally effected.

It was the first time that Dick had been required to call in the aid of letters, and convenient as they may be sometimes, to

“Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole”—

still, in love and business, the prevailing fancy in Connaught is to manage matters by word of mouth. Dick Rafferty—save under three tumblers, and that the language spoken was the vernacular—was, in truth, an orator of but feeble pretension—while on paper he was still less effective. All, therefore, that was said and done during the crowded six weeks of his English expedition, and which, by turns, converted Castle Rafferty into a house of feasting and fasting, we shall endeavour to condense and render into English—as we best can—adding, here and there, such incidental correspondence as may be necessary to fill two or three *hiatuses*.

The first intimation of Dick's progress was thus addressed—

“ Mistress Honoria O'Boyl,
Grocer, tobacquist, and Oilman,
Cloonflin,
Connemara.”

N.B.—Turn at Knockscattery.

County Infirmary—Monday,
Ward No. 2. Mornin'—12 of June.

“ DEAR WIFE,

I know that you'll be soar distrest to here of my kallamerty—but the lord's will be dun—Hear I am in the county Infermary, led up with a kolar boue brok, and all thro' Dick Rafferty—the devil's luck to him, day and night—Until we cam to Kiltyoor—mick our jurny was uncomon plesint, as the gentelman who sat upon the bocks, plaid on the jews harp most beautiful—We had a litel Refreshment at the stages as we druv along, but there wasn't a man on the roof ye could well say was the worse of Liker—Well nothing would serve Dick—my curse and the widda's lite upon the same—but he must drive and partly thro' spirits, and partly thro' perswas-shin, he gets the coachman—God be good to him, and pity his poor wife who's at the down-lyin', and his childer, one of them a kripel, and the other that cant walk, to give him the whip and reighns.—Away we went—and feaks—I had grate misgivins that Dick's drivin—may the devil drive the same lad—would bring us into trubbel—an sorra much I was astray.

“ Well, for about a matter of six mile, wee got on purty fair, an' all the damage don was by Dick's driving thro' a Flok of gees and lamin' a goslin'. We stopt at Roger Murphy's, and had som Beer, and a snap of spirits, nate at the red Cow—and also another pint that the gent on the bocks that plaid the trump, won from the man behind him, who beat that Lord Wellintown was a hielanman by berth, and always wore kilts upon a Sunday. The cumpanee give it against him—an' feaks! he paid it like a man—and we stopt an' had it at Matty Philbin's. We had also a taste at Tom Langan's, that keeps the pound, and a drop of beer, out of respect, at his motherinlaw's—a very dacent ould woman, whos son was hanged on suspishin' of murderin' a tithe proctor (bad luck attend the name!) about a twelvemonth back. Well, thro' these stopps we lost time, an' says Peter Cormick, 'We're behind hand,'—and the devil a maney words he spok after it.—'Are we,' says Dick, 'then here goes to make it up.' In went the whip, an' away we goes scatterin' down the hill.—'Holy Barbara!' says poor Peter, 'why didn't ye stop till we put the drag on.—In wid the laders, and mind y'er noggin hand,* or we'll be teetotally demolished—for there's not a krooketter corner in Connaught, than the one that's before ye.' Well, instead of followin' good advice, Dick lost hart altogether—let slip one part of the reighns, and pult hard upon the wrong ones—so the coach run away with the horses, as might be expected, an', insted of turnin' fair an' asey over the Bridge, we goes head over heels into a pratty field. Peter Cormick—Lord look down upon the famaly!—was kilt upon the spot—I was takin up for ded—one horse brok his neck, and the other three will nivr

* In Hibernian parlance, the left, from holding that useful vessel, is termed the “noggin-hand,” and the right “the spoon” one.

turn a wheel while they live in this world. The gentelman that plaid the trump, sed to me afore the axident, when we were takin' a cropper at the widda's, that he was mighty fond of dancin'—but the divil a step he'll take for a month o' Sundays, as his ankel's fairly twisted round—and, as I here, but can scarce believe, the heel is now where the big-to ust to be formerley. Grate consternation was afflicted on the insides;—the bishop of Kinturk, whose a stout man, an' who nivir, as the vally-de-cham sed, took nothin' but carriage exercise, is blac from his hip upward as the ace of spades.—Lord forgive us for camparin' a sinful card to a holy bishop!—But the worst of this misfortin must be tould yet,—there was a dacent young cuppel just married in the coach, and she has lost five teeth, and is so disfiggert otherways, that her husbin's dog wouldn't own her. As to him, the poor divil! he's stricht beside me in the next bed—a beautifull place for a man to spend the honeymoon—and all this thro' Dick Rafferty.

“An' now, Honor darlin', as I've tould ye the extent of our Misfortin, you'l ask, an' natral enough, what became of that villin that occasioned all—and, as a chirstein woman, I know ye'l hope he brok his back,—but I've dowbts on my mind that he even brok his braces—for he went flyen off the bocks, lit upon his feet, like a merry andra, and was the first to ask us, as we lay topsy-turvy, what the mater was. He's safe to be hanged,—an' that, all in an' out, when they recovred there senses an' ther tongue, offert to make affidavid on, if they were askt upon oath.”

There were some family details superadded to this official account of the accident. Young Peter was to be flagellated if he smashed another pane; and even if she went down upon her knees, the tailor's wife should not be entrusted to the value of *schullogue*—she had no principle, and never went to mass;—good and sufficient grounds, in Peter's mind, for her not obtaining permission to instruct him in the art and mystery of book-keeping.

The opening epistle will generally convey the particulars of the accident; and touching the general results, a despatch from the *origo mali*, meaning Dick, will be sufficiently explicit, although we will farther elucidate the text, by now and then introducing a running commentary of the churchman's—

“‘DEAR FATHER ANTHONY,

“‘You didn't expect to hear from me so soon.”

“Upon my conscience! he may say that.”—

“‘We'er born to troubil as a turf flies uppermost, as you said yerself in the effective sermon, that ye preached upon the death of the miller's wife.”

“It's wonderful how my words stick to the memory of the flock, like a burr to a woollen stocking—for even that reprobate remembers them; but, the thief, to put a turf into the mouth of the Lord's minister—and that's myself—when I said a spark. Who the divil—Christ pardon us for even naming him—heard before of a turf flying up a chimney? But let us go on.”—

“‘As I intend to come back four-in-hand, I thought I had better practice with the mail; and, the harness being rotten, the horses run away; and, owing to the fault of the proprietors, the whole concern

was made *smilhereens* of—poor Peter Cormick was kilt upon the spot; and the divil a one, big or little, escaped damage but myself. It's wonderful to imagine how anybody could have been hurt—the drop wasn't above eight or ten feet—and what can be softer than a potato field?'"

" ' REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

" Postscript.

" ' Would ye believe it? as the stockin' man died last night, they had a coroner's inquest on him this morning. The verdict was not accidental death, as it ought to be; but I know well the hair of your head will stand on end, when I tell ye what an escape I had. There was a villin, an outsider, with brown clothes, a broad hat, and buckles in his shoes, that would girth a *surcingle*. Well in he comes, and offered to make oath, only he wouldn't kiss the book, that I was the death of the stockin' man! I bless God, and so will you, that the jury were all good Catholics; and I got the height of applause for the way I cross-examined him.—' Ask him if he goes to mass,' says I, ' and bid him cross himself, the hathen, if he can.' —Feaks he owned the truth at once; he never had darkened a chapel door, and he called crossing an act of idolatry!—' Ask him, the divil,' says I, ' if he'd mind eating meat upon Good Friday? '—And what do ye think was the answer—why, that ' it was a good one when he got it.'—' Arrah be off, and repent,' says the foreman; ' I wouldn't hang a cat upon ye'r evidence—you would sware this young gentleman's life away, ye broad brimmed malefactor.' And they brings in at once that the stocking man died by the visitation of God—and feaks! I got over in a common canter, what I feared might have brought me into tribulation. Dear and reverend Anthony, don't forget me in your prayers, and remember me to my mother, Biddy Callaghan, Judy Grimes, Shawn-a-Neilan,* and Critch O'Hara—and also, to all inquiring friends. Whitewash the stable that the grey colt died in—and be asy on Mary Mossop when she comes to be churched as ye can. You know I'm going to lead a new life, and neither of us will trouble you again. So no more at present."

The next epistle was dated from Holyhead; and joyful was the priest's heart, as he read the agreeable missive over for the third time.

" Here I am fairly across the herring brook, and things look like housekeeping as you'll presently admit, and now for the particulars—

" A young and interesting lady on landing on the K——" (Oh! Holy Bridget! there's a way of spelling "Quay," and the very next line, there's footman with a *u*)—" found that her maid and futman had taken the wrong vessel, leaving her nothing but what she stood upright in, except a small basket and her Bible, with six or eight shillings, in small silver, to throw to beggars from the coach window, or any cripple that came across her. Faith! I took instant advantage of her distress, and insisted on franking her to London. She held out for a little, but what could the crature do? so I took charge of her on the spot; and who do ye think she is, Father Anthony? The divil a less, than the youngest daughter to a third

* " John of the Islands," and " Hunchbacked O'Hara."

cousin of the Lord Mare.”—(Oh! murder! there’s one way to spell mayor).

“Well ye see, Antony *astore*,* when I was satisfied of her high connexions, I began to draw tenderly on other matters touching how she stood respecting *tin*.”—(Tin! what the devil does he mean by tin? Oh! I guess it from what follows.)—“And by degrees I coaxed all out of her at last. She has one side of a street in a place they call Pimlico—God knows what money in the funds—and great expectations from an old gentleman, aged seventy-six, who is maid of honour I think she said to the lord chancellor. Well, hadn’t I the luck of thousands that these devils, the servants, went astray?—She tells me she gives the maid close upon a hundred a year, and the futman.”—(Bad luck to ye, Dick, another *u*!)—“Never walks the streets in the dirtiest weather, without silk stockings and a cocked hat.

“Here we are in London, and staying at a fashionable hotel with a funny sign, a woman without a head upon her. By the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, and a pain in her stomach, which lasted the whole of the journey, and that nothing during the whole time, but brandy *nate*, could relieve, I overcome her maiden scruples. Indeed, between cognac and persecution I never let her rest. She was bothered at a place they called Wolverhampton, and dead beat when we came to Coventry. She’ll not mind her third cousin the lord mayor a *trancine*,† and we’ll put the bans up next Sunday.”

“Sign of the Lady without a Head,

“Wednesday Evening.

“Devil’s luck to lady’s maids, and fellows with cocked hats, who would faint to case their calves in dacent Connemaras. Neither of them have appeared yet, and we are beginning to fancy they got by mistake into the Scotch packet, which has occasioned the delay. Julia is here without a second shift (mind, Father Antony, I only guess as much), and what’s become of her baggage and jewel-cases, God only knows. I’m down to 4*l*. 6*s*. 4*d*. If these devils, the servants, don’t turn up in a day or two, I must, I’m much afraid, condescend to borrow a pony or two, from the lord mayor. Of course, he’ll be too happy to write a cheque for the 20*l*., but one doesn’t like being under any obligation to a stranger. I’ll name it to Julia after dinner.

“She won’t hear of it; but she’ll step over to the Mansion-house to-morrow.

“Isn’t it a wonder how particular the people in the house are? Devil a chop touches your ivory, till its paid for on the nail—and ye must stump up the lodging money every night before you stretch yourself upon the flea-bag. I wish Julia’s traps were come to hand; she tells me there’s a 50*l*. note in the jewel-case, if she could only find out where it was. Well, the lord mayor, of course, will make all right to-morrow.

“She’s back; and was there ever such a hard-hearted old Turk He give her the height of abuse for not being in time last week to be presented to her Majesty; and she felt so much affronted, that she came away without even asking for the cheque. I wish she would let me step over and explain. What do I value him and his

* *Anglicè*—darling.

† *Anglicè*—a straw.

gilt coach? But she won't listen to it. I wish the servants and the kit were come. Down now to eight and sixpence.

* * * * *

"No news of the servants. Not a ghost to keep the devil out of my pocket, but a battered shilling and fourpence halfpenny in brass. Julia must overcome her pride a little, and get twenty or thirty pounds from that old cousin of hers.—Bad luck to him!"

"Oh! murder, murder, Father Anhtony! We're teetotally ruined, and that 's the short and long of it. Warned out by the landlady—and the lord mayor—Cromwell's curse upon him!—is gone to sea in his barge, and isn't expected home for a fortnight. Where are we to move into, and obtain a lodging! Oh! murder! Anthony *avou-neeine!* I wish you were beside us!"

"God forbid I had my wish. For, feaks! you would be in a stronger house than ever Castle Rafferty was. But I'll do my best to inform you of what has happened.

"While we were sitting over a little gin and water, and I was endeavouring to persuade her to step down with me to Pimlico, and, as we do in Connemara, get the tenants to fork out a little in advance, the door opens, and in comes a couple of as ill-looking villains as ever a dog barked at. One of them chucked Julia under the chin, and asked her, 'Where the devil she had stuck herself, as they had been rummaging for her the last three months?' Feaks! I was so astonished I couldn't speak, and may be I was surprised a little more, and that in the course of the next minute.

"'Is this cove yer fancy man, since Tom was lagged? I suppose, as I don't know him, he 's a country workman ye have picked up, but we may happen to find out a little more about him presently.' And before I knew that anything was wrong, they had me handcuffed like a deserter. As to our pockets, they turned all inside out. Devil a scurrick but a sixpence was in mine, and all that Julia's produced, was three pawn tickets and a pack of cards.

* * * * *

"Locked up for the night.—Oh! Father Anthony, haven't I made a Judy Fitzsummons mother of myself? Julia's no more related to the Lord Mayor than you are—and has not a rag of reputation, for all she depends upon is telling fortunes on the cards.

"Turned out in the morning—Julia sent to Newgate. She made faces at me from the dock, and told me before she stepped into the van, to inquire after her maid and footman.

"Not a rap to bless myself upon—not a roof to shelter me. When I went back to the Woman without the Head, they told me my wife had sent her brother for my luggage—and all but shut the door in my face.—Nothing but one choice left.—Listed in the 5th Foot,—Regiment, in New South Wales,—depôt, at Chatham."

(A *hiatus* for three months occurs in Mr. Rafferty's correspondence.)

"Drafted to join the service companies—and go out guard of a female convict ship.—Went on board at Woolwich.—Transports partly in the vessel, and the rest expected this tide by a steamer.—

"Cross yourself, Father Anthony, before you read another line.—Who do ye think is among the last batch? The devil a one but Julia Montagu! I was sentry on the gangway,—she knew me at first sight.—Did she faint? I think I hear your reverence inquire. Arrah! the devil an idea of the kind was in her head. Of all the brazen thieves ye ever cursed from the altar in your time, she's the biggest. As they had cropped her close, I was a little bothered to remember her for a minute. She burst into a horse laugh—'Are ye there, Dick?' says she; 'Does your mother know you're out?—and have ye written lately to Father Anthony? My cousin, the Lord Mayor, sent you his kind compliments, and, would you believe it, neither my maid nor footman have ever returned since.—So, you have got brown bess upon your shoulder; the fittest play-thing for about the biggest fool I ever met to amuse himself with!—And she kept laughing at me 'till they bundled her down below.

"God and your reverence be praised, my discharge arrived this evening. I'll hurry home as fast as I can roof it down to Liverpool, and if ever I take four in hand again, or lay hold of an heiress at first sight, leave me at pack-drill for the remainder of my natural life."

It is only necessary for us, as the biographer of Dick Rafferty, to say, that he returned to Castle Rafferty not richer, but much wiser than when he commenced his travels. He neither requested, *en route* to Connemara, permission to tool the coach, nor would he have attempted to put his *comether** on an heiress, had such been in the carriage. In a year afterwards he married a priest's niece. Father Anthony made the match, and Dick inherited all that the old churchman had hoarded for half a century. It is true that the sum total would not have bought a corner of Pimlico—but all was *aragud-sheish*,† and by its judicious application, the hall-door of Castle Rafferty remains now upon the latch, and the old gentleman ventures boldly to fair and market, and is not the least afraid to shake hands with the sub-sheriff. Dick, after all, was no fool in his generation. He enacted a four-in-hander—wooed and won an heiress—became candidate for the bubble reputation, and finding these were all vanity and vexation of spirit, he confines himself to a much more pleasant and profitable pursuit—namely, the production of sheep, and fattening of bullocks.

Should the enemy speak with him in the gate, his quiver is amply provided. Five pledges of connubial love have been granted him with marvellous rapidity; and, tell it not to Harriet Martineau, it is whispered, not denied, that Mrs. Richard Rafferty is again "as ladies wish to be."

The old gentleman drinks poteeine punch, and plays the pipes as usual. The Priest blesses or bans, according as the flock deserve it. Julia Montagu has never favoured her former lover with a single line,—and such is the truant disposition of men, that while he recalls a half-forgotten fox-chase with delight, Dick modestly declines any pretensions to drive three blind ones and a bolter,—and, from his silence on the subject, a stranger would never suspect that he had cut a distinguished figure in the British Metropolis.

* Make love to.

† Ready money.

DEFENCE OF SIR JAMES BROOKE'S POLICY.

BY JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
THE ANCIENT GREEKS," ETC.

IF one were only to consider the individuals who have publicly come forward to attack Sir James Brooke, it would be scarcely worth while to undertake his defence, so little weight have their names or testimonies with the country. But there exists in the background a large amount of anonymous hostility, which being unceasingly reproduced can scarcely fail to exert an unwholesome influence on many weak and prejudiced minds. To account for this hostility is not difficult. Sir James Brooke has made himself a name and a position in the world, and therefore all those who have failed to do so are his adversaries. Swift, long ago in a couple of verses, explained their philosophy.

" I have no title to aspire,
Yet if you sink, I seem the higher."

So think and so reason the anonymous cohort of gentlemen who have latterly, out of dislike to Rajah Brooke, taken the pirates of the Indian Archipelago under their protection.

Still I would refuse to no man his right to form and express an opinion on anything he pleases. All I would ask is, that he should be at the pains to inform himself on the subject by consulting what has been written, or by conversing with those who have performed this necessary task for themselves. Now, among Sir J. Brooke's antagonists I know of no one who has done this, though two or three of them profess, like Martinus Scriblerus, to have made their own legs their compasses, and to have explored the Indian Archipelago in person. In this case, one cannot compliment them on their aptitude for observation, or on the accuracy of their memory, since they seem to fall into quite as many errors as the patrons of the pirates who have remained at home. The qualifications of both classes, however, will appear as we go along.

I ought, from the very outset, to make myself distinctly understood on one point, I mean that I am not an enemy to peace, that I entertain no contempt for human life, and that I sympathise deeply with all mankind, even the most barbarous and degraded, and so, I will undertake to say, does Sir James Brooke. It is not, therefore, through any inherent cruelty of disposition that he carries on hostilities with the piratical tribes of Borneo, but because he believes, rightly or wrongly, that neither civilization, nor commerce, its most active handmaid, can ever make much progress in the Archipelago till its waters shall have been completely cleared of remorseless sea robbers, and dealers in captive slaves. All but the mere traders in sentimentality will acknowledge the humanity of his disposition, though they may question his policy. With those who deal in wholesale accusations of murder, coldblooded atrocity, cowardice, and so on, I scorn to argue. Their proper answer is contempt. Sir

James Brooke would not thank me for connecting in any way his name with theirs. He hopes to occupy a proud page in the annals of his country, and therefore no one who wishes as I do, that he should do so, could ever deliberately link his name with those of a set of itinerant libellers, whose sole path to notoriety lies through the aspersion of great and distinguished men.

There are in this country two societies which have latterly laboured hard to bring themselves into notice,—the Aborigines Protection Society, and the Society for the Establishment of Universal Peace. The gentlemen associated together, under these names, adopt very extraordinary means for accomplishing the objects they profess to have in view. Instead of exerting what little influence they may have to protect the pacific and industrious Aborigines from such of their brethren as live by pillage and massacre, and cooperating with the Governments of Christian Europe in extirpating a system, which for many centuries has desolated the Archipelago, and held it in ignorance and barbarism, they undertake the patronage of war in its most sanguinary and ferocious form, such as is carried on by freebooters against their harmless neighbours. They can discover little evil in this which the rest of the world calls piracy. It is only cutting off a few heads, and taking a little rude property—operations which the peace people regard with extreme indulgence. One of their orators from north of the Tweed, speaks of the contests of the Borneo tribes as nothing but “intertribual wars,” which could not, in his opinion, occasion much mischief to the human race, not at all events enough to justify the interference of the Rajah of Sarawak for the purpose of putting a stop to them.

Perhaps the members of these two societies—*Arcades ambo*—would somewhat modify their opinion if made acquainted with the results, which those Lilliputian contests, in their opinion so pretty and harmless, produce in Borneo. As it might unsettle their nerves to adduce Sir J. Brooke’s authority, I shall have recourse to that of the Dutch, which will have the additional advantage of being newer to them. What the dimensions of Borneo are may be discovered from the maps; and the richness and fertility of its soil, and to the genialness of its climate all travellers who have visited the island will bear testimony. It would consequently be fair to infer that it is well peopled, or, in other words, contains some fifty or sixty millions of inhabitants, for the greater of which numbers it could, if well cultivated, very easily provide. But how stands the fact? According to the official return of the Netherlands Government, the entire population of Borneo does not exceed six hundred and fifty thousand souls. This calculation is probably below the truth, though it is impossible to deny that all parts of the island are so thinly peopled as almost to deserve the name of mere wildernesses. Put a stop to piracy, or, if the peace people prefer it, to the “intertribual wars” and you might easily locate in Borneo all the population of Insular Asia. At any rate the number of inhabitants would soon bear some more reasonable proportion to the extent of the island.

It is not my fault if Sir James Brooke’s antagonists are not individually deserving of refutation, that they substitute sophistry for reasoning, and fictions for facts. For his sake, as well as for my own, I wish they were more respectable. But they are active, stirring,

numerous, and persevering; and as calumnies uncontradicted might in the end come to pass for truths, it may be worth while to enter into some details to prevent a consummation so little to be wished. In reasoning with such monopolists of humanity as the members of the twin societies, it may be of little use to refer to the practice of statesmen, or to the language of treaties. From the elevation of their philanthropy they despise both. It is, therefore, not to them that I address myself, but to those who may be in danger of being carried away by their misrepresentations.

The great point at issue, between Sir James Brooke and the pacificators, is the existence or non-existence of piracy in the Indian Archipelago; for, the evil being admitted to prevail, I suppose the most hardy among the humanitarians will not refuse to confess that it ought to be extirpated. When Great Britain concluded, in 1824, its last treaty with the Netherlands, it distinctly recognized the existence of piracy in the Archipelago; for, by one of the articles of that convention, it binds itself to co-operate with Holland in putting an end to the mischief. For many years it neglected the performance of this duty, partly through indolence, but partly, also, out of deference to the Dutch government, which, though it had ostensibly sought our co-operation, secretly dreaded nothing so much. At length, through the exertions of Sir James Brooke, the subject was pressed on the consideration of Government and the country, and the result has been those contests against which the twin societies now so fiercely declaim.

I shall not reject Sir James Brooke's own testimony—which would be paying a ridiculous deference to his adversaries—but shall compel those who most perseveringly malign him to supply proofs of the wisdom of his policy. If men, profoundly ignorant of every department of Asiatic history, of geography, of politics, and diplomacy, will go about declaiming blindly against a statesman, and can find audiences to listen to them, and to applaud their impudent exhibitions of ignorance, there is, as far as they are concerned, no help for it. Their object is to acquire notoriety, not to obtain or to diffuse knowledge, otherwise it might be hoped that, by bringing forward irrefragable proofs of the disastrous prevalence of piracy in the Archipelago, from long before the advent of Europeans down to the present day, they would be convinced of the wickedness or futility of their proceedings, and quietly return to the performance of those duties which they have quitted to carry on a crusade against the friends of civilization.

Most persons who interest themselves in the affairs of the Oriental Archipelago, will be aware that there exists among the Dutch a most inveterate hatred towards Sir James Brooke, because he has been the means of bringing the enterprise and energy of Great Britain to bear upon their audacious plans of monopoly and self-aggrandisement. They will consequently not be suspected of publishing anything likely to prove favourable to him, nor have they, indeed, to my knowledge, ever written or said one word in his favour. But, without desiring to shield his policy from animadversion, they have dwelt strongly on the necessity of achieving what it has always been his chief object to accomplish: I mean the destruction of piracy.

One of the arguments made use of by the peace-people to prove

that the suppression of the piratical system is no concern of ours, is based on the supposed fact, that the buccaneers never attack English vessels, or cause any perceptible rise in the rate of maritime insurance. Of course the natural inference is, that we are to regulate our humanity by Lloyd's books. So long as our patronage of piracy costs us nothing, we may comfortably indulge in it; but if once the excesses of the buccaneers interfere with our profits we be to them! The twin societies will instantly wheel about and consent to march through Coventry with Sir James Brooke! And let me tell them it is full time they should begin to think seriously on this point, For the question having been brought publicly under discussion, it turns out, according to the testimony of a ship-broker, that the only reason why the rate of insurance is not affected is, that from the list of accidents from which ships are insured, piracy is distinctly excepted.

But supposing the twin societies were correct in their statement, that English ships are not molested, would it follow that we are not interested, as a nation, in suppressing piracy? The internal commerce of the Archipelago is almost exclusively carried on by native merchants, in their own vessels; which, extending their voyages far and wide, collect the productions of its innumerable islands, and convey them to Singapore. Here they take in exchange English goods with which they proceed eastwards as far as the coast of New Guinea, diffusing, as they go along, a taste for the manufactures of civilized Europe, and awakening that spirit of industry which can alone enable the natives to become purchasers.

On one of the Aroo islands, at the further extremity of the Archipelago, these native traders hold a great mart, at which the manufactures of Europe are bartered for the productions of the further East; gold, ebony, edible birds' nests, odoriferous gums, trepang, spices, birds of paradise, and other articles of use or luxury. All true friends of religion and humanity must regard with deep interest the concourse of natives assembled on that distant isle, *Bugis*, from *Celebes*, *Javanese*, *Malays*, and *Papuans*, all unconsciously engaged in humanizing each other through the instrumentality of commerce. The spectacle, however, would be far more cheering, were it not that these enterprising and industrious traders are every moment haunted by the dread of those desperate marauders, who they know are lying in wait for them in various parts of the *Archipelago*. They consequently count their gains with fear and trembling, lest they should never be permitted to return with them to their homes. With them commerce is more a lottery than with any other people in the world. To get their living, they every day run the risk of being killed; but for which these beautiful and fertile groups of islands would long ago have been reclaimed from barbarism, and converted into so many agreeable and salubrious abodes for man.

It is a long received phrase among us, that facts are stubborn things; and I may add, that they are also at times extremely uninteresting; yet how can one get on without them, unless one chooses to imitate the twin societies, by dealing wholesale in fictions. I must entreat the reader to have patience with me while I throw together a few of these stubborn articles for his instruction, though not, perhaps, for his amusement. With the full fear of *ennui* before my eyes, I go back to the year 1708, when the Dutch, having cap-

tured a number of pirates, handed them over for punishment to the Sultan of Bantam. In 1726 their East India Company seems to have taken upon itself the duty of avenging commerce, for, having made some captures on the Coast of Timor, it makes no mention of having delivered them to any native prince for chastisement, the Dutch having by this time discovered that they could perform the task themselves. Their enterprises, however, in this way were few and far between. In 1741 they chased seventeen war-prahus along the Coast of Java. In 1769 the "Sea Lion" cruised in the Bay of Lampong, and in the meanwhile they had made an attempt to introduce the passport system into the Archipelago to restrain the movements of its *mauvais sujets*. They likewise found out that their friend, the Sultan of Bantam, had contracted alliances with the pirates, and that his subjects were in the habit of comforting them and purchasing their captives for slaves. Accordingly, the virtuous Dutchmen reprimanded him severely, though, so far as is discoverable, with no effect.

It is not to be expected that itinerant declaimers like those employed by the twin societies should patiently investigate the history of the Archipelago, in order that they might not advance anything but the truth. What they aim at is effect, and as a strict attention to facts would altogether mar this, they steer as wide of them as possible. The interest of Government and the country is different. As a great Christian nation, it must be our wish to carry Christianity and civilization into all those regions over which we exercise any influence, and the experience of Portugal, Spain, and Holland, proves to demonstration, that as far as the Oriental Archipelago is concerned, the extirpation of piracy is an indispensable preliminary. The evil existed there in very remote ages, but as the native governments yielded to time, and to those causes of dissolution inherent in all states, it became far more powerful and widely spread; princes allied themselves with the piratical chiefs, or degenerated into such themselves, so that there existed no hope for the people but from the predominance of Europeans.

The power of Portugal has long disappeared from those seas, and that of Spain is slowly vanishing. Holland only has for many years made any pretensions to a dominant influence, and though it would be incorrect to maintain that its power has been of no service to humanity, it is impossible, with the facts of history before us, to concede to that country the honour of having greatly circumscribed the operations of piracy. European ships of all nations have been repeatedly captured by the buccaneers, who have sometimes slaughtered the whole of the crews, while they have on other occasions contented themselves with selling them as slaves. In the China seas the practice is to wound and mutilate, to cut off men's ears and noses, and otherwise to torture them, to produce a discovery of treasure. The Illanuns, Sulus, Malays, and Dyaks, pursue a different course, for, as I have said, they either cut the throats of their prisoners at once or dispose of them like cattle.

Dalton, who was himself taken prisoner by the pirates of Borneo, and sent as a slave into the interior, saw in a village on the Eastern Coast, numerous articles of English female dress, with English writing-desks, tables, &c.; and once caught a glimpse of an Euro-

pean woman, who was immediately hurried off by her owners. I suspect the ladies who cheer the ribald declaimers of the twin societies, it is to be hoped, through mere thoughtlessness, would not relish a life-long captivity in Borneo, to say nothing of those insults and horrors which are the invariable preliminaries of slavery. Indeed, it is impossible to believe that there is a single Englishwoman living who could countenance proceedings so despicable as those of the twin societies, if she were made thoroughly acquainted with the character of the miscreants in whose behalf they are endeavouring to get up an excitement.

It happens very unfortunately that Mr. Cobden has, to some extent, lent his countenance to the twin societies. By this step, however, he will do more harm to himself than good to them, because his authority, considerable as it is, will not suffice to reconcile the public to their violent calumnies; whereas, these constantly put forward, and repeated in the most repulsive forms, must diminish the respect which would otherwise be paid him.

When a meeting of the twin societies was to be held in the City, Mr. Cobden, not being able to be there, wrote the following letter to the Chairman:—"I shall not be back to London in time to attend the meeting upon the Bornean Massacre on Wednesday, but I am glad you are going to make a public protest against the proceedings of our force under the command of Rajah Brooke. I have read with great diligence every paper and report throwing light upon the sanguinary attack upon the Saribas Dyaks, and have been unable to ascertain the grounds upon which our ships of war were called into use at all on that occasion. But, certainly, there is no evidence against the 1500 men, who are said to have been put to death, which could have convicted one of them of any offence in an English court of justice. It seems to have been a gratuitous and cold-blooded butchery, which brands its authors not only with cruelty, but cowardice; for there appears to have been not the slightest danger of resistance to the power employed in the massacre. I hope, for the honour of our country, that the Government will be compelled to disavow the conduct of Rajah Brooke."

From this, it is clear that Mr. Cobden stands committed to the support of the worst accusations that have been made against Sir James Brooke. He says he has read diligently every paper and report. But what papers, and what reports? To me, it seems evident, that Mr. Cobden is not in possession of all the knowledge necessary to come to a just decision in a case of this kind. Is it not enough that he was the leader of the Anti-Corn-Law League? Why should he thrust himself in company with the twin societies into a position in which he is not likely to cut any very brilliant figure? That Sir James Brooke, and the officers of the *Nemesis* and *Albatross*, played the part of cold-blooded assassins and cowards, the country will not believe, even on Mr. Cobden's word. Would it not, then, have been prudent to forbear from making assertions which can obtain no credit?

But the *animus* of the writer may be conjectured from the tone of the speaker, to whom the unfortunate letter was addressed. This person, who probably does not know the difference between a Dyak and a Chinese, when he came to develope his notions of statesmanship, estimated, as follows, the value of the British Navy :

—"For himself, as a commercial man, he would state that the house with which he was connected had insured vessels to the amount of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and he was not aware that they paid a single shilling less for English vessels on the ground of their being protected by English men of war; and if the latter were all scuttled to-morrow, he believed he could go to Lloyd's the next day and insure his vessels without a shilling more."

Imagine this broad-brimmed Talleyrand scuttling the whole British Navy, as an experiment in the business of insurance, and think of Mr. Cobden writing to him in the most endearing terms, and encouraging his monstrous rhapsodies. I confess I am much perplexed by this affair. Does it not look as if the scuttling of the navy entered into the secret designs of the twin societies? The country had better look to it. Peace, when maintained with honour, is one of the greatest blessings, but when adhered to, in spite of insult, and injury, and defeat, and infamy, and disgrace, it can appear desirable only in the eyes of a navy-scuttling pedlar. However, the country must now perceive distinctly that it is only those who abhor our naval supremacy, and would scuttle our navy to destroy it, that deal in accusations of massacre against Sir James Brooke, and the various officers, who, at various times, have co-operated with him, the Honourable Captain Keppel, Sir Edward Belcher, Sir Thomas Cochrane, Captain Mundy, and a long list of others.

I am almost ashamed to notice the observations of an individual who could maintain that no injury would accrue to our commerce, were our whole navy scuttled to-morrow. But the orators of the societies are all of the same stamp, and their assertions might be mistaken for facts, were their ignorance and absurdity left unexposed. Of course, I am far from regarding the destruction of the Sarebas and Sakaran pirates as a massacre. But, supposing it were such what must the public think of the scuttling orator and his member of parliament, who pretend that nothing similar has occurred for the last two hundred years? These gentlemen must read history backwards, as witches do their prayers, and by this means so utterly confuse their ideas, that they know not which is which. The world has heard of the massacre of the Memlooks, of the Janissaries, of the Mohammedans in the Crimea, where 30,000 peaceable citizens were cut off in one day, and of many other similar transactions nearer home. These were real massacres, undertaken without necessity, perpetrated in defiance of all the principles of justice, and to the last degree atrocious and detestable. Besides, have not English officers, since the affair on the Borneon coast, destroyed between two and three thousand pirates in the Chinese waters? Yet, because there is there no Sir James Brooke to be attacked, the twin societies obviously mean to pass it over, unless their last urban crusade has sickened them of such proceedings.

A gentleman, who, I think, is much to be pitied for having been betrayed into a contest which he does not possess the necessary information for carrying on, puts forward objections to Sir James Brooke, which I really find it difficult to characterize. He may possibly be a foreigner, in which case his want of acquaintance with our language must entitle him to our indulgence. According to him, Sir James Brooke had "branded the Sarawaks as pirates,

although they were only engaged in intertribal war with the race of which he was chief."

It would puzzle the most consummate logician to follow out the chain of reasoning implied in this portentous sentence. What is meant, we may conjecture from a knowledge of the real facts; but, literally interpreted, the language of the itinerant orator means this—that Sir James Brooke, being chief of the Sarawak Dyaks, brands them—that is, his own subjects—as pirates for carrying on a war with themselves. But, having gone thus far, you will not by any means have attained to all the rich absurdity of the passage: for, first, the wars are "intertribal" (intertribual) that is, carried on between tribes; but, then, suddenly one of these "tribes" is converted into a "race," at the head of which Sir James Brooke is set in position. Now the students of ethnology will inform the crusader that between the words race and tribe there is a considerable difference; and the student who is acquainted with the Indian Archipelago, will tell him that when he said "Sarawaks" (a vulgar word of his own coining), he evidently meant Sakarans. But, as I have already observed, these modern knights-errant think as little of knowledge as their predecessors used to do of a commissariat.

In order to delude the "simple and innocent natives," who flocked together to have their ears tickled by the twin societies, the sagacious orator denied that the "Sarawaks" were pirates, meaning, of course, the Sarebas and Sakarans. But what said the witnesses examined before the authorities at Singapore, before awarding the head-money to the officers and crews of the *Nemesis* and *Albatross*? When the Parliamentary papers, asked for by Mr. Hume, are produced, they will no doubt contain the whole of this evidence, and much more; but, in the meanwhile, the reader will probably be content with the following abstract:—"Suip, a Sadong Malay, from Paku, in the Sarebas, who was out with the pirates, and afterwards captured in the jungle, swore that he was in the prahu, run down by the *Nemesis*, but swam ashore. The fleet, he said, consisted of one hundred and fifty vessels, and was commanded by all the principal chiefs of the Sarebas, and manned by nearly the entire male population, with whom many Sakarans were joined. Very few of the prahus had less than thirty men, many carried forty, and some seventy. There were not more than four small brass guns in the fleet, but each prahu carried a few muskets, and great quantities of spears, swords, and shields. The fleet, on reaching Sarebas, proceeded to the mouth of the Niabur, where it remained one night, thence to the Palo, and thence to the Bay of Lassa, plundering by the way a trading prahu laden with sago. Having captured two other trading prahus, they next attacked the town of Mato, but were repulsed with the loss of ten men. Half the pirate force landed below the defences thrown across the river, and the other half engaged from their prahus. Two women and two children were captured. Within the last eight months three large fleets have sailed from Sarebas on piratical cruizes. During the last rice-harvest, Sadong was attacked by them with a fleet of a hundred and forty prahus, and many people were killed. A less numerous fleet assailed it a second time, as well as several other places in the vicinity." The witness stated that he would have been killed by the Sarebas chief had he refused to join the pirates.

Next follows the evidence of Abong Bit, once a Sarebas pirate, but now preferring peace and industry, a quiet resident of Sarawak. He said it was the ordinary custom of the Sarebas and Sakaran people to go out on piratical expeditions, sometimes from the one, and sometimes from the other. The objects of these expeditions was to plunder and obtain heads. When at sea they attacked all whom they could overcome without exception or distinction. He himself had been out at least thirty times. He was at the attack on Palo, near Sambas, inhabited by Chinese. The fleet killed numbers of Chinese and Malay fishermen at the entrance of the Sarebas river. He was also at the attack on Sinkawan, when upwards of one hundred Chinese were killed. At the capture of Sangie Takong, where fifty were killed. At that of Sangie Brahu, where a hundred and fifty were killed, and at Durie, where a hundred heads were obtained. Many other places were also attacked by the fleets in which Abong Bit was out. The Malays plundered, and the Dyaks amused themselves with taking the heads. All these places were in the Sambas and Pontianak countries (Dutch possessions). They were not attacked from motives of revenge, but for the sake of heads and plunder. The people of Sarebas do not trade, but when in want of money and slaves go pirating. Abong Bit himself has taken many slaves, and plundered with the rest. Of those taken by him some are dead, and some have been sold. He left Sarebas about six or seven years ago; but had lived there from his boyhood, and is now an old man.

Sajay, a Malay, formerly a pirate of Sakaran, but now resident at Sarawak, after giving many other instances of the atrocities in which he had been engaged, among others attacking a fleet of the Sow Dyaks, killing two hundred men, and enslaving two hundred women and children, proceeded to state,—that the Sarebas and Sakarans do not make these attacks on account of injuries received: “but kill, plunder, and destroy all persons and vessels they meet at sea.”

Abong Byong, one of the captured buccaneers, swore that he had frequently been out pirating from Sarebas; his object being plunder, the Dyaks taking heads. They never made any distinction of nation, had no friends when at sea, but captured all they could conquer. He had been present at the taking of many trading prahus: some were from Brune, some from Sambas, and some from the islands. He had been at the attack of many Chinese and other settlements. He was also present at the Mouth of the Sarebas when the piratical fleet was destroyed by Captain Farquhar. That fleet was from Sarebas.

Abon Hassan, a Sadong Malay, confessed he had committed innumerable murders, and then very naively explained the creed of the Sakarans on the subject of piracy. His tribe, though in partnership with the Sakarans, was everywhere but on shore regarded as fair game. His father was killed by the Sakarans at the mouth of the Sadong river. On one occasion he was off the coast with Sherrif Saib, when they were attacked by two Sakaran prahus, although their crews knew well Sherrif Saib, and the vessel he was in. They were beaten off. Sherrif Saib was their great friend and abettor, and Abon Hassan having boarded the Sakaran prahu, asked them why they attacked their friends, to which they replied—“At home we make

a distinction between friends and enemies, but at sea everybody we kill and plunder."

After giving at some length the evidence of several individuals who had themselves been plundered by the Sarebas and Sakarans that excellent journal the *Singapore Free Press* observes,—

"Had time allowed we believe hundreds (of witnesses) might have been obtained to depose to the same effect. They show very clearly the piratical character of the Sarebas and Sakaran tribes, and the manner in which they conduct their operations. When on a cruize their hand is against every man, they shed blood freely, and when they do not murder their victims they preserve them only to deliver them into a rigorous slavery. Women and children share the same fate. It will be observed that the pirates consist of two classes, united in this nefarious trade—the Malays, who follow it for the sake of plunder; and the Dyaks, whose chief aim is the acquisition of heads. Their power for the present is shattered, and if they are only kept in awe for some time longer we may hope to see them renounce their piratical character and turn their energies to more peaceful pursuits."

The Dutch historian* of piracy in the Archipelago reckons the Sarebas among the tribes by whom it is encouraged and carried on, and the Dutch Government when most intent upon its suppression, could think of no other means than the absolute reduction under their own authority of all the communities on the north-west coast.

The broad-brimmed Talleyrand, who is for scuttling the British navy, is evidently of opinion that we ought not to interfere with the pirates so long as they confine their attacks to native vessels, though these, as I have shown, are the indispensable feeders of English commerce. He affirms that no English vessel engaged in legitimate trade has ever been attacked by pirates in China—meaning, I suppose, the waters of Borneo. The Dutch, however, who have had some experience, are of a different opinion. In the "Geographical Outline of Netherland India," published in 1843, occurs the following passage:—

"Small islands, rendered almost unapproachable by sunken reefs, serve as retreats to the pirates. From the midst of these sea-dens, they suddenly rush forth in their prahus, filled with men, not only to attack the native craft, but even European ships, taking advantage of calms or contrary winds, or the smallness of the crews, to gratify their audacious rapacity."

The historian of piracy shows that, as far back as 1769, it was the practice of the buccaneers to massacre the entire crews of European ships. "The 'Sea Lion,'" he says, "cruizing in the Bay of Lampong, was attacked and boarded by a single piratical prahu, and its whole crew, of twenty-four men, were massacred." In 1807 another example occurred. The "De Vrede," a ship of war, was attacked in the roads of Indramayo, by seven piratical prahus, each carrying a hundred men. The Dutch crew partly effected its escape in boats, Beckman, the lieutenant was drowned, but Stockbro, the second in command, was taken and sold for a slave; and, after long hardship and captivity, ransomed by a Chinese merchant. In 1810, the English brig "Fly" was taken and its crew massacred, off the coast of Java. In 1812, the schooner-of-war, "Wellington," with two gun-boats and six native vessels, engaged a piratical fleet,

* Cornet de Groot. "Notices Historiques sur La Piraterie," 231.

and narrowly escaped, with great loss. Two months after, the buccaniers fought with the armed boats of the ship-of-war "Modest," and in the same year the English ship "Coromandel," having been driven ashore in Borneo, was burnt. Again, the "Helen" was attacked in the Straits of Banca, by a single prahu, with eighty men. Another English ship was taken and most of its crew massacred in the Straits of Macassar; and in 1814, the "Antelope," with some gun-boats, engaged a fleet of eighty prahus in the Straits of Banca.

It would be easy to multiply examples, and to bring them down to our own day; but this would be merely to occupy space with an uninteresting list of captures. From what has been said it will be sufficiently obvious that the piratical prahus of the Archipelago are not mere wicker baskets, like the coracles of our ancestors, but formidable craft, sometimes ninety feet in length, with double decks, and manned by a hundred men. Fleets of such prahus, scattered through the Eastern Seas, not only obstruct commerce and prevent the progress of civilization, but absolutely keep down, to the lowest rate, the population of various islands by the perpetration of atrocities at which humanity shudders.

It is for his services against such men that Sir James Brooke is now attacked by the twin societies, whose orators have nothing but fiction to proceed upon, there being, so far as I am able to discover, not a single writer acquainted with that part of the world, who takes the same views with them. The *Times*, in the admirable articles it has written on this subject, has too easily taken it for granted that the peace-people are correct in claiming Midshipman Maryatt as a coadjutor in the attacks on Sir James Brooke. Sir James Brooke was not himself of this opinion. At all events, just before leaving England he presented me with a copy of the book, observing that it would be of some use to me. He was well satisfied that Mr. Maryatt entertained no hostility towards him, and from the following passages the reader will perceive that he was right.

"The usefulness and philanthropy of his (Mr. Brooke's) public career are well known; if the private history which induced him to quit the service, and afterwards expatriate himself, could with propriety, and also regard to Mr. Brooke's feelings, be made known, it would redound still more to his honour and high principles; but these I have no right to make public. Mr. Brooke having made up his mind to the high task of civilising a barbarous people, and, by every means in his power, of putting an end to the wholesale annual murders committed by a nation of pirates, whose hands were, like Ishmael's, against every man, &c."

Again,—“We certainly had in our party one or two who were as well fitted to grace the senate as to play at leap-frog, but I have always observed that the cleverest men are the most like children when an opportunity is offered for relaxation. I don't know what the natives thought of the European Rajah Brooke, playing at leap-frog, but it is certain that the Rajah did not care what they thought. I have said little of Mr. Brooke, but I will now say, that a more mild, amiable, and celebrated person I never knew. Every one loved him, and he deserved it.”

Further on, the same writer says,—“We all felt annoyed that we had not an opportunity of bidding farewell to Mr. Brooke, and thanking him for his kindness to us, whenever he had an opportu-

nity of showing it. He was, indeed, beloved by everybody who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

From what has been said the reader will, I trust, be led to agree with me, that the outcry now raised against Sir James Brooke by a handful of prejudiced persons must not be attributed to motives of humanity. Egregious vanity is at the root of the whole affair. When the pompous speakers took their places on the platform at the London Tavern, they were absolutely inflated with a sense of their own importance, and looked as grim in their comfortable broad-cloth as if they were going on a forlorn hope against the Sarebas or Sakarans themselves. Full of faith in their own rhapsodical powers, and the credulity of their orators, they yet secretly trembled at public opinion out of doors. Not so with those who have engaged to bring forward the question in the House of Commons. Accustomed to political contests, they will thunder through long and tedious hours against Sir James Brooke, will pronounce a panegyric on the Sarebas and Sakaran Dyaks, and do everything else in keeping with their sympathy for criminals and outlaws. Formerly humane men sought to distinguish themselves by siding with the oppressed and injured, with the plundered and bereaved; now, on the contrary, their benevolence leads them to undertake the defence of the plunderer and the bereaver.

But the House of Commons if it have not lost all regard to its own character will be careful to silence this outcry by explaining the true state of the case, by proving that it is not through any love of severity or bloodshed that we have undertaken the suppression of piracy, but as a sad and solemn duty performed towards those who can hope for protection from none but us. For long ages population has been kept down in the Archipelago, commerce circumscribed, and the progress of civilization arrested by the piratical system. Now, therefore, that the course of events has led us into those regions, and given us influence there, it is incumbent on us, as Christians and civilized men, to range our whole power and authority on the side of the industrious classes against those arrogant and sanguinary marauders who have converted nearly the whole Archipelago into a region of death.

Sir James Brooke is pre-eminently a humane man, and would at any time infinitely prefer using persuasion to force; but, at the same time, he is a statesman, and understands too much of human nature to imagine that vast piratical hordes can ever be induced to quit their calling, without undergoing severe chastisement. They must be made to feel the iron hand of civilization before they will consent to depart from the hereditary maxims which have hitherto governed their conduct. To them the sentiments of humanity are unknown. They think only of blood and pillage, and could they catch their white patrons of the London Tavern, would spear them as coolly as they would so many specimens of the Mias Pappan. I trust the Legislature will not suffer itself to be influenced in the slightest degree by the outcry of the twin societies, but will be at the pains at once to clear the character of Sir James Brooke and that of the officers of the "Nemesis" and "Albatross" from all the aspersions gratuitously cast upon them; and, in the second place, to give its sanction to that policy which can alone remove the Oriental Archipelago from heathen darkness and barbarism.

THE STAGE AS IT IS IN 1850.

Decline of Acting.—Decadence of the Literature of the Stage.—Monopoly of the Patent Houses.—The Drama of Charles XII.—Windsor Theatricals.—Prospects of the new Season at Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mr. Lumley's activity.

No fact is more obvious to the habitual play-goer—if that class of pleasure-seekers be not wholly extinct—than the decline of acting, as an art, within the last twenty years. Since the retirement of the Kembles, the Keans, the Youngs, the Ellistons, Emerys, Mundens, Listons, Davenports, Blanchards, and Dowtons, no new candidates have appeared to supply their places, or to furnish the least compensation for their loss. The more recent deaths of Mrs. Orger, and that easiest of humourists, poor Wrench, have left fresh gaps, which we have no hope of seeing filled up; and when Mrs. Glover and Farren withdraw, an event which may be looked for at no very distant day, the hearse of the Old School may be got ready, and we must prepare to follow High Comedy to the sepulchre.

This gradual going out of the Old School of actors is more severely felt in comedies of the first order, than in any other department of our dramatic literature. In Tragedy there is a self-sustaining power which of itself carries us through with more or less force, and enables us to put up with mediocrity in the acting. But there is no mediocrity in Comedy. It must be excellent, or miss the mark altogether. Passion finds something like an adequate vent in the language set down for it; but wit, humour, manners, depend upon the brilliancy and fitness of the expression. Here the actor must reflect in person, gaiety, and bearing the purpose and brightness of the scene. If he lag behind the vivacity of his rôle, if he substitute vulgarity for high breeding, if he renders the *finesse* and sparkle of the dialogue with heaviness or awkwardness, the liveliness vanishes, and all becomes flat, insipid, and offensive. The accomplished gentleman of Comedy—the Orlando of modern society—requires a rare combination of fine qualities—figure, voice, taste, a happy temperament, and a familiar acquaintance with the usages of the drawing-room. It is more in sorrow than in anger, we must add, that there is no such phenomenon at this moment on the English stage.

The re-action of this decadence upon the literature of the theatre is palpable. The actors complain that the falling off is in the authors. The authors assert, with greater reason, that it is in the actors. The actors cry out, "Give us a good play!" The authors answer, "Give us actors to play it!" The public have the power of deciding upon at least one side of the dilemma, and until the stage is reinforced by competent performers, they are not likely to have an opportunity of pronouncing a verdict upon the other side. No dramatic writer will be found to risk a great labour in the inadequate hands to which, in the present condition of the theatres, it must be unavoidably entrusted. If he write for the stage, he must write *down* to it; he must crop and suppress his imagination to suit the capacity of the company; he must keep his characters within the limits, beyond which his actors may not venture without certain fai-

lure ; and, looking to the deficiencies in the highest walks of Comedy, he must be content, in composing his pictures of contemporary life, to leave out the most important figures. The difficulty is felt so acutely by men whose genius, under more favourable circumstances, might revive the fortunes of the drama, that they turn in despair to other forms of literature, and the stage is consequently little better than a manufactory for play-wrights and adaptors of French farces.

However sound may be the objection which lies in the abstract against the principle of monopoly, there are cases in which a monopoly is highly desirable. The stage furnishes a striking illustration. The breaking up of the monopoly of the Patent Houses was confessedly a greater evil, so far as the art of acting is concerned, than the monopoly itself. Acting survives as a profession, but is no longer cultivated as an art. Formerly, when it was the crowning ambition of the life of the provincial actor, to work his way up to London, and to establish a position on the metropolitan boards, he laboured studiously in his vocation, as the only means by which he could attain his object. But since London has been thrown open to the mob of provincial celebrities, and access not only has been rendered easy to unknown aspirants, but a premium has been set upon the smallest local reputations, the ambition of the actor to achieve distinction has vanished with the obstacles he had formerly to conquer in its attainment. Instead of the obscure country actor looking to the London stage as the final goal of his efforts, the London stage now looks to the country actor for the means of sustaining it through its harassing struggles. The effect of this is to raise the pretensions of an inferior class of performers, who, finding an extrinsic value put upon their talents, are tempted to believe that they are already famous, and in that comfortable belief to relinquish all further trouble in the study of the art they profess. In the old times there were training-schools in the provinces, amongst which Bath, Dublin, and York, were conspicuous for the quality of actors they sent out. But all that is over. There is no longer a solitary theatre in which discipline is observed, or from which instruction can be gathered. The reward is abolished, and the stimulus to exertion is gone.

The monopoly of the Patent Houses was productive of this valuable result, that it collected together the heads of the profession, and placed in the hands of managers the power of presenting to the best advantage the noblest works of the drama. An examination and comparison of the cast of any Shakspearean play as it was given some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, with the strongest cast that can be given to it now, will better exemplify the existing condition of the stage than a hundred arguments. Such talent as we possess is scattered amongst the numerous theatres of the metropolis, and the utmost that can be calculated upon is, that the general poverty of the performance shall act as a foil to set off whatever merit there may be in one or two of the leading parts. The Haymarket and the Lyceum should be excepted from this observation in the performances which their costly companies enable them to execute with effect ; but, notwithstanding the real excellence they display, their range is limited and peculiar.

It is quite true that the abolition of the monopoly has extended the sphere of what is called the legitimate drama. We have now

five-act plays in the minor houses instead of hobgoblins, blue lights, and melo-dramatic horrors. But it may be doubted whether this diffusion of the legitimate drama has been attended by the advantages which were expected to flow from it. We are inclined to suspect that, on the contrary, it has lowered the influence of the five-act play, and materially assisted in bringing it into disrepute. Certain it is that the relish for that form has considerably gone off; and we think we do not mistake the cause, if we trace it to the glaring disproportion we find in the majority of cases between the demands of the play and the capabilities of the performers. Deficiencies in the representation are more apparent and oppressive in five-acts, which require to be sustained at a certain elevation, than in a brief piece which is rapidly dismissed, and leaves no tedium behind; so that it cannot be considered very surprising if the public do prefer the lesser infliction to the larger.

The dispersion of the actors over so many theatres has inevitably weakened the resources of all. But even if we could pick out the *élite* of the profession, it would be a difficult matter to make a successful cast of any great work. The other day at Windsor, where, no doubt, the best available talent was set before the Queen, the character of Marc Antony was enacted by Mr. Charles Kean. Now we imagine that Mr. Charles Kean himself must be conscious that he lacks the requisites fitting for a Roman character, and, least of all, a character so strongly stamped as Marc Antony, with attributes in which Mr. Kean is especially wanting. We do not, therefore, mean to imply any censure upon Mr. Kean for assuming a part so entirely out of his way, because, we take it for granted, it was the best that could be done under the circumstances; but we cite the fact as a remarkable evidence of the decadence of the stage. By-and-by, it will be worse and worse. When Mr. Macready retires, our last tragic light goes out, and we shall be in utter darkness.

We have a curious proof, too, of the shifts and difficulties to which the theatres are put in the destiny of another play which, having been acted at Windsor, has been reproduced at no less than three of our principal houses. We allude to the little drama of Charles XII. A glance at the different casts will show how strangely the resources of these establishments have been taxed in its production. It is an old stage axiom, that if we cannot snow white we must snow brown, and it will be seen that in this instance we have been obliged to snow a variety of colours. The part originally played by Farren, has been assigned at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Lyceum, to Cooper, Webster, and C. Mathews, and Liston's part (in our opinion, his greatest) to Baker, Wallack, and F. Mathews. It is hardly necessary to say that the versions given by these actors differ as widely from each other as they all differ from their originals. Now each of these versions may be excellent in its way, but that the managers should be driven, in the want of more appropriate material, to depart so widely from the traditions of such well-marked characters is a striking commentary on the existing condition of the stage.

The remedy is to be found only in the able direction of some competent manager capable of controlling the forces at his disposal, by the introduction of a strict system of study and careful combination.

Even with the present strength of our principal theatres much might be done by keeping individuals closely within the lines for which nature and practice have best qualified them, instead of brevetting them into parts for which they are wholly unfit. This is, no doubt, a work of time, and must be set about with unwavering resolution ; for the evil is deeply rooted, and will not yield till repeated experiments shall have tested and developed its practicability. Starring on a minor scale should be abolished. The actor should be required to do that which he can do best, and not that which he desires to do most. In the long run it would prove more advantageous to himself, and secure him a safe popularity, which he can never acquire by straining and distorting himself in walks of the profession for which, in all probability, he possesses scarcely a solitary qualification. Thus by degrees the stage would be shaped and trained to its work ; something like distinctness, individuality, and colour, would be gained, and, with this fixed aim in view, it might be hoped that new actors would arise to restore and regenerate the theatre.

Criticism has much to do in this labour of revival, and we should be glad to see more knowledge and independence, judgment and skill, exhibited by the writers entrusted with the fate of plays and players. Whether mediocrity on the stage has produced indifference in the critics, or led them to regard the theatre less as the sanctuary of an art than a source of occupation, we cannot venture to affirm ; but it is manifest that the impartiality and acumen which formerly distinguished our theatrical criticisms are by no means so conspicuous as could be desired. We are far from blaming the tenderness with which failures are generally treated by the journalists. The way to regeneration does not lie in personal severity and uneasy fault-finding ; and the noblest aim of true criticism is to discover and encourage merit. But we desiderate a more comprehensive grasp and thoughtful penetration of the subject, a power and purpose that, instead of being content to take upon sufferance the best we can get, should seek to elevate, inspire, and urge, to higher and worthier effects. Happily we are arrived at a sort of crisis in our theatrical world which affords a hopeful opportunity for the exercise of sound criticism. New prospects are opening which, in spite of all defects, may by due cultivation be made to brighten and expand before us.

The private theatricals at Windsor have, to some extent, given a fashionable *prestige* to the English drama. It is, at least, no longer a prohibited article in high places. The most direct effect these royal performances have as yet produced is to stamp a current interest and temporary popularity upon the plays which were presented before the Queen, and which rise wonderfully in public estimation from the flattering incident of having been witnessed by her Majesty. This is something—something, too, of no light account to the exchequer of the theatres all over the country. As an omen of future progress it is still more cheering. We have a right to look for wider results from the patronage of the Court than the vanishing pageant of an occasional crowded house.

Mr. Anderson's brave speculation at Drury Lane has now had a sufficient trial to warrant us in hazarding a conjecture as to the likelihood of its ultimate success. It has hitherto prospered beyond all

expectation, and if the flat Lenten interval between the holiday seasons of Christmas and Easter can be got over safely, we entertain no apprehensions about the future. The company is weak in certain directions. It could not be otherwise. When the lessee entered upon his experiment the other houses were all open, and the flower of the profession was forestalled. But, notwithstanding this impediment to the immediate formation of a strong company, the management has exhibited an amount of energy and self-reliance that has already secured the confidence of large and eager masses of play-goers. The low prices have drawn multitudes to the old house who, probably, have seldom of late cared much about theatrical entertainments. In this sense the opening of Drury Lane may be said to have created a new audience. Hundreds of people will go at low prices to Drury Lane who could not be tempted on the same terms into theatres of less pretension. The traditions and associations of the house will always tell to some extent, and as engagements drop out elsewhere, and the manager shall be enabled to enhance his attractions by fresh levies of popular favourites, we see no reason why this establishment, with its great advantages of position and working resources, should not amply reward his enterprise.

We are not inclined to lay much stress upon the diversion of public patronage into foreign channels. We believe that the injury which is said to be inflicted upon the English stage by the Italian Operas is considerably exaggerated. They appeal to audiences as widely different as the languages to which they give utterance. There is a theatrical public and a musical public, and the boundary lines where they meet and mingle are more thinly populated than most people suspect. The opera lounge, who drinks in dulcet sounds in Fop's alley, could never be converted into an *habitué* of the English theatre. He has no taste or inclination that way. He cannot breathe that atmosphere. The amusement he relishes is of another order, and lulls his senses without making any troublesome demands upon his attention or his understanding. The true musical amateur, who finds delight of a higher and subtler kind in the opera, cannot extract equal satisfaction from entertainments of any other description. To him the opera is the soul of all refined enjoyment, and in seeking pleasure where alone he is capable of tasting it, he does not deduct a jot from the pecuniary support of the vernacular drama. That rival attractions must operate to some extent injuriously is undeniable; but it ought not to be forgotten that they also keep alive a passion for public spectacles, and excite curiosity and fostering zeal on both sides.

With this conviction, we are rejoiced to learn that Mr. Lumley's preparations for the ensuing season are announced to be upon a scale of unprecedented grandeur. Amongst the new works already spoken of are the "Medea" of Meyer and "La Prigione di Edimburgo" of Ricci, before Easter; "L'Enfant Prodigue" of Auber, an *opera buffa* by Lortzing, called "Il Burgomastro di Saardam," "La Tempesta" of Halévy (for Sontag and Lablache), "Il Domino Nero," and Glück's "Ifigenia in Aulide." In addition to these works the attractions of the house are to be increased by the presence of distinguished artists and composers. Madame Pasta is to come over expressly to superintend the "Medea" for her pupil Parodi; Auber,

Scribe, and Halévy are also expected, and an invitation has been addressed to Herr Lortzing to direct the production of his *opera buffa*. This programme transcends all the labours of past years, and crowds into a narrow compass an amount of effort such as has never before been embraced within the limits of an opera season. The activity of Mr. Lumley deserves the thanks of all opera-goers, and if the measure of reward bear only a reasonable proportion to the skill, judgment, and energy devoted to the service of the musical world in these elaborate preparations, he may calculate upon a rich harvest.

We hear nothing of the movements of the Covent Garden *troupe*, except that their system of government and distribution will be more scrupulously adapted than in past seasons to the exigencies of their position. We hope we are sufficiently grateful to them; for the exertions they have hitherto made; but we confess we should be better pleased at the results if their outlay were regulated with a little more watchfulness and prudence.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

HOPE, thou bright-winged,
 Ever smiling,
 Sorrow from my heart beguiling:
 Hope, thou bright-eyed,
 Shedding gladness,
 Heaven's balm to mourners' sadness,
 Come and play thy wonted part,
 Chase misgivings from my heart;
 For the coming of the morrow
 May bring grief and lasting sorrow;
 And yon cloud, so darkly falling,
 Prophecies a fate appalling.
 Hark, the wind! 'tis moaning sadly;
 The crested wave careers so madly;
 The oak's gnarled roots upheave the ground,
 Its dark arms wildly thrown around,
 As, battling with the mad wind's will,
 With thousand leafy tongues so shrill,
 Fright the dark birds, with ruffled crests,
 That shrieking round the aerial nests,
 Add but another omen dire,
 Destroying thee and fond desire.
 The sky grows dark; ah! down it plumps;
 Hope, you leave me in the dumps.
 How I hoped, I need not say,
 (To-morrow being washing day,)
 That the weather would be fine,
 And the clothes upon the line.
 It's all up now, there is no doubt,
 I'd better let the copper out;
 It would be folly to begin
 Now the weather's thus set in,
 And it makes my husband cross
 To dry the things upon the horse.
 This is a pelter! Farewell Hope:
 I'll go and put away the soap.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey, in Six Volumes. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Vols. I. and II. Longman and Co.

The life of a horse in a mill—that perfect type of a round of monotonous existence—is not more destitute of incidents, more confined in its external action, more plodding, or dreary than the life of that individual for whom our own language furnishes no sufficiently distinctive title, but who, for want of a better, may be described by the French word—*littérateur*. To all outward appearance his course is dull and unchanging, you find him always in the same place, and always at the same sort of work; the clock is not more mechanical in its motions, or less variable on the surface. When an idle man of pleasure, who darts about the world like a summer fly, happens to drop into the study of the *littérateur*, and finds him buried up to his eyes in books and manuscripts, with that wan and sombre shadow upon his face, which comes of constant brain-work, and lack of air and exercise, he is apt to conclude that in the whole universe, throughout its endless grades and combinations, there is not another occupation so forlorn and dismal. The suddenness of the contrast forces into strong relief the oppressive loneliness of authorship. It is like the transition from open sunshine to a darkened room, and the eye must become accustomed to the change before it can take in the surrounding objects.

But let it not be supposed that because the life of the author is a dead blank in the way of adventures, and not half so entertaining as that of a strolling-player, or a Jack Sheppard, it is deficient in variety or excitement. Few lives contain so much: but the movement is mental, and makes no sign till we come to trace it through its silent results in endless shapes of fancy, knowledge, and invention. If the author be an historian, reflect upon the policies he disentangles, the conspiracies he tracks and detects, the treaties he negotiates, the dynasties he builds up and overthrows, the state intrigues he explores, the kings, ministers, and back-stairs courtiers he grows confidential with; if a theologian, what dogmas he dissects, what subtle controversies he maintains, what wars of opinion and speculation he wages; if a poet, what flights he takes into the regions of imagination, what visions of beauty he sees, with what graceful forms and enchanted groves and palaces he fills and gladdens his solitude; if a novelist, through what agitations of the heart and reason he passes, what pangs of love and hate, of joy and sorrow he suffers, what narrow escapes of his life he runs, how many deaths he dies, what conflicts of passion, struggles of poverty, and temptations of power he has to encounter; if a critic, how he penetrates the mass of literature, sifts, separates, and decides the grains of truth and falsehood, vindicates the principles of art, exposes affectation and pretence to derision and contempt, and in a multitude of scattered canons sows the seeds of a refined taste and cultivated judgment.

There is not much *matériel* here for a biography, but how crowded is such a career with sympathies, which, in their universality, touch the core of all men's occasional thoughts and experiences!

Robert Southey was, in his day, the most illustrious member of the craft. No man brought to his labours so rich a store of curious and wide-reaching erudition; no man was so catholic in his powers, and, with, perhaps, the single exception of Scott, there was not one amongst his contemporaries who united so much common sense to so much fancy and poetical abstraction. But his biography, like that of most authors, is singularly uneventful. His life was as still as a tree. Diversified at its opening by a trip to Portugal and a visit to Ireland, once he took root at Keswick, which was as far back as 1803, he lived like a sort of show-hermit, working from morning till night in his library, and filling half the world with the miracles of his pen. How it might have been with Southey, had the plan originally laid out for him been carried into effect, it would be hazardous to conjecture. Educated under the auspices of a whimsical old aunt at Bristol, and passing through Westminster School and Oxford, he was put down to study the law by the munificence of his friend Mr. Wynn, who allowed him 160*l.* a-year to enable him to accomplish the design. We pass over the Pantisocracy scheme as we should any other idle phantasy of youth, such as a passion for private theatricals, or a romantic attachment of boyhood. If circumstances had so ordered it that Southey should have actually gone to the bar, we have a right to assume, from the extraordinary versatility of his resources, and his indefatigable perseverance in whatever he undertook, that he must have achieved more than ordinary success. But it would have been at the cost of much self-suppression, and a perpetual struggle against the grain of his instinctive tendencies and a genius that sought for what may be called an active repose in the busy solitude of books.

His passion for literature "began with his growth," as it assuredly "strengthened with his strength." At Westminster School, where they got up a little periodical called the "Trifler," in emulation of Canning's "Microcosm," he made his first attempt to get into print, in the form of an elegy, which he sent anonymously to the editors, and which he had the satisfaction of finding rejected. He was then, probably, fifteen or sixteen years of age. From that time forth, in spite of the unfortunate issue of his initial experiment, or rather, perhaps, in consequence of it, he continually indulged himself in writing and destroying verses, and exhibited an eager desire to get into print. When he succeeded at last in obtaining admission to the magazines, he addressed himself vigorously to all sorts of literary labour, and wrote a variety of papers now floated into oblivion, and which we possess no means of identifying and recovering.

The most remarkable incident in the development of his genius was his early passion for dramatic writing. It was nurtured by the accidents of association. His eccentric aunt, with whom he lived, was devotedly attached to the theatre, and having unbounded facilities in the way of free admissions, used to go to the play-house almost every evening, and take the boy with her in preference to leaving him at home with the servants. Here Southey caught his stage inspiration, and formed numberless schemes for plays which he never wrote, and which no man was less qualified to write with success. The close texture and vivid action

essential to the drama were out of his way. The character of his mind demanded a more expanded field and more elaborate materials. Reveling in epic grandeur and mythological vastness, he would have found it impossible to crouch under the exigencies of the drama; and the skeletons of the plots he contemplated, preserved in the volumes before us, sufficiently prove how entirely he had mistaken his capacity in that direction.

In his younger days Southey appears to have been as unruly a subject, and to have held authority in as little respect as his own Wat Tyler. Rejected by the editors of the "Trifler," he soon afterwards, in conjunction with some of his schoolfellows, set up a periodical called the "Flagellant," which had reached only nine numbers, when it was prosecuted for a libel, on the subject of corporal punishment, by Dr. Vincent, the head-master. Southey acknowledged the authorship, and was compelled to leave the school. Subsequently at Oxford, Cyril Jackson, the dean, refused to admit him into Christ Church, under an apprehension that "he would prove a troublesome and disaffected undergraduate." He got into Balliol, however, and from the tone of his correspondence at this period, it is evident that he looked forward to college discipline with a thoroughly republican feeling. "I must learn to break a rebellious spirit," he says in a letter to a friend, "which neither authority nor oppression could ever bow; it would be easier to break my neck. I must learn to work a problem instead of writing an ode. I must learn to pay respect to men remarkable only for great wigs and little wisdom." Such sentiments, under similar circumstances, were not peculiar to Southey. The same tendency exhibited itself in Canning and others at Eton, and seems to have been engendered by an enthusiastic admiration of classical models. Liberty, which these poetical young gentlemen were not very well qualified to appreciate, was extracted like a myth from the cloud-land of ancient Greece, and turned into an idol. A little more experience in human affairs dispelled the fallacy, and, in Southey's case, projected the juvenile patriot into the opposite extreme.

At this time it was intended that he should enter the church, but we cannot gather from his letters that he was much employed in the study of divinity. He was much more taken up with the philosophic Tacitus and vagrant dreams of poetry. "Upon an average," he says, "10,000 verses are burnt and lost, the same number preserved, and 15,000 worthless. Consider that all my letters are excluded [many of them written in verse!], and you may judge what a waste of paper I have occasioned." No love-sick school-boy was ever more moody than Southey was at college. He was perpetually repeating, "I am sick of this world, and discontented with everybody in it;" declared that there was no place for virtue in it, and sought refuge from this puerile misanthropy in a reverie of emigration to the wilds of America. It was about this time he became acquainted with Coleridge, who had been recently discharged from the regiment into which he had enlisted in a fit of excitement. Their kindred natures were affected by the same feverish discontents, and, by way of relief from the oppressions of an uncongenial state of society, they hit upon the notable scheme of establishing a community in the New World, under the euphonious title of "Pantisocracy," in which the gentlemen were to dig and plant, and the ladies to cook and perform domestic offices, a large portion of spare time being laid aside for literary pursuits! This precious scheme was

no sooner communicated to Aunt Tyler than that prudent old lady fell into a terrible passion, and she and her nephew, whom she had hitherto tended and supported, parted for ever. Her house being closed upon him, he was thrown upon his own resources, and began to write and deliver lectures for the means of subsistence. Pantisocracy was, of course, abandoned, and with it the church, for which he never had much inclination, and to which he now openly expressed his aversion. To add to his troubles, he was in love with Miss Fricker, and his uncle Hill, in the hope of weaning him from the political associations, in which he had become mixed up, and from what he regarded as an imprudent attachment, proposed to take him over with him to Lisbon, from whence he was to return in a few months to study for the bar. Southey accepted the offer, but was not to be driven from his engagement to Miss Fricker. On the morning of his departure he was privately married to her; they parted at the church-door, the lady wearing the wedding-ring round her neck, and keeping her maiden name till the report of their marriage spread abroad. "Never did man stand at the altar," says Southey, in one of his letters, "with such strange feelings as I did. Can you, by any effort of imagination, shadow out my emotion? She returned the pressure of my hand, and we parted in silence. Zounds! what have I to do with supper!"

On his return from Portugal, where he gained nothing but a knowledge of the language, he settled down with his wife in lodgings at Bristol, the fever of boyish enthusiasm very considerably abated, and his character and views of life seriously modified. He now began to write in earnest for publication, had a world of projects on hand, and being already known by "Joan of Arc," and other poems, conceived, amongst a hundred undertakings of a different kind, the design of "Madoc."

From Bristol he made excursions to London, to study the law, which he soon found to be as unsuited to his taste as the church. "I commit wilful murder on my own intellect," he confesses to a friend, "by drowsing at law; but trust the guilt is partly expiated by candlelight hours allotted to 'Madoc.'" The dry technicalities of the law were beyond endurance; but no amount of literary labour appears to have exhausted him. He speaks of writing being as necessary to him as meat and drink. Notwithstanding his great powers of perseverance, his health began to give way, and a second voyage to Lisbon was suggested as a remedial measure, having an eye, also, to a History of Portugal, which he was now meditating. "Madoc" was finished in the mean while, and "Thalaba" already resolved upon or begun.

The residence in Portugal, of which we have some lively descriptions in his letters, completely restored his health, and enabled him to finish "Thalaba," which he sent over to England for publication. On his return home, he found Coleridge residing at Greta Hall, Keswick, close to Wordsworth, a house which was subsequently destined to be his own residence for the greater part of his life. The law was now abandoned, as the church had been. His first visit to Keswick disappointed him; the climate was cold, and the scenery inferior in beauty and softness to the charming summer mountains of Cintra. At this crisis, unsettled in his plans, and having a multitude of conflicting intentions in his head, he accepted the appointment of under-secretary to Mr. Corry, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in this new and

strange capacity went over to Dublin. The office, however, did not suit him, or he did not suit the office, and so, after a short time, they parted, Southey returning with increased zest to his literary pursuits—the only pursuits which really engrossed his mind, or satisfied his ambition.

His labours now increased in variety and importance. In conjunction with Cuttle, he brought out a new edition of Chatterton, working hard all the time for reviews and newspapers. "I am reviewing for Longman," he tells us; "reviewing for Hamilton; translating, perhaps about again to versify, for the 'Morning Post': drudge—drudge—drudge." In one of his letters he prophesies that the "Edinburgh Review" could not keep its ground, because it consisted of pamphlets instead of critical accounts; an observation which derives a special interest from the fact that he afterwards contributed largely himself in the "Quarterly" to the maintenance of the system he condemned. The next project was a "Bibliotheca Britannica," on an extensive scale, each volume to consist of no less than eight hundred pages; but sundry impediments nipped it, and necessity forced him to throw himself into work which should produce a more immediate return. The position of the literary man who is conscious of being able to execute greater things, if leisure and opportunity favoured him, and who is obliged by the pressure of circumstances to devote himself to things that will *pay*, is feelingly deplored in his letters. "I must go to work," he observes, "for money; and that also frets me. This hand-to-mouth work is very disheartening, and interferes cruelly with better things,—more important they cannot be called, for the bread-and-cheese is the business of the first necessity. But from my 'History' I do expect permanent profit, and a perpetual interest that shall relieve me." Such are the dreams that console and deceive men of genius.

This hard work had its inevitable effect upon him. Being now, in 1803, settled at Keswick, and only twenty-nine years of age, he already complains that age is creeping rapidly upon him. "I am growing old, Bedford," are his words in a letter to a friend; "not so much by the 'Family Bible,' as by all external and outward symptoms; the grey hairs have made their appearance; my eyes are wearing out; my shoes the very cut of my father's, at which I used to laugh; my limbs not so supple as they were at Buxton in '93; my tongue not so glib; my heart quieter; my hopes, thoughts, and feelings, all of the complexion of a sunny autumn evening. I have a sort of presage that I shall live to finish 'Madoc' and my 'History.' God grant it, and that then my work will be done!" At "Madoc," at all events, he worked diligently till he completed the revision of it, labouring at the same time for the "Annual Review," still intent upon his "History," and proposing to the Longmans "A Collection of Specimens of the Early English Poets," the "Amadis" having made its appearance in the meanwhile. The quantity and variety of his productions exhibit a facility hardly less extraordinary than the circle of learning he subjugated. And during this period, too, he was learning Dutch, deep in the lore of the Welsh Mabinogion, and longing to edit the works of Sir Philip Sidney!

With the *avatar* of "Madoc," and the opinions of the critics upon it, the second volume of the "Life and Correspondence," to consist altogether of six, is brought to a close. It is evident that Southey en-

tertained a high opinion of this work, and a curious fondness for it, which may be explained, perhaps, by the period of life at which it was produced, and the care it cost him. He admits, in one of his letters, that the execution is superior to the subject, but it never appears to have occurred to him that the disproportion between the theme and the treatment, allowing in full the excellence he claims for the latter, is a grave artistical objection. It must have been under the influence of an undue elevation at a victory over difficulties that he talks of Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton, in the same breath with "Madoc." The passage is in a letter to Mr. Rickman, who frankly confessed that he did not much admire the poem. "Compare it," says Southey, "with the 'Odyssey,' not the 'Iliad,' with 'King John' or 'Coriolanus,' not 'Macbeth' or the 'Tempest.'" The story wants unity, and has, perhaps, too Greek, too stoical, a want of passion; but, as far as I can see, with the same eyes wherewith I have read Homer and Shakspeare and Milton, it is a good poem, and must live."

We have not touched upon the literary gossip or personal sketches thrown up in these volumes, limiting ourselves, under the necessities of space, to the matter that related solely to Southey himself. But we cannot dismiss them without observing that their charm resides in the autobiographical sketch with which they open, and in which Southey narrates the incidents and associations of his youth, and the familiar letters in which he discloses his secret thoughts and the history of his labours to his intimate friends. The freedom and fluency of his style, the freshness and candour of his character, and the wise and genial nature which he displays with such unconscious earnestness are in the highest degree captivating. It is much to be regretted, however, that the editorship of these attractive memorials of one of the most distinguished men of our time did not fall into more competent hands. We are unwilling to point out in detail the deficiencies of the publication, trusting that, as the work advances, more pains will be bestowed upon the responsible task of selection and elucidation. We might forgive the negligence of an editor who cannot find time to ascertain which of two conflicting dates is the correct one [vol. ii. p. 321]; but we cannot so readily pardon the total omission of explanatory comments and of a connecting narrative requisite to the completeness of the biography, and the insertion of many passages concerning individuals which were never intended for publication, and which the exercise of a little good taste would have rejected.

White Jacket; or, The World in a Man-of-War. By Herman Melville, Author of "Typee," &c. 2 vols. Bentley.

Mr. Melville differs conspicuously from all other painters of life at sea. The difference between them may be not inaccurately expressed, as the difference between prose and poetry. The great charm of the marine story in the hands of such writers as Cooper, Marryatt, and Hall, is literal truthfulness, shown through just a sufficient haze of imagination, caught from the wide expanse of sky and water, to render it picturesque and effective. But Mr. Melville bathes the scene in the hues of a fanciful and reflective spirit, which gives it the interest of a creation of genius. He is everywhere original, suggestive, and individual. We follow him

as if we were passing through an exciting dream. The rainbow dips and plays around us. We see the ship and the crew under the influence of an enchantment. They are not less real in his pages than we find them elsewhere, but the atmosphere about them is golden and intense, and they glow as they sail on like the points of a reflected sunset.

The book before us is remarkable for the concentration of rare qualities—brilliancy and profundity, shrewdness, vivacity, and energy. The sad and solemn, the gay and playful, the thoughtful and the picturesque, are mixed up fantastically in its pages; wondrous forms and images float before us; the wild waste of waters is stirred with a spiritual life; while real men and their actions, in constant movement on ship-board, loom out palpably through the gorgeous mist.

In such a book and such writing there must be great faults—the faults of a superabundant fancy and a prodigal genius. But they are as much conditions of a peculiar excellence as the rough spots in a piece of old tapestry. You must look at the whole from a distance, and take in the entire design in its full grandeur of colour and composition, if you would appreciate its true character.

The "White Jacket" is a veritable sea-shirt, which accompanies the narrator of this yarn through his experiences of the world in a man-of-war. It assumes a sort of personal interest, from the part it plays, and from the importance of its multifarious functions. Of the world itself, as it is here charted, we must not attempt to speak, for space is precious with us; but we may commend the reader to go and examine it for himself. He will find the condition of the sailor accurately depicted, not on the quarter-deck, according to common custom, but on the fore-castle and in the Stygian depths below; and he will learn much that he did not know before of a kind of daily life very difficult to be understood by land-lubbers. In one point of view the work is a protest against the hardships and severities to which sailors are exposed, and we gather from it, by inference, that the American navy in that respect shews unfavourably in a contrast with our own. We do not hesitate to give to this publication the first place amongst Mr. Melville's productions.

The History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace. By Harriet Martineau. Vol. II. Knight.

Miss Martineau has brought her great undertaking to a close with the same masterly ability, sound judgment, and conscientious industry which marked its auspicious opening. She has solved the problem of contemporary history, and proved successfully that it is possible to produce a narrative of the events of our own time that shall be free from prejudice, calm, just, and philosophical. The second volume is not altogether as interesting or as valuable as the first. This is partly to be ascribed to the nature of the materials, and partly to the want of such sources of minute and curious information as were available through the period embraced in the former volume. Since that time, coming down so closely to the present hour, we have no biographical revelations or political anecdote books, to enable the historian to enrich her leaves with glimpses of the inner life of the times. Hence, this volume is more general in its statements, but equally careful and vivid in the details upon which it enters.

It includes the years from the accession of William IV. to 1846. It will be seen that this term takes in a sweep of exciting events,—the French Revolution, the Irish Famine, the Reform Bill, the Anti-Corn Law League, Canada and Lord Durham. All these subjects are handled comprehensively, and heightened and relieved throughout by a series of portraits of public men, remarkable for dispassionate truthfulness and power. The only point with which we can find fault—if we must find fault—is in the account of the great Railway madness of 1845. It is strange that, while Miss Martineau assigns to almost every other topic its due space and importance, she dismisses with tantalizing brevity a movement that is to this moment agitating the whole kingdom. We looked for a more complete account of the origin and progress of that new agent of civilization which has worked such extraordinary changes in our social system, and especially of the desperate speculations that marked its introduction. If we are disappointed, it is just to say, that it is the only disappointment we have felt in the perusal of this valuable work.

The Earth and Man. By Arnold Guyot. Bentley: London, 1850.

It is very provoking, after having lived half a century or more upon this earth, to have the conviction forced upon us, as this little book does enforce it, of our greater or less ignorance of very many practically important subjects connected with this world we live in; but then again, it is very delightful to find ourselves so suddenly well informed upon so many matters, that it will greatly profit us, through the remainder of our lives, to be made acquainted with, and to be able to reflect and to discourse upon.

But not only have we here an eminently scientific book, but one, moreover, written in an eminently pious spirit; wholly unlike those wild, half-infidel publications which it pleases some of the Geologists of this country to put forth occasionally, seemingly in the presumptuous hope that they will at length persuade the world that there is no truth whatever in it, but such as is enunciated by themselves.

Mr. Guyot is a writer of another class to these, and a philosopher far above the common description; he does not fill his pages with puerile generalities, nor with a thousand-times-told truisms; but he crowds them with facts, which some writers would amplify and elaborate to the extent of two thick quartos; he writes to the common sense of mankind, he appeals to the judgment and understanding; he writes to be understood, and, as a necessary consequence, from his subject, and his manner of treating it, to be admired and commended.

Nothing can be clearer than his statements, nothing more philosophical than his reasonings, nothing more conclusive than his arguments, and it is a very rare qualification in works of this description, and a super-eminent merit that a work possessing an extraordinary amount of really valuable information, upon geological and geographical subjects, should be written in so faithful, reverential, and benevolent a spirit, as to enable us to recommend it most strongly to the notice of the religious public. In general, books on these matters, whether from the pens of laymen or divines, are little else than open or ill-concealed attacks upon revealed religion; but *Earth and Man* would not shock the feelings of the most sensitive of

Christian readers, and would moreover greatly enlarge his ideas of the wisdom and harmony of the Creation. Indeed, we know of no work comparable to this, for the vast amount of information it gives, in its three hundred pages, of all portions of our globe, and which is so tersely given, so logically and so clearly, and is accompanied by so many and able philosophical observations, as to make a naturally dry subject one of the most entertaining we ever met with ; and we would say, that whoever reads this work, must be a very perfect person, if he is not the better for having read it ; and that there are very few who will not, after reading it, see more to admire in the general structure and particular arrangements of parts of this world, than they were in the least conscious merited either their admiration or observation.

RECENT WORKS OF FICTION.

1. *The Nomades of the West ; or, Ellen Clayton.* By S. Douglass S. Huyghue. 3 vols. Bentley.
2. *The Wilmingtons.* A Novel. By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. 3 vols. Colburn.
3. *Hands not Hearts.* A Novel. By Janet W. Wilkinson. 3 vols. Bentley.
4. *The Martyrs of Carthage : "A Tale of the Times of Old."* By Mrs. J. B. Webb, Author of "Naomi," &c. 2 vols. Bentley.
5. *The Petrel : A Tale of the Sea.* By a Naval Officer. 3 vols. Colburn.
6. *King's Cope.* A Novel. By the Author of "Mr. Warrenne," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.
7. *Leonard Normandale ; or, The Three Brothers.* A Novel. By the Hon. C. Stuart Savile. 3 vols. Colburn.
8. *The Marriage Contract.* By Harriet Raikes. 2 vols. Bentley.
9. *Our Guardian.* A Novel. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, Author of "My Sister Minnie," &c. 3 vols. Newby.
10. *Life's Sunshine.* By Miss H. M. Rathbone, Author of "Rose Allen," &c. 2 vols. Newby.
11. *Flies in Amber.* By Miss Pardoe, Author of "The Rival Beauties," &c. 3 vols. Shoberl.
12. *Country Quarters.* By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. Shoberl.

The weather is coquettish—humid, cold, warm, drizzling by turns ; the season is flat and dull, notwithstanding the re-assembling of Parliament ; and young people are trying, as well as they can, to get through the dreary interval that must be extinguished before they arrive at the next batch of holidays. In the meanwhile, by way of an in-door Lenten entertainment, we will lay before them a batch of new novels and romances, historical and social. We are not quite sure that young people read such books as much as they used to do ; but we suspect old people read them a great deal more. Our brief notes upon this heap of many-coloured volumes are intended alike for those who read and those who don't read, to enable them, by succinct indications of the characteristics of each, either to pick and choose for themselves, or to satisfy their curiosity with a scrap of critical opinion.

1. "The Nomades of the West" is, on many accounts, entitled to the first place in a collection of works representing the descriptive literature of the season. Possessing the exciting qualities of a romance, it has claims upon consideration of a much higher and more enduring order. The scene of the story is laid in the hunting-grounds of the numerous tribes of Indians, who formerly occupied the country embraced by the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Atlantic; and the time is the close of the seventeenth century, when the Red man, abandoning the chase, was drawn into the struggle for supremacy which was then at issue in North America between the French and the English. A narrative of wild and fluctuating adventure, skilfully constructed to subserve the larger object of the writer, conducts us over mountains and prairies, and into Indian villages and encampments, developing at every turn the habits and character of the aboriginal races, now extinct, or rapidly disappearing. The descriptions of scenery, full of freshness and power, and the outlines of Indian life, accurate, close, and full, are evidently the result of personal observation and careful research. Such a work could have been produced only by one who had himself experienced the perils, and gazed upon the magnificent panoramas he depicts with such energy and enthusiasm. These elaborate pictures, in which the elements of vastness and sublimity predominate, are in no respect overcharged; mountain and valley, cataract, lake, and river, are brought before us in their natural grandeur with striking fidelity, the deep and earnest feeling of the writer giving the effects of light and colour to their delineation. In his portraits of the Red man, traced through all the conditions of his existence, Mr. Huyghue is particularly successful. We are not acquainted with any publication, excepting the most famous of Mr. Cooper's Indian tales, in which the aboriginal tribes of the American continent, are drawn with such faithful and life-like touches. But that portion of the work which will be read with the profoundest interest, which presents the greatest amount of novelty, and exhibits to the most advantage the historical researches of the author, is the account of the Mexican settlement of Lahunzel, in the depths of the Rocky Mountains. The whole of this part of the narrative is like a piece of enchantment, heaping wonder upon wonder, and filling the imagination with gorgeous and marvellous creations of art and fancy, in a region and amongst a people apparently the most unlikely depository of such witchcraft in matters of industry, taste, and magnificence. The views which we get in these volumes of the streets and bazaars, the markets and manufactures of Lahunzel, of the highly embellished palace, and the almost fabulous splendours of the Court, exhibit a combination of historical lore in a direction little cultivated, and of picturesque treatment exceedingly rare amongst the writers of romances. Mr. Huyghue displays no inconsiderable ability in rendering these remarkable scenes subservient to the immediate action of his tale. Attractive as they are to the student of history, they never overpower, but always heighten, the interest of the narrative, and are so artistically blended with it as to become necessary to its progress. The incidents of the story—the seizure and rescue, the abduction and pursuit, the recovery and final gathering up of the threads of the fiction—are illustrative of the country and the races amidst which they are placed. There is much delicacy and beauty in the character of Ellen; and a high moral tone pervades

the whole work, which we have read from the first page to the last with unmixed pleasure.

2. The opening of "The Wilmingtons" is tedious, the progress involved, and the conclusion hurried. Some of the scenes are written with great power, and there are touches of human interest here and there, which equal the best things we have enjoyed at the hands of its observant author. It would be impossible for the pen that traced the "Two Old Men's Tales" to fail in giving us occasional passages of truthful pathos and subtle characterization; but this story is inferior in structure to its predecessors, and its subject is not so well adapted to bring out the peculiar capabilities of the writer.

A story of a forgery committed by a vain, weak man, who escapes from the consequences of his guilt by suffering his son to be accused of the crime, tried for it, and sentenced to execution, is fraught with a kind of interest below the mark of our author's genius. Nor is the moral better than the material out of which it is evolved. It may be doubted whether the son is morally justified in screening the real offender, although he be his own father, and thereby plunging a devoted wife into disgrace and misery. The fact that the wife assents to this sacrifice does not diminish the responsibility of the husband; but the whole of this portion of the story, notwithstanding the great power with which it is worked out, is improbable and false.

Through the tortuous passages of this dark story, many charming gleams of light brighten and console us. The character of Flavia is exquisitely depicted—a true woman, and such a woman as few writers can portray with more sweetness and tenderness. Towering energy is occasionally imparted to the passions that are worked up to such a height of frenzy in the progress of the narrative; and many pearls of wisdom and earnest feeling are scattered over the pages. The work, upon the whole, bears unmistakable evidence of its origin, but will hardly satisfy the expectations of the same class of readers who were fascinated with that admirable production upon which the author's reputation mainly rests.

3. The foundation of this novel is, as its title implies, a marriage for money at one side, and misplaced love at the other, leading to lives of misery, and ending in a violent death, over which the bridal peals of the parish church ring with a somewhat distracting effect. In the management of her story Miss Wilkinson throws up considerable variety in the way of character and incidents, and conducts us through a maze of dramatic vicissitudes. The plot is defective in unity. A lapse of a great number of years occurs in the middle of it, during which a new generation grows up, upon whose fate the action of the subsequent narrative mainly reposes. The interest is thus suddenly shifted, and the expectation excited at the opening weakened, if not disappointed. Notwithstanding this error of judgment, and the hasty despatch of circumstances consequent upon it, the reader's attention is abundantly sustained by the cleverness of the writing. The suppressed love of Mr. Foster for Mary Bruce is so touchingly delineated, that we only regret we have not more of it, and that it does not produce some practical influence upon the conduct of the narrative. Ada and Edward Eskdale, the fugitive husband, who, after discharging a pistol at his wife,

fies to the continent, supply the dark shadow that hangs over the fortunes of the principal persons. There is considerable power evinced in the earlier scenes through which Ada moves, and her marriage with the uncle of the man to whom she is passionately attached, although it trenches a little upon the improbable, enables her, through the *imbroglio* it winds around her, to maintain her individuality to the end. The story runs a little into excess, and the details are sometimes tediously attenuated; but there is so much knowledge of those recesses of human feeling into which women alone are said to be able to penetrate, so much good sense and right sympathy in the book, as to leave behind a vivid impression of the author's talents.

4. Of a very different order is the religious, historical tale, entitled "The Martyrs of Carthage." The object of this work is to incite its readers to an active faith in Christianity, by setting before them the beauty of the lives and the strength of the resolution of some of the early believers who perished for the truth. The story is that of Vivia Perpetua, already made the subject of a miracle play, which takes high rank amongst the most remarkable poems of modern times. Mrs. Webb's treatment of the subject presents some points of difference from that of Miss Adams, and, being in the narrative form, does not reach that point of tragic sublimity for which such opportunities were afforded in the dramatic version of that appalling martyrdom. But it yields a luminous transcript of one of the most revolting episodes in the history of persecution. Such examples of heroic endurance have happily no application to the experiences of the present age; yet they are not without a salutary power in strengthening the heart of the Christian, by exhibiting the capability of true faith in the hour of mortal agony. The horrors of the narrative may shock many sensitive readers, but it must be remembered that in their worst extremity they are mitigated and softened by a divine hope, out of which flower the moral and consolation of all human suffering.

5. "The Petrel" deserves high commendation as a genuine ocean tale. It is impossible to mistake the commanding knowledge of the sea, and of everything that appertains to it, which the author possesses. The chief scene of his action is ship-board; and mingled with the rough adventures and strange perils which befall the little vessel in a cruise after pirates, we have a love story naturally built up and conducted to its *dénouement* in a dashing spirit. The great merit of the work is, of course, its delineation of salt-water experiences, and its bold sketches of the characters incidental to them.

6. "King's Cope" is a conversation novel. There is nothing easier than conversation, where no studious attempt is made to discriminate the language with a view to individualization. The conversations of "King's Cope" are much of this class,—wanting in strength, yet very easy, flowing, and natural, in a quiet way. We are floated on by this current of dialogue through a story of every-day life, in which incidents of a familiar cast are exhibited in detail, with all their trivial items fully drawn out. The work is more truthful to the surface of social experiences than profound in its development of the springs of action beneath; it interests by its quietude and simplicity rather than by

its force or novelty, and may be ranked amongst those agreeable books from which we derive more entertainment than excitement.

7. A novel chiefly remarkable for the crushing rapidity and violence of its incidents. "Leonard Normandale" is intended to illustrate the anomalous relation held in this country by the younger sons of peers to the more fortunate first-born, who, by the accident of birth, come in for the entailed estates. But we hope that the furious *mêlée* of circumstances crowded into these volumes is not to be accepted as a faithful reflection of high-bred society, or its contingent anomalies. Elope-ments, deaths, and murders are scattered about in a wild disorder, to which the language of the scenes acts as a sort of fitful chorus. It is perfectly unnecessary to descend into particulars. There is, at least, no lack of attraction for readers who delight in breathless confusion, riot, and the helter-skelter of the lurid melodrame; but whoever looks into the book for pictures of men and women as they exist under the conventions of our English society, will be disappointed. Yet it would be unjust to say that there is not some talent shown in the story. The author exhibits decided vigour, breadth, and facility—his deficiencies are not deficiencies of executive power, but of taste and judgment.

8. In the "Marriage Contract" we have a specimen of the kind of social romance for which the domestic institutions of France supply such suggestive materials. A young lady enters into a contract, at the instance of her mother, to marry a man considerably her senior, and who is secretly actuated by his knowledge of an inheritance which must come to her on her marriage, but of which she is herself ignorant. This contract hangs over her for many years dismally enough; her aversion sometimes increases, and is sometimes diminished by the apparent delicacy of his conduct; and amidst its fluctuations she gradually admits the approaches of one nearer to her own age, and this dangerous intimacy ripens at last into an attachment. In the end, after numerous scenes of mystery, warning, and struggle, she is released from her contract by the suicide of the man to whom it bound her. At this point, the story takes an unexpected sweep into a new train of circumstances, still more strange than any that have preceded them. She is accused of the murder, and narrowly escapes condemnation by the discovery of a paper in the hand-writing of the deceased. She is finally married to the man she loves. Mixed up with this story, is that of a marriage contracted under circumstances hardly less unpropitious, and illustrating the social life of France in another direction. In the treatment of these subjects the authoress brings round her the atmosphere of the Parisian circles very successfully, and discovers considerable skill in the analysis of character and motives. The plot is ingeniously evolved, and full of scenes of passion and dramatic contrast; and considering the perplexing position of the heroine, who tells her own story, much credit is due to the writer for the tone of reality which is spread over the narrative.

9. We have two exceptions to take against "Our Guardian:"—it is pervaded by a tone of pseudo-gentility which constantly offends against good taste, and the characters, for the most part, are not formed of the mixed mould of humanity, but are merely labelled eccentricities. The heroine is the only person in the whole group who carries distinct

marks of reality, and as she is placed in the embarrassing frame of an autobiography, the greater applause must be accorded to the authoress for having sustained her so cleverly and consistently throughout. We like her opening better than her close; and, contrary to the majority of cases, her first engagement, which is broken off, interests us more than her second, which conducts to a marriage with the guardian, who gives the title to the novel. The former is skilful — the latter commonplace.

10. "Life's Sunshine" may be described as a story full of good intentions, wise and religious in spirit, but extremely tedious in the relation. The want of vitality in the delineation, and the oppressive weight of the goodness that broods over its pages, not at all in the manner of "sunshine," render it flat and heavy, notwithstanding the beauty of heart, and sound sense developed by the heroine. The author is entitled to approbation for the excellence of her design, and the purity of her feelings—but she has yet to acquire the art of shaping them into an attractive tale.

11. 'Flies in Amber' are a series of very interesting stories; the first in the book, for instance, "The Smiths," is replete with quiet humour and good feeling. "The Merchant's Daughter" is a tale of misery too often witnessed, or rather, we should say, too often *endured* in these days; for surely if such dire extremes of woe were *witnessed* they would not be allowed a long duration; the hard-heartedness, the ingratitude, the villainy therein shadowed forth, pain both mind and heart, and the more so that we fear truth has guided the pen which sketched the sad tale.

"The Smuggler's Bride" is a droll little story, the moral of which is, we presume, that excisemen should not be paying court to pretty maidens at the moment that a band of smugglers are safely stowing their contraband goods.

The story, entitled "The Will," is written in a masterly style; the characters are all traced with life-like vigour, and every sentence tells.

The "Benedictine of Mount Etna" is powerfully written, and we would fain, did our space allow, give an extract from it, but we must pass on to the other stories, amongst which "Sandy Cameron" is one of the most delightful; replete with traits of feeling that go at once to the heart, and with minor accessories so true to nature.

"Elfina" is a light, fairy-episode, if we may so express ourselves, interesting in itself, but devoid of that tangible interest which abounds in "Sandy Cameron," "The Two Graves," "Matilda Mortimer," and the "Idler." For those who like horrors, the "Chamber of the Bell" and the "German Artist" will be excellent specimens of the terrible, while the adventurous will perhaps be rather incited than deterred by the sad finale of "Yèrè Batan Serai."

In conclusion, we heartily recommend this interesting collection of anecdotes (for some of the sketches are not stories) and tales; they may beguile an idle or a wearisome hour very profitably, as well as agreeably, for from almost every one may some moral lesson be deduced.

12. These volumes are graced by a lithograph portrait of the late gifted authoress, who has contributed so largely and so well to our lighter literature, and by an interesting sketch of her Ladyship's career by her

attached niece, Miss Power. A memoir, however brief, of such a patroness of literary and artistic merit as the late Countess of Blessington, will be sure to find a welcome among the numbers who have shared the unostentatious hospitality of Gore House; while the public will be gratified to have some authentic account of one who was so long their favourite.

The present novel possesses many of the peculiar excellencies of Lady Blessington's previous productions. It is full of life, and depicts characters, such as they are. Not the least charm in her Ladyship's works, is her happy delineation of her own countrymen and countrywomen, both in high and low life. Her reputation will not suffer in this respect from the present performance.

History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By John Francis. 2 vols. Willoughby and Co.

If a wide circulation be satisfactory evidence of the value of a work, Mr. Francis's History of the Bank of England may be considered an established classic in the literature of commerce. It has already, we believe, reached a third edition. At the first glance such a subject appears dry and hard; but a peep into these leaves will show how, in skilful hands, even the Banking House may be made to yield a history as "entertaining as a fairy tale."

The secret of the success of this book may be at once ascribed to the popular way in which the topics are dealt with, and to the introduction of a great many startling incidents and personal sketches, which, if they do not come strictly within the business annals of the Bank of England, either sprang from the Banking system, or were directly influenced by its operations. The romance of commercial epidemics, manias, bubbles, and panics, forgeries and frauds, suicides, flights, and executions connected with this great monetary world of ours, supplies a source of entertainment as instructive on the one hand, as it is exciting on the other. Mr. Francis has collected all available and illustrative materials of this description, with an accurate appreciation of their attraction, and blending them into a careful account of the origin and progress of the Bank, has produced a work which was long felt to be a *desideratum*. We do not think the want could have been better supplied; for, while the author has thoroughly succeeded in imparting general interest to a theme apparently dull and limited in its scope, his volumes are received in the Banking circles, as an authority on the graver matters recorded and discussed in their pages.





The Ball in Turk Lane.

THE LADDER-GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Containing the Adventures of a Lady of Title.

TOWARDS the centre of that straggling line of fine mansions called Park Lane, there is one house presenting so peculiar a *façade* that everybody familiar with the locality must have a distinct recollection of it. A house that challenges special notice in Park Lane may be presumed to be somewhat remarkable in its style of architecture, for of all the fantastical clusters of the far west of London it is the most singularly diversified in the character of its structures. Every house is built after a plan of its own: one looks in, another looks out; one is tall, another broad; and they are so irregular in height and outline that they seem as if they were all getting up out of bed at different hours in the morning, some not being yet quite up, while others are yawning and stretching themselves.

The particular house to which we allude is built in the form of a series of semicircles, like so many towers cut in two and clasped round by a lofty balcony whose trellis-work ascends nearly to the roof. Why houses are thrown into such shapes cannot be determined by reference to any known principles of use or beauty. There is no way of accounting for the incongruities of architects. They have their dreams, we suppose, like the poets; and failing to establish a reputation by legitimate means, they seek notoriety by eccentricities. Hence, perhaps, if it be not an original default of taste or education, they commit their genius to a freak every now and then in the way of a building, which, lying waste from sheer exuberance, passes at last into the common bye-word of Mr. Such-a-one's Folly. Thus we have seen minarets and pointed arches, flying buttresses, Swiss windows, corbels, and Egyptian door-ways mixed up in a chaos so bewildering that it becomes a matter of curious speculation how the architect could have planned it or the builder built it without losing their senses on the spot.

Our house in Park Lane does not exhibit any such alarming confusion of styles or ages; but it is so unlike all other houses that if it were not for the magnificent damask with which the windows were draped at the date of our narrative, the costly plants that graced the balcony, and the tone of high comfort and embellishment which pervaded its appointments, one might have supposed, from the queerness of the exterior, that it was erected for any other purpose in the world rather than that of residence.

The interior was very gorgeous. We will beg of the reader, however, to furnish it after his own fashion. Let him choose his own chintz, his own or-molu, chandeliers, and mirrors, and crowd the stairs to the top with liveried lacqueys. He will do it better than we can. We should only weaken the general effect by getting up an inventory out of the great upholstery establishments of the West-End. But in order that he may be enabled to do proper justice to the grandeur of the furniture and decorations, he must be apprised that the first artists were employed, and that the expenditure was worthy of a palace.

Great ends demand great means; and the splendours of this house in Park Lane must be regarded as a part of the machinery by which stupendous ulterior projects were to be accomplished. It was a season of gigantic bubbles, and the Priests of the mystery required grand Temples for the performance of their rites.

Looking back calmly upon the extraordinary revolutions of fortune that occur in moments of popular excitement, we are apt to treat the most literal picture of them with incredulity, as if it were a gratuitous exaggeration. When the collapse sets in men find it so difficult to live by the most patient and watchful industry, they find the struggle so severe and the results so doubtful or inadequate, that they can hardly bring themselves to believe in the miracles worked by individuals during a period of frenzy and delusion. But the said miracles become intelligible, if we bear in mind that it is not so much by any power inherent in himself that the magician works as by the ductility of that material of gaping credulity upon which he operates. It is not to the Prospero of the prevailing mania we are to ascribe the enchantments of the potent spirits he calls up, but to the spirits themselves who are so foolish as to come at his call. If the spirits would only resist his invocations, we should have fewer miracles of gold to perplex our faith in the equity of human affairs. No man, by the mere force of his own genius, could effect revolutions of this description in society, if society did not place the divining rod in his hands, and voluntarily prostrate itself before the sorcery by which it is first dazzled and then duped.

The fame of Richard Rawlings' railway speculations preceded him to the metropolis. Railways at that moment occupied more attention than all the other topics, foreign and

domestic, that were before the country, because everybody hoped to make money by them. A collegiate education, and the advantages of birth or fortune, which commonly facilitate the progress of a man in parliament, were not necessary in railway legislation. Business-habits, and a practical knowledge of the subject, were infinitely more important. This was fortunate for Richard Rawlings. Had he gone into parliament in ordinary times, the chances of acquiring distinction would have been as much against him as they were now in his favour. He entered the House of Commons as a great authority on the paramount question of the day, and his appearance at the table to take the oaths produced so marked a "sensation," that the members stretched out their heads on all sides to look at him. He was at once invested with a sort of appellate jurisdiction upon railway matters, and as his influence increased in the House, it extended a hundred-fold out of doors. Railway-boards scrambled to get hold of him; all the engines of intrigue were put in motion to secure his alliance, or propitiate his favour; and irresistible temptations in the way of allocated shares, patronage, and pickings, were tendered to lure him into the directories. His name was a tower of strength, and wherever it appeared the shares were instantly quoted at a premium, that made the grovelling world at his feet look up to him with a feeling of confidence, not such as men repose in the known and tested powers of their fellow-men, but such as a slavish superstition accords to Juggernaut or Joss.

The stakes in this fierce game rose with the excitement. Where Richard Rawlings had formerly played for hundreds, he now played for tens of thousands. Large funds were under his control, and at his own irresponsible disposal. Nobody questioned his sagacity or integrity. Whatever he touched turned to profit, and the mines of wealth he ploughed seemed illimitable and inexhaustible.

The change in the life of Mrs. Rawlings was like that of a person who, falling asleep in a hovel, dreams of golden palaces and ambrosial feasts; or, like the conjuration of the last scene in a pantomime, when the stage, suddenly illuminated, discovers the Temple of the Fairy Queen, or the abode of some beneficent genius in the "Realms of Bliss." The last scene! Ah! if it were the last! Alack, and well-a-day! human life is not a pantomime in which, after a good deal of hard knocking about, we have the power to wind up in a blaze of rosy light, making our exit pirouetting on a cloud. Mrs. Rawlings, however, never troubled herself about such considerations; and as she stepped her costly chambers in Indian silks that filled the air with rustling music, and sunned herself in the surrounding glories, she might be excused if she gave way at first to little womanly exultation. Her pulses fluttered wildly in her new cage, and for a time she was lost in wonder and admiration. But it is astonishing how soon we become reconciled to prosperity, and how

readily we fall into the ways of the great world, however indifferently nature or education may have fitted us to grace or enjoy them. The fashionable homage that was paid to Mrs. Rawlings gave her a *prestige* in society which, whatever might have been the estimate put upon it by the circles that pressed round her, was prized by the lady herself as the guarantee of a position as real and solid as if she had been born to the honours which venality and sordid flattery persisted in heaping upon her.

There was not an hour in the day unoccupied. Visits, exhibitions, public meetings, *soirées*, and dinners filled up the round of her laborious existence. She was whirled into these busy scenes she hardly knew how, and they succeeded each other so quickly, and her engagements were so numerous and urgent, that, even had she been conscious how indifferently her previous habits had prepared her for the discharge of such brilliant functions, she really never had leisure to reflect upon the matter. The worst of it was, that she was always in a flurry, and expended a great deal more animal spirits than her occasions required. She had not yet learned the economy of repose; and it was prophesied by her new acquaintances that she would break up at the end of her first season. She did not break up for all that; but rather seemed to rebound from her exertions with increased elasticity. She had found at last the kind of life—light, sprightly, and transitory—which exactly agreed with her desires and her constitution.

Clara attracted universal admiration. Her beauty and vivacity would have drawn the eyes of the crowd upon her under any circumstances; but the reputation of a large fortune rendered her the object of closer and more eager attentions. The number of lounging cadets who followed her wherever she went, was quite oppressive, and if she had not had a natural genius for variety, her gay life must have run a grave risk of being nipped in the bud. The art with which she baffled their addresses was derived direct from nature, which, in lieu of the sense, that enables men (when they happen to be endowed with it) to select and secure their advantages, supplies women with a tact or instinct that often answers the purpose better. Sense sometimes makes a mistake in its calculations; tact seldom errs. Sense may know best what to do; but tact knows best when and how to do it; and in these matters of social experience everything depends on promptitude at the right moment. While sense is watching its opportunity, tact strikes.

Running the gauntlet of a mob of admirers, Clara escaped without a wound. Sometimes, in a pensive moment, on her return from a ball, or a dinner, or a long dull *séance* of political and literary people, with troops of images flitting through her brain, she might have fancied that some one had made an impression upon her, and gone to sleep in a state of palpitating confusion. But when she awoke in the morning she was calm

and clear. There was not a tinge of romantic sentiment in her nature. She took pleasure as it came on the surface, and accepted it only at its fugitive value. It never occurred to her to make a phantasy of love to herself by imagining a feeling that had not reached her heart. She wisely waited for the reality.

The bustle and incessant motion were more fatiguing than agreeable to Margaret. In the midst of the glitter, she always suggested the notion of a person whose thoughts were elsewhere, and who was longing for solitude and green fields. Her soul looked out of her eyes yearningly for a sympathy which she could nowhere find in hot and crowded rooms; and the chief amusement she seemed to extract from the thronged panorama was to watch and speculate upon its shifting phases. But she was rarely suffered to indulge her inclinations in this way. The more she retreated from indiscriminate flattery, the more she was followed. Like her sister, she had her circle of slaves, but it was less numerous and rather more select, for the approaches were not so broad and open, nor the deity within so liberal of her fascinations.

Amongst the multitude who were most assiduous in their visits at Park Lane, was a lady who made some show in the fashionable world, although her pretensions were considered a little ambiguous. The history of the Baroness de Poudre-bleu furnished an episode in the small talk of the coteries that never failed to elicit detractive witticisms. But as we see no reason why we should make a mystery about a handsome woman of a certain age, who was quite as good as her neighbours, we will relate all the facts we have been able to collect concerning her antecedents.

The Baroness was not a foreigner, as her title seemed to imply, but true English flesh and blood. Had she been of a mythological descent, there could not have been more contradictory accounts of her origin than were circulated by her intimate friends. They agreed only on one fact, that in her youth she was distinguished by a commanding figure and a lofty cast of beauty, and that from the outset she manifested a corresponding scorn for people of her own rank (whatever it was), and a profound admiration of the ranks above her. Opportunity, which makes heroes of men, and, sometimes, martyrs of women, favoured her ambition.

The Hon. Colonel Bulkeley Smirke was heir presumptive to the title of his brother, Lord Huxley. His Lordship's constitution was broken up—the Colonel was lusty, active, and ten years younger: and there being cogent reasons, it was said, why his Lordship would not, or could not, marry, the Colonel's accession to the peerage was looked upon as a certainty. The young beauty took these circumstances into consideration. The Colonel was a high-bred man, with a loose and dangerous reputation; and if she had been influenced by views of a domestic nature—

such as sitting down with a husband in a home consecrated to the household gods—he was the last man in the world she would have chosen. But it was not the Colonel she wanted to marry, nor household gods she yearned for; she wanted to marry the Huxley title by proxy, and she yearned only for a fashionable career.

A beautiful woman with a strong will can do anything she likes. The Colonel, in his own opinion, had exhausted the sex, and was proof against their arts. But, like thousands of experienced gentlemen, he was brought down by a dart feathered from his own plumage. He relied upon his knowledge of women—so did the lady. He believed that his knowledge was complete at all points—she knew that it was shallow and delusive, and she played upon it like a sharper who loses a few tricks in the beginning to lure on his antagonist. At first she tantalized him with fits of indifference that piqued his vanity. Then she awakened his jealousy. The strategy was so perfect that he took to himself the whole merit of a metaphorical conquest over her heart. He carried her off triumphantly, as he believed, from a host of baffled rivals, but not till he had secured her a little pin-money to the tune of seven or eight hundred a-year.

Her subsequent introduction to the London circles as the Honourable Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke was highly satisfactory. Whatever the ladies may have thought of her, the gentlemen at least acknowledged the supremacy of her charms and the finished graces of her manner. Circumstances shaped themselves felicitously to the mode of life she panted for. After a few weeks of dalliance the Colonel took to his clubs and his horses again, and left his wife to the free indulgence of her own desires in an elegant *bijou* of a house, where she entertained whom, how and when she pleased.

This delicious existence lasted through two seasons. Then came a sudden break-up, which fell upon her without a moment's warning. One night, coming home from a brilliant party, she found a note from the Colonel on her toilette-table. It conveyed in a few hurried words the astounding intelligence that her husband had that night started for the Continent—that his affairs were deeply involved—that he had left instructions to sell off the house and furniture without an hour's delay—and that she was to collect whatever she could out of the wreck, and follow him to Paris. Upon reading this brief scrawl, evidently written in a state of frightful agitation, Mrs. Bulkely Smirke uttered a low cry, but remembering that her maid was in the room, she crushed up the note in her hand, and, with inimitable composure, proceeded to disrobe.

Her brain was full of expedients. Her self-possession never forsook her. She saw the gulf before her, although she could not measure its sightless depth, and she made up her mind at once. Dismissing her maid for the night, she devoted the whole of the miserable hours till day-break in collecting her

jewels, and all the portable articles of value she could carry off without observation. It was her last night in England. Her scheme of life was blasted. Nothing remained of all that flaunting luxury, but the glittering fragments. Yet she did not despair. Early the next morning, after converting into money everything that was available, she despatched a few gay notes announcing that she was going on a tour, which she described as quite an impromptu affair. By this bright little artifice she hoped to cover her retreat, and, at all events, secure the first version of her disgrace. That night she set her face towards Dover, and in two days she joined her husband in Paris.

Matters were worse than she had anticipated. The Colonel, devoured by a passion for dice, and relying confidently upon the Huxley estates in prospect, had sold himself and all his hopes to the Jews. This was nothing; for the Jews would have waited patiently enough if a circumstance had not happened that filled them with dismay. It transpired, all of a sudden, that Lord Huxley had taken it into his head to marry. Then the storm burst. It was all over with the Colonel. Judgment-debts, warrants, and personal securities leaped out of the desks of usurers and attorneys, and the Colonel fled.

All that was left to the Honourable Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke was the beggarly pin-money. One faint ray of hope, however, fell on her in the midst of the desolation. She had a son—the only issue of that happy union—called after his father, and inheriting the beauty of his mother. As yet he was the heir presumptive; and as there was no great likelihood of any obstacle to his succession arising from the marriage of a shattered old lord, Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke lived on in that hope, and dedicated herself, with unremitting maternal solicitude, to the care of her boy.

A residence in Paris was out of the question. It would have brought them under the scrutiny of too many old acquaintances, so they adjourned to the German baths, and, moving about from place to place, made the best of their stinted resources. The Colonel became an *habitué* of the rouge-et-noir tables, and the lady managed to keep up her spirits, and gather a circle of admirers about her wherever she went. It was whispered that she turned her fascinations to a profitable account, and played herself occasionally with rich “fellows,” who were not unwilling to lose money to her. But we give no credit to such scandals.

After economising for a whole month in the cheap valleys of Switzerland—a period of dismal quarantine to the Colonel—they made their way into Italy, and settled at Florence. The climax of Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke’s misfortunes was now approaching. One morning they received a letter from England, accompanied by a newspaper. The conjunction was ominous. Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke opened the paper first, and, with a presentiment of calamity, flew at once to the “Births.” There she

discovered the terrible fact, confirmed by the letter, that Lady Huxley had presented her husband with a son. Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke at that time wore her dark hair in long tresses that swept her fine shoulders in a bewildering fall. No woman better understood the enchantments of premeditated disorder in the disposition of her silken meshes; and she was so consummate a mistress of effect, that even when she was plunged in the deepest trouble, she could not resist the temptation it threw out in the way of expression. Here was a fine stage "situation" for our accomplished actress; and she never looked more captivating than when she flung back her hair with a wild toss of her head, leaving a few tresses wandering over her bosom, and looked at her husband with a frantic smile. It was difficult to believe that the vermilion dew which lay upon her parted lips sprang from real agony; but the agony was real, nevertheless.

The worst was now known. The boy Bulkeley was doomed to be plain Bulkeley for the rest of his days; and as the Colonel could never re-appear in England, the only prospect that lay before them was permanent banishment, relieved by affectionate messages from home in the shape of outlawries. Loosened from all responsibility to society, and mingling with a floating population of fashionable outcasts like himself, the Colonel sought oblivion, where only such men can find it, in a life of dissipation and profligacy. The sequel may be soon told. Excesses of all kinds did their work upon him, and he sank under them at last. At the end of a few years, the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke was a widow.

It is astonishing what wear and tear and mental tortures women of the world pass through and conceal in their time, surviving in the full bloom of their spirits, and looking as angelical as if they had led the lives of Sybarites, instead of having been dragged to pieces by private horrors. No bird of Paradise could have been more radiant than Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke when the short period of mourning was at an end. She breathed a freer atmosphere than ever. If she was not quite as young as when she had left London, her beauty was more developed and her knowledge of life were matured. But she shrank from the humiliation of coming back a nominal Smirke, disowned, as she was sure to be, by the head of that noble family. Revolving this point of personal dignity over and over again in her mind, she hit upon the ingenious project of sinking Smirke altogether, and taking up a foreign title, which would enable her to re-enter the world with *éclat*, and to cast a veil over the past. During these years of struggle and wandering, she had, by means best known to herself, contrived to save some money; and as the Duke of Tuscany was always in want of funds for a new road, or an old charity, or something else, and was always glad to get a respectable offer for a patent of nobility, there was no difficulty in bringing this desirable matter to bear. The bargain was struck, accordingly, the patent made out, and one elastic spring

morning Mrs. Bulkeley Smirke made her second *avatar* in May-fair, under the style and title of the Baroness de Poudre-bleu.

Her income, it must be confessed, was painfully small; but expending nearly the whole of it upon appearances, and living upon little or nothing, the mystery was not so wonderful as some people pretended to think. Out of seven or eight hundred a-year, it is just possible to job a small carriage, to rent a small house, and to keep a couple of livery servants on board wages, if the proprietor of this surface splendour be content to feed upon air. The Baroness de Poudre-bleu went out into a great deal of high company; but that cost her nothing. She was not expected to give dinner parties, and a supperless *soirée* or two in the season discharged all her obligations to the wide circle in which she moved. Her chief luxuries and heaviest expenditure were a charming little residence and a tiny carriage; but she knew the exact extent of these charges, and met them by a strict, pinching economy in everything else. Costume was a terrible item, for she dressed magnificently; but then her own maid was a French milliner, who helped her to the fashions at half-price; so that, one way and another, she made a handsome show, like the butterfly, with very little substance beneath.

Being unable, however, to produce much effect by the costliness of her appointments, she had recourse to a cheaper and more startling mode of notoriety. She published a novel. It was called "Agatha; or, The Bride of the Barricades: a Story of the Revolution." Revolutions were fashionable at that time, and the book had an extensive circulation amongst the author's acquaintances, to each of whom she sent a copy with her autograph. The distinction she obtained by this work amongst crowds of people who never read a line of it, was flattering to her ambition. Everybody assured her that Agatha was *the* book of the season; and her friend, Mr. Trainer, who was a regular author, and was supposed to hold some misty relations with the newspaper press, declared that, in his time, no book had been so unanimously praised by the reviewers.

This literary exploit gave a decided piquancy to her social reputation. She was somebody, over and above being still a fine woman and a person of fashion. In her conversation she rather eschewed literature, and talked of the book as a whim thrown off to please her fancy, and not as writers, to whom authorship is a work of love or labour, usually talk of their productions. In fact, whenever she did speak of literature, it was with the modesty and reserve of one who possessed great powers in that way, and had the good taste not to crush other people by the display of them. Whenever there were authors of any note present, she made it a point to avoid them. A little literary fame was all very well as a graceful adjunct to fashionable celebrity; but she would not suffer it on any account to be supposed that it was the special distinction she coveted.

Master Poudre-bleu—we beg pardon, Mr. Bulkeley Smirke—was now about one or two and twenty years of age. This young gentlemen having been educated abroad, had foreign manners, if we may so describe his languid and elegant style; spoke English with a sweet, exotic accent; and being very pale and handsome, like his mother, was rather *distingué* in appearance. The course of education from which he had just graduated gave him a signal advantage over his English contemporaries. He had seen more of the seamy side of society than any of them, and had already arrived at certain conclusions concerning human life, which rendered it exceedingly improbable that he should ever fall a sacrifice to his sensibilities. He had seen, indeed, so much which it might have been as well he had not seen—that his juvenile faith in virtue of all kinds was fairly extinguished. In his own small, indolent way he was a sort of social atheist, and his conversation was coloured throughout by that general unbelief which sets up the kind of pretty paradoxes which young ladies, who are not embarrassed by ideas, love to argue about. He had the aspect of a youth who had worn out his enthusiasm, if he ever had any, and was considered an interesting specimen of the genus *blasé*.

The grand object of his mother's life was to quarter this young gentleman upon some rich family. He had nothing to look forward to but a wife with money. This was the only thing in the world he was fit for. His education had taken no determinate direction. He had no practical acquisitions of any earthly descriptions. He did not know how to do anything; and his white hands were as useless as his unbelieving head. No human being could be better qualified for the destiny his mother marked out for him.

When the Baroness de Poudre-bleu made the acquaintance of the Rawlingses at the house of her friend Lady Twisleton, the wife of the wealthy loan-contractor, she saw in half an eye that they were the very stock set apart by nature for her maternal design. They possessed all the characteristics of people who come into the great world predestined to be victimised; they were ignorant of its ways and wiles, easily won by attentions, and inordinately rich. The Baroness, therefore, sat down to a regular siege of the Rawlingses. She charmed Mrs. Rawlings with her affability and good nature; and showered such constant and affectionate kindnesses upon the girls that the grateful little souls fell quite in love with her. Indeed the ladies became at last absolutely inseparable. The Baroness was regarded by them all as the most gracious and unaffectedly charming woman in the world.

In the confidence she thus won, and the ascendancy she thus secured, the Baroness laid the roots of a matrimonial tree which was to bear golden fruit for her darling Bulkeley. She studied the characters of the two girls with diligence and penetration before she made up her mind which of them she should select as

the future wife of her son ; and, after long and grave consideration, her choice fell upon Margaret.

CHAPTER II.

In which the Reader is invited to a Ball in Park Lane.

MR. RAWLINGS' first session passed off triumphantly. He carried his bill for the railroad, and appointed Mr. John Peabody secretary. Nor, in the flood-tide of prosperity, did he forget his friend Captain Scott Dingle, to whom he allotted one hundred and fifty shares ; advising him, at the same time, not to lose a moment in coming up to London, as he had other objects in view for him. Dingle knew nothing about business, and never having had an opportunity of enjoying the luxury of a little superfluous cash, was in the habit of looking upon riches as an allegory. If ever, at any period of his life, he had indulged in the thought that it was possible he might, by some extraordinary chance, come into a trifle of money, over and above his actual necessities, it was only as men dream over the fire in their wintry solitude, building castles in the air, and blowing them away again. These delusions had long since vanished. Many years had elapsed since he had been troubled with such visions, and he was now too old to raise any airy structures in the future. The door of hope, which had never been very hospitable to him, was closed and barred and bolted in his face. It never even occurred to him to knock at it, for he was quite sure it wouldn't be opened.

When, therefore, he received an unexpected summons from Mr. Rawlings, accompanied by a letter of allotment, which, at that moment, was actually worth several hundred pounds, he could hardly trust to the evidence of his senses. But the document admitted of no doubt ; and Rawlings was not the sort of man to volunteer a piece of advice, without having sound reasons for it. He did not understand it himself in the least ; but his confidence in Rawlings was unlimited ; and, without stopping to reflect upon his good fortune, and hardly believing in it, if the truth must be confessed, he hastened up to London.

He was received in Park Lane with cordiality, but Rawlings was so much occupied that the first interview did not last ten minutes. Enough transpired, however, to awaken a delirious sensation of delight in the Captain's mind, who, lifted out of a state of total stagnation, found himself all at once pitched into a whirl of prosperous activity. As he had formerly felt a secret conviction that if it were to rain bank-notes not one of them would drop upon his path ; so, in his present ecstasy, he believed that should such a shower fall, the wind would blow every particle of it straight into his pockets. Rawlings, it appeared, had not only secured him the shares, but had put down his name on the committee ; and Dingle had scarcely been a fortnight in London,

when he had the intense satisfaction of figuring in a similar capacity in half a dozen lines. Many people asked who Captain Scott Dingle was; but it was a sufficient answer to all inquiries that he was a friend of the Member for Yarlton. Dingle's fortune was made. He could see no end to the riches that were minting for him by the benevolent genii in Moorgate Street, who were about this time beginning to cluster on a spot destined to become famous in the annals of Bubbledom. Money, hitherto a myth, was now a reality to the Captain. The long-suppressed aspirations of the gentleman had vent at last. The style of the outer man underwent a visible and important change. His moustachios were carefully oiled; he mounted a handsome open blue waistcoat with military buttons, and just such coats, pantaloon, and boots, as became a dashing military man of a certain age. He looked almost handsome, and certainly very airy and gallant, as he stepped of a morning out of Feuillade's Hotel in the Opera Colonnade, and glanced up and down the street with a roguish sparkle in his eyes, as if he had come out to make conquests of all the women. It was a sight worth going a long way to see, he looked so happy and assured, as he stood pulling on his kid gloves in the most leisurely manner, and swinging his faithful bamboo, like one who had nothing in the world to think about but pleasure. Ah! that was a delicious episode in the life of Captain Scott Dingle.

There was a crowded assembly at Park Lane, in the house of Richard Rawlings, Esq., M. P. The report of the entertainment which appeared the next day in the *Morning Post*, displayed a galaxy of great names, including Lord Fiddlesby, who had just returned from an embassy at St. Petersburg, and was the diplomatic lion of the hour; Lord Charles Eton, a young politician of great promise, who had been selected this session to second the address in the House of Commons; Sir Peter Jinks, the bank director; the Countess of Rakely, the Ladies Amelia and Clemence Rosherville, and a cloud of other people of mark and distinction.

All the rooms were thrown open, and the crush was so great in the apartment devoted to quadrilles and waltzes, that the dancers were shut up in little rings, with hardly space enough to poise themselves to the time of the music. The pursuit of dancing under difficulties is a lugubrious and equivocal pleasure, and to judge from the solemn faces of the young people who dedicate themselves to this amusement, a looker-on, who happened to be ignorant of the gravity that lies at the bottom of our enjoyments, might suppose that they were performing some kind of painful sacrificial rite.

In the course of the evening the Baroness de Poudre-blue managed to engage Margaret to her son for a waltz and a quadrille. The waltz was just over, and Mr. Bulkeley Smirke conducted his partner to a seat close to his mother. As a matter of course, the conversation ran upon the heat of the room. Mr.

Bulkeley Smirke thought it stifling. He had by no means made up his mind on the general question of dancing. What possible pleasure could there be in making oneself so intolerably hot? Would Miss Rawlings take an ice?

Margaret declined.

"Did you ever see such an *insouciant* wretch in your life?" observed the Baroness; "He dances with such provoking composure and *sang froid*. Now, what do you say to him, Margaret?"

"Say?" replied Margaret, "that a dancer cannot be too quiet."

"One doesn't set about a dance," observed Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, "as if it were a gymnastic exercise. The art is to get through the figure with as little trouble as possible. You have all the world here to night, Miss Rawlings. Who is that man talking to your father?"

Margaret looked in the direction indicated. The gentleman with whom her father was engaged in conversation was of the middle size, young, with a severe and thoughtful expression of face, large dark eyes, and a slight stoop in the shoulders. She did not know him; and in the next minute they had both moved away. The Baroness thought it a good opportunity to get up a little flirtation between Bulkeley and Margaret.

"Who is she like?" said the Baroness, with a bewitching smile, taking up Margaret's small white hand, and looking earnestly in her face. "Now, think, Bulkeley. Do you remember anybody she resembles?" Margaret felt herself glowing over with blushes; and if she resembled anybody at that moment it must have been somebody with very crimson cheeks.

"Like?" returned Bulkeley, "you don't mean Mademoiselle Fenestre?"

"My dear, how could you commit such a blunder. You recollect the Princess Luigi? Now look at her eyes,—do you detect the likeness?"

"Well, there is something in the expression," replied Bulkeley.

"Only, my love, you are so much younger and fairer, I declare, at a little distance, I might have almost mistaken you for her."

"Am I so like her?" said Margaret. "Who was she?"

"Oh! the Princess Luigi," said the Baroness; "she was the niece of the Cardinal Ambroccini, and connected with some high families in Tuscany, where I met her. She was perfectly lovely, and, do you know, she took such a fancy to Bulkeley, that she quite spoiled him. Young as he was, I was afraid he would leave his heart behind him. And then you are so like her!"

This was pretty broad. Margaret felt her ears tingling, although she did not interpret the compliment exactly in the way it was meant. She was confused at being thought so very like the beautiful Princess Luigi; but it never occurred to her

that the baroness intended to carry the analogy any farther. As for Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, he bore the infliction of an allusion to his heart with imperturbable coolness. Understanding clearly the drift of his mother, whose diplomatic talents he held in the greatest respect, he contented himself with an indolent stare at Margaret, waiting to hear what she would say. He was one of those young gentlemen who treat very young ladies with a patronizing air, and loll on cushions expecting to be wooed. The only women he considered it worth his while to take any trouble about were women much older than himself. At twenty-one he looked upon unmarried ladies of his own age as mere dolls, to whom he talked with a condescending simper that showed at once indifference and superiority. In short, Mr. Bulkeley Smirke despised girls, and affected the society of married women, who alone possessed the power of exciting his attention.

But he was wide awake, nevertheless, to the importance of a *mariage de convenance*. He was carefully educated up to that point. Every symptom of taste, feeling, or inclination that might interfere with it had been carefully subdued. Never was twig more vigilantly bent, and never did tree grow more obediently to the hand that trained it. Notwithstanding that apathy of manner which was habitual to him, he had made up his mind about Margaret Rawlings. The only difference that arose between him and his mother, in their private conferences on the subject, referred to the mode of proceeding. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke was confident of success, without thinking much pains necessary to secure it; while the Baroness, who had studied the whole family industriously, saw difficulties in the way which demanded the nicest management and discretion.

Margaret had not the slightest suspicion of the net that was weaving round her; and when Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, following up the delicate flattery of his mother, begged of her not to believe that his heart had ever been touched by the Princess Luigi, she took him at his word with a simple quietness that confounded him. He expected the inuendo would be caught up, and was prepared for a counter-play of bantering which might lead him indirectly to his object. But Margaret had no relish for idle foppery about hearts; and, of all persons, thought that Mr. Bulkeley Smirke was the very last who ought to be permitted to trifle on such subjects. There was a serious enthusiasm in her nature which might have been easily awakened; but not by Mr. Bulkeley Smirke.

"I suppose, Miss Rawlings," lisped the young gentleman, "you think I have no heart."

"Indeed," returned Margaret, "I never thought about it."

"Really, that's very severe of you."

"Severe?"

"The fact is, I didn't believe in such a thing myself, until —"

and he stopped short, twirling his glove with one hand, and adjusting his collar with the other.

"That's rather an ominous pause, my dear," exclaimed the Baroness, "you are bound to finish the sentence, or Miss Rawlings will fancy you're a universal lover."

"Well, I was going to say something that would prove to Miss Rawlings that I am the most devoted fellow in the world."

"I beg," said Margaret, "you will not take the trouble to prove anything of the kind. The Baroness is only jesting. See, they're getting up another quadrille."

"I shall not dance the next quadrille," said Bulkeley.

"You're shockingly cruel upon poor Bulkeley," observed the Baroness; "you really ought to let him explain himself."

"Exactly," said Bulkeley, looking with a vacant expression at Margaret, "exactly; only let me explain myself."

"But there's nothing to explain," returned Margaret.

"Come, you shan't escape me in that way," replied Bulkeley Smirke, pinching the tips of a *bouquet* which Margaret held in her hand; "I shall be quite *au désespoir* if you don't listen to me."

At this moment Mr. Rawlings came up, accompanied by the gentleman with whom he had been recently engaged in conversation. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke withdrew his hand from the *bouquet*, and looked in another direction.

"Lord Charles Eton, my dear," said Mr. Rawlings, "has requested me to introduce him to you for the next quadrille. My daughter, Miss Margaret Rawlings."

Lord Charles made a slight, but graceful inclination of his head, and offered his arm to Margaret. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke looked as black as thunder, and was on the point of saying that the lady was engaged to him—for the petted boy had a right royal temper,—when his mother put her hand on his arm, and whispered, "Don't be a fool, Bulkeley. You said you would not dance the next quadrille." By the time this action was over, Lord Charles Eton and Margaret Rawlings were swept into one of the little rings in the centre of the room.

Margaret was conscious of a slight trepidation as she rose to take her partner's arm. The gravity and earnestness of his manner, with the full light of his clear dark eyes falling upon her, had something to do with it; but that was not all. She had often heard of Lord Charles Eton, but had fancied him a different sort of man. He had gained first-class honours at Oxford, where Henry Winston, who was his junior by several years, had formed his acquaintance, and been so captivated by his talents, that, with characteristic ardour, he prophesied a distinguished career for the incipient senator. Lord Charles had been trained from the beginning for public life, had already won a high reputation for eloquence, and added to his severer acquirements the graces of liberal scholarship. His refined and fastidious taste was

displayed in a volume of lyrical poems, which he published before he left college; and his literary ambition had subsequently taken a loftier flight in an historical work which was less remarkable for brilliancy of treatment, than for perspicuity and research. The impression he made upon his contemporaries was that of a man of sound judgment, comprehensive powers, and inflexible integrity. Margaret was a little timid at first, but the suavity and gentleness of his manner very soon put her at her ease; and she was not slow to discover that the rising statesman of the day could be as agreeable in the ball-room as he was influential in the senate.

While they are engaged in the quadrille, we will take a turn in one of the adjoining apartments. Here we recognize some old acquaintances. Captain Scott Dingle is lounging over the back of a chair, chatting negligently with Mrs. Rawlings. The last few years have wrought an alteration in him, but he dresses up wonderfully for candle-light. His hair is thinner than it used to be, and nearly grey; but his moustachios still keep their dark hue, and, by the force of contrast, look more fierce than ever.

"Magnificent! 'pon my life," whispered the Captain; "everything in such capital taste. Does you a world of credit, Mrs. Rawlings."

"Oh! don't give me any credit, my dear Captain," said Mrs. Rawlings; "you don't suppose I attend to these things? Bless you, it's all Gunter," she added, laughing, in a low whisper, extending a broad gilt fan between her face and the company; "that's the way we manage in London. Just throw your eye over the waiters when you go down to supper. As I say to Rawlings, money will do anything in London."

"I hope I have the honour of seeing Mrs. Rawlings quite well?" said a sleek-looking gentleman, with a round hat under his arm, addressing Mrs. Rawlings.

"Ah! how do 'ye do—how do 'ye do, Mr. Trumbull," returned Mrs. Rawlings, "you're a sad man to come so late. Why are you not dancing? I thought all you American gentlemen were fond of dancing."

"That's rather hard upon my country, ma'am," replied Mr. Trumbull; "certainly there are some people in America who do dance, for it's a vast surface of earth, that eternal continent of ours, and reckons an uncommon population of heterogeneous souls; but the people of the United States, Mrs. Rawlings, are too busy with their heads to have much time for their heels—that's a fact. Captain Dingle! Glad to meet you again, sir, never saw you since that remarkable demonstration of democratic sentiment at Yarlton. I should esteem it a great privilege to be present the next time you set up for parliament."

"Very obliging in you, Mr. Trumbull," returned the Captain, looking a little angry; "but I haven't the slightest intention of gratifying your curiosity."

"Well," replied Mr. Trumbull, "there's some sense in that. I read your address, Captain, and look upon you to be a regular go-a-head Republican, and no mistake; but your politics won't go down at Yarlton—that's my candid opinion."

Captain Scott Dingle was awfully outraged at this allusion to his politics. If ever there was a man who cordially hated politics it was Captain Scott Dingle. He had hoped that that unfortunate incident in his life, in which he had suffered himself to be put forward as a victim to oblige his friend was, by this time, buried in oblivion; but here was a man, rising up like an avenging spirit, to remind him of it at a moment when he was in the full feather of enjoyment; and he felt as if he were doomed to be dogged all his life by that one criminating fact. A Republican! His blood leaped into his ears, and he could have chastised Trumbull on the spot. To make the matter worse, there was a cynical-looking man standing close to them, and listening to the conversation with, as Dingle thought, a supercilious leer on his face. Dingle resolved that that man, whoever he was, should not go away with the notion that he was a Republican.

"Sir," said Dingle, looking Trumbull straight in the face, "I repudiate. You understand that word, I believe, at the other side of the water—*repudiate*. You've made an egregious mistake in calling me a Republican; and, more than that, I don't think you'll find such an animal in all England."

The Captain drew up like a conqueror; the cynical-looking man smiled; and Mr. Trumbull opened his mouth wide with a gasp of astonishment.

"You're a real lightning-conductor, Captain—you are!" returned Trumbull.

"I may be a lightning-conductor," replied the Captain, "but I'm not a Republican."

Trumbull was going to say something, but the Captain turned his head away, plainly indicating that he was determined to have nothing more to do with him.

"Ah! Sir Peter," cried Mrs. Rawlings; "glad to see you. I have been looking for Lady Jinks everywhere. What have you done with her?"

"Left her," replied the cynical-looking man, "in a profound discussion with Mr. Trainer on the Baroness de Poudre-bleu's wonderful novel." Then, stooping his head, he inquired, in a whisper, "Who is that gentleman in the moustachios?"

"Oh! don't you know him?" returned Mrs. Rawlings, "the best creature in the world—Captain Scott Dingle. Shall I introduce you?"

"What is he celebrated for?" inquired Sir Peter Jinks.

"Well, I don't think he's celebrated for anything," replied Mrs. Rawlings, laughing, "unless it is his good-nature." Whereupon Sir Peter joined Mrs. Rawlings in a short grim laugh.

"He stood for Yarlton, I believe?"

"Oh! don't you know all about that?" said Mrs. Rawlings; "sit down here beside me, and I'll tell you."

Sir Peter quietly dropped into a chair, and, with his eyes bent upon the ground, listened to the whole history of the election, related with many inaccuracies, and in a humour of good-natured exaggeration that placed poor Dingle's share of the transaction in the most ludicrous light, and by no means contributed to elevate Mr. Rawlings in the estimation of the Bank Director.

"He is such a good creature, that Dingle," said Mrs. Rawlings; "we've known him, I don't know how many years—long before we ever dreamt of a house in Park Lane. Mr. Rawlings does not forget his old friends, Sir Peter, as you'd say, if you knew all he has done for poor Dingle."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned Sir Peter; "I dare say he has done a great deal for him."

"Everything; put him on the committee of his own line, and gave him I don't know what in shares. It was a lucky day for him, Sir Peter, when Mr. Rawlings took him up."

"Gave him shares?" repeated Sir Peter; "a fortunate man to have such a friend as Mr. Rawlings."

"There," said Mrs. Rawlings, "look how confidential they are together. I declare it's quite pleasant to see that good-natured Captain in such spirits. And to think that he set up against my husband—ha! ha!"

Sir Peter raised his head, and saw Mr. Rawlings in close conversation with the Captain, who seemed to be listening attentively to him. In a few minutes Mr. Rawlings drew Dingle away through the crowd, Sir Peter following them with his sinister eyes till they disappeared.

Making their way through detached groups down the stairs, including sundry batches of flirting lovers and heated dancers, who had come out to cool themselves, Mr. Rawlings and the Captain passed into a small library on the ground floor. A person buttoned up in a dusty mackintosh, as if he had just come off a journey, rose from a table at their entrance. It was John Peabody, looking very drugged and jaded. The Captain shook hands with him good-naturedly, but, perhaps, in rather a florid manner. It was evident that Peabody had all the hard work of the line upon his shoulders, with as strong a natural taste for idleness as the Captain himself, while the Captain was enjoying the honey. The distance between the committee-man and the secretary was obvious the moment they sat down, although, it is only justice to say, that the Captain wore his honours with as much gentlemanly friendliness as was consistent with their relative positions.

"Where is the bank book?" said Rawlings.

Peabody placed it before him.

"We have a special meeting of the committee to-morrow," said Rawlings, addressing Dingle, "and as it is necessary to

have some of our work ready before we meet, I want you to sign these cheques. The signature of two members of the committee and the secretary is all the authority we require. Here they are. It will save you the trouble of attending."

"All right, I suppose?" said Dingle.

"Right?" repeated Rawlings; "Dingle, unfortunately you're not a man of business, or you'd never put so absurd a question. We want the cheques to pay for purchases I have made on account of the company, for which receipts must be laid before the committee in the morning. If we were to wait for committees to do these things, we should never get through our work."

"True enough," returned Dingle; "they do nothing but walk in and walk out again, pocket their guinea, and throw all the labour upon you. Afraid, Rawlings, I must plead guilty myself—but hang me if ever I was cut out for business. I can sign my name, however, thanks to some venerable schoolmaster, whom I can never be sufficiently grateful to, for that's about the extent of my qualifications. *Ecce signum!* we must vote a piece of plate to you by and by for doing our business for us."

"That will do," said Mr. Rawlings, folding up the cheques, and handing them to Peabody; "and now we will release you. I have other business with Peabody."

The captain was rejoiced to be liberated, and sauntered back up the stairs, humming a light air, and pleasantly impressed with the advantages of a position which attached so much importance to his signature. Reflections of a similar nature were, probably, passing at the same moment through the mind of Mr. Rawlings.

Dingle lounged into the ball-room, and, taking up his station in a corner, with his back negligently placed against the wall, began to survey the company through a gold eye-glass, with which he had recently indulged himself, and which hung suspended over his white waistcoat, on a small and almost imperceptible black cord. He scarcely knew half-a-dozen people in the whole of that assembly; but he looked as much at home as if he knew them all. No man was ever more completely in his element.

The music of a waltz was dying out, and the dancers were dropping away to the sides. The universal Clara was surrounded by a group of gentlemen who were trying to get up a promenade against a tide of people, and Margaret retreated into a recess at the end of the room. Her partner, a bashful and awkward young man, stood hovering over her, without uttering a word. The situation was rather embarrassing to the young lady; but she was speedily relieved from it by the appearance of Lord Charles Eton, who came up and spoke to her. The awkward young man took the earliest opportunity of vanishing into the crowd.

Presently there was a seat vacant near her, and Lord Charles glided into it. The low and quiet tone of his voice, the

subjects he talked about, and his unaffected good breeding, interested her. She felt herself in the presence of a superior mind, and was flattered by the consideration with which he treated her. He seemed to be as familiar with art and literature, as if such topics alone had occupied his studies; and she felt so much pleasure in listening to one who had charmed the senate with his eloquence that she spoke little herself. The feeling he inspired was that of admiration of his talents. This kind of experience was new to her; it awakened her intellect, and absorbed her attention.

She was too much engrossed to notice the movements around her. If she had, she might have seen the Baroness at a little distance observing her attentively, and now and then, through the groups that passed and re-passed, she might have caught the anxious eyes of her father. There came a little pause in that agreeable conversation, and looking up, almost unconsciously, she saw, for the first time, a gentleman standing in the shadow of the draperies of the window quite close to her, gazing upon her with a fixed and earnest expression of countenance.

She quickly withdrew her eyes, she hardly knew why. But, curious, nevertheless, to know who it was, she ventured, a few minutes afterwards, to look at him again. Their eyes met, and this time she did not take them away. She thought she remembered the face. There was an alteration, but the well-known features—especially the eyes, which are the last to suffer change—could not be mistaken. She instantly rose from her chair, and put out her hand.

“Henry Winston!” she exclaimed.

Henry Winston it was, with a very serious aspect, and not quite so handsome as when he used to wear his dark hair clustering in rich curls over his neck, but retaining enough of his boyish beauty to testify beyond doubt to his identity.

“Miss Rawlings,” replied Henry, taking the extended hand, “I was afraid you had forgotten me.”

“Miss Rawlings,” echoed Margaret, in a smothered voice: then checking herself, she added, “I did not know you were in town. When did you arrive? and why did you not come to see us?”

“I arrived only yesterday,” returned Henry; “and I came here to-night with Lord Charles. Didn’t he tell you I was here?” directing the question partly to Lord Charles.

“I must plead guilty,” said Lord Charles, “to a very inexcusable omission. But my friend Winston will forgive me; for he used to talk to me at college so much about you, Miss Rawlings, that he cannot be surprised I should forget him in your society.” This was said with a pleasantry so graceful and good-natured, that Henry Winston, although evidently mortified, accepted the apology with a forced smile.

“Are you come to make any stay in London?” inquired Margaret.

"I hardly know," replied Henry; "but I am happy to say I have done with college. I don't happen to be so devoted to learning as my friend Lord Charles."

"I beg of you not to believe that modest speech, Miss Rawlings," said Lord Charles; "I assure you he took his degree with infinite credit."

"Have you seen mama and Clara?" inquired Margaret.

"Oh! yes, I have had a long gossip with them both."

"And never came to speak to me?"

"You have been so engrossed," returned Henry, in an undertone, "that I could not find an opportunity. Great changes have happened since I saw you."

"You do not find us changed to our old friends, I hope?" said Margaret.

"Clara," said Henry, "is just the same as ever—not an atom changed."

"Well, and Margaret? Do you think I am changed?"

Harry Winston looked gravely at her, without answering the question. At this moment there was a general movement towards the door.

"I think," observed Lord Charles, "they are going to supper." As he spoke he drew close to Margaret.

"Margaret," whispered Henry, hastily, "I have a hundred things to say to you—and you are so surrounded here that I despair of getting a quiet moment. Will you let me take you down to supper?"

Margaret smiled, and with her old frankness placed her hand on his arm. Childhood had come back upon their hearts, and in the midst of that brilliant throng their thoughts were busy with memories of the happy hours they had passed together in the Wren's Nest.

They had forgotten all about Lord Charles, till they saw him afterwards a long way down the supper-table, taking wine with Mr. Rawlings.

CHAPTER III.

Discipline and Impulse.

LORD CHARLES ETON was the youngest son of the late Marquis of Westland. He had reason to boast of a line that was at once ancient and respectable; and had the good sense to know that antiquity without respectability is not much to boast of. The Westlands had not the honour of coming in with the Conquest, and were beforehand, by at least a couple of centuries, with the Restoration. They traced their origin neither to Norman adventurers, nor Court beauties, but to a pure Saxon stock. The first Eton on record was said to have been a member of the Witenagemot; a shadowy conjecture supposed to be duly authenticated by an ambiguous signature to one of the old charters. The tradition had come down in the family, and as

there was nobody to call it in question, it passed into an historical fact in the Peerage Books. The patent of nobility was conferred by Edward III., upon Reginald Eton, who held a command under John of Gaunt in the expedition into Gascony, and who married Tacina, daughter of Sir Ralph Gresloyme, and second cousin to the Queen of France. But, as the whole lineage of this noble family may be found at full length in the Extinct Peerage, we may spare ourselves the trouble of embroidering our pages with the numerous intermarriages, heroic actions, and heraldic glories by which the Westlands were honourably distinguished.

We must remark, however, that throughout the early period, the history of the race was a perfect martyrology. The Etons, even to the junior branches, were famous for their gallantry in the field, and their patriotism in the council-chamber. We cannot tell how many of them fell in the ditches of besieged towns, on ramparts and savage plains, abroad and at home; or how many of them were fined, imprisoned and executed; but it is certain that the heroic spirit of the family might be tracked in blood from generation to generation, and that each new Eton, as he came into life, showed a rampant desire to emulate the deeds of his progenitors.

The obvious influence of an ancient lineage upon the characters of its descendants is one of the advantages of the patrician order. It insures us a race of men whose pride is at stake in the maintenance and transmission of an honourable reputation. Liberty and equality are grand ideas, although how they came to be associated passeth our understanding. For ourselves, we have no ill-will against liberty and equality, and have nothing to say to the philosophers who want them, except that we wish they may get them. But when the philosophers treat the traditions of old houses as so much waste paper, or faded tapestry, we are afraid that in their eagerness to crack the shell, they let the kernel drop out. Armorial bearings, quarterings, and such like pictorial emblems are no doubt as tawdry and despicable in the eyes of philosophy as gilt gingerbread, or the Lord Mayor's coach; but they have their uses nevertheless. The representative of a long line of hereditary honours has to answer to the dead as well as to the living. He cannot stand with soiled hands in the presence of his "sheeted ancestors." There are fools and profligates in all ranks; but we have this security against noble fools and profligates, that they occupy the foreground of the stage, and all eyes are upon them. The undeveloped celebrity who, with knitted brows and folded arms, falls into the group behind, has a sullen conviction in his mind that, if real merit had the precedence of accidental fortune, he ought to change places with the fellow who is mouthing it so villanously in front. But if he did, what then? We should still have prominent actors, and should only be substituting raw recruits for drilled performers.

Lying in a soft and mellow obscurity amongst the more brilliant incidents of the Eton martyrology was a little love-story

which had been the subject of many a ballad in the olden time, and which the family cherished as a scrap of poetry let in upon the gorgeous record. It related to a certain valiant knight, one Marmaduke Eton, who, invulnerable in war, was captivated during an interval of peace by the beauty of a peasant girl. The feudal blood of the Etons revolted from such an alliance; but Marmaduke, although threatened with disinheritance, kept his faith with Sybil Hunsdon. His kinsmen turned their backs upon him, and cast him out. But he was prouder of his wife than of his kinsmen, and loved her the more for the sufferings his love of her had drawn upon him. In the course of time it happened, after much sorrow and hardship, that this same Marmaduke, who had borne himself so heroically through adversity, came to be the most prosperous of all the Etons, and the founder of the titles by which they were destined to be distinguished in the Red Book of after ages. The elder branch died out, and Marmaduke recovered his inheritance, which derived additional lustre from the renown he had won in arms. Now Sybil Hunsdon was the mother of that Reginald upon whom Edward III. conferred a patent of nobility; and of the portraits of warriors in chain-mail, and judges in flowery wigs, and ladies in satin and guipure, that graced the great gallery of Hollenden, the family seat in Devonshire, the most prized of all was that of Sybil Hunsdon, the peasant girl. There was another portrait of her in a house belonging to a junior branch of the family in Portman-square, where she appeared to still greater advantage in a russet dress and white coif, seated on a bank, with Marmaduke peeping through a thicket behind, being an exact representation of the first meeting between the rustic beauty and her gallant lover.

The large house in Portman-square, at the time of our narrative, was the residence of Lord William Eton, the brother of the late Marquis, and uncle to Lord Charles; an old bachelor, stern, testy, and concentrating in his own person the accumulated pride of the entire roll of the Westland genealogy. Upon Lord William fell all the mantles of all the Etons. As for the Marquis, who was only a few years older than Lord Charles, nobody ever thought of looking to him for the maintenance of the family dignity. There was not a drop of the grand old blood in him. He was a production of the present hour, a mere modern man of fashion, who rendered himself as conspicuous by his dress as Nature had made him by an unmeaning face and a narrow head, terminating above in a point, like the head of a bird, and below in a lanky imperial. The chivalry of his race was extinct in the Marquis; but it survived, in all its strength, freshness and vital energy in Lord William, who, deeply mortified at the luxurious effeminacy of the elder brother, bestowed his heart and his patronage upon the younger.

Lord Charles resided with his uncle in Portman-square; or rather lived there in a suite of rooms which were set apart specially for his use, and as his uncle seldom dined at home,

preferring the ease and independence of his club, he may be said to have had the whole of that great house to himself.

On the day after the ball at Park-place, Henry Winston was to dine *tête-à-tête* with Lord Charles, and to go with him to the Opera in the evening. They had been inseparable at Oxford—intimate, confidential; and in that youthful fervor which leaps over time and space, and sees the ends of things before they have had their beginnings, these two young men swore an eternal friendship. In the short separation that subsequently took place between them, Lord Charles had already established a position as a public man, and Henry Winston had made no advance in life beyond the routine step of matriculation. They met, therefore, under altered circumstances. The alteration was the type of a marked difference in their characters, showing the mental activity and calm perseverance of the one in contrast to the gay heedlessness and undisciplined impulses of the other: cold reason opposed to eager feeling—a strict sense of justice to prodigal generosity—the power of controlling the emotions to incapability of resisting them—strong will to impetuous passions. Yet this very collision of qualities had hitherto attracted them to each other. But the idle days of college were over. They were now coming out into the world, and had their separate paths and objects to pursue; and the points at which they diverged were now made clear for the first time in a practical light to both. Henry Winston felt all this the moment he entered the drawing-room.

It was a dark, heavy apartment, furnished with great old-fashioned sofas and lumbering chairs, and having upon the whole a solemn and oppressive aspect. There was no light, except such as came fitfully from the fire, which, revealing in snatches the outlines of antique curtains and the formidable frames of the family pictures, brought out its dreariness in full relief. Lord Charles received his visitor rather ceremoniously—perhaps unconsciously from the force of his town habits. Henry Winston looked languid and fatigued; Lord Charles, constitutionally placid and reserved, did not betray a solitary trace of the last night's late hours. After ten minutes of dull common places, they were summoned to dinner.

The impression made upon the guest was much like the shock of a shower-bath, without its invigorating effects. He was chilled by his reception, and by the air of old grandeur that brooded over the place—it was all so unlike the free and hearty intercourse, and negligent chambers in which their early attachment had grown up. He saw the wide space that lay between them at once, and it sent a bolt of ice to his heart.

The room in which they dined was so large that, lest they should lose each other in its dusky shadows, they were obliged to be boxed in by a couple of stately screens that shut off its distant extremities; and, although a massive chandelier threw a flood of light direct upon the table, Henry Winston could see

nothing over the top of the opposite screen but a thick haze, swimming and undulating, and making the scene still more dismal. They were waited upon by a single servant. Henry Winston was so sensitive to every incident of the dinner, that this trivial circumstance, instead of putting him at his ease, increased his acute sense of the change which a brief interval of time had wrought between them. He regarded it as an evidence that Lord Charles did not like to oppress him by any show of attendance, as if he wanted to spare his pride a needless display of the inequality of their fortunes. Henry Winston did an injustice to his host. Lord Charles had chosen his course in life as a practical politician, and, upon principle, cultivated the utmost simplicity in his *ménage*, as best becoming one who desired to be esteemed as a man of business rather than as a man of rank or fashion. It was an affectation, perhaps; but it was deliberately adopted, and consistently acted upon.

The servant was the impersonation of freezing decorum; a grave, austere man in plain clothes, with a face almost religious in its severity, small glassy eyes, hard features that never relaxed a muscle, and a thick mouth surrounded by a series of curved lines that seemed to carry the dust of centuries in their depths. He looked as if he had descended from generation to generation with the whole family of the Etons, and had come down express to watch over this particular dinner, like a death's head at an Egyptian feast. Henry Winston having never dined with Lord Charles in town before, and bringing with him sundry pleasant memories of their roystering days at college, had, probably, made up his mind for a gay evening. But all his anticipations were annihilated. The stillness and formality of the entertainment—the intense quietness of Lord Charles—and the glum visage of the attendant, who hovered about his chair like Mephistophiles, filled him with gloom, and he wished himself out of the house twenty times before the cloth was removed.

At last, dinner was over, the grim man in black disappeared behind the screen, and they were left alone. Henry stretched out his legs, and began to breathe more freely.

"You seem tired, Winston," said Lord Charles.

"Dead beat," returned the other; "it was so late when we broke up; I had the lights and the music dancing in my head, and hardly slept a wink all night."

"I think I left you behind me?"

"I stayed to the last. The Rawlings, you know, are very old friends of mine, and it is so long since I have seen them, that I couldn't get away."

"Tell me, Winston, who is Mr. Rawlings? They have a story in the House of Commons that he was originally in some menial capacity, and married his master's widow, and got on in that way. Can it be true?"

"I believe so; but I don't remember anything about it myself. Since I have known them, which is, in fact, all my life

—they have always been in good circumstances. But latterly he has made an enormous fortune by railroads.”

“A shrewd, clear-headed man.”

“Very.”

“One would hardly expect from so obscure an origin such refinement in the family. I used to think that your descriptions must have been exaggerated; and I confess I went there anticipating a disappointment. But I found that you had not estimated them half as highly as they deserve. The younger sister particularly. I wish you would try that claret, Winston. Come man, open your eyes, and fill your glass. This is not like old times, Harry!”

“No—it is *not* like them. No matter. Go on. What were you saying about my descriptions?”

“That if you had the slightest tinge of poetry in your nature, you would have idealized the portrait of Margaret Rawlings, instead of painting her like a common-place beauty in a valentine. That girl has a soul, Winston,—an intellect, which, as far as my experience goes, is rather a rarity in the sex at her age.”

“Did you never see her before last night?”

“Never.”

“Well, I have known her all my life—we were children together; and, although I am not a poet like you, and have not the slightest ambition to be one, I have read the character of Margaret Rawlings more truly. Intellect! That’s what you are always running upon. I have never thought of it, for her intellect is the least of her merits. If you had seen her, as I have done, away from all this excitement, you would have discovered that she has a heart, which, in my opinion, is the one charm that makes a woman divine. She is the most unselfish being in the whole world.”

“Of course she has a heart—and, I strongly suspect, whatever discoveries you imagine you have made, she hasn’t found it out herself yet. But I won’t allow you to put on any romance before me. Of all the men I ever knew you are the least romantic. The very effort at a sentiment makes you look perfectly lugubrious.”

“Let us talk of something else, Eton. This gloomy old house of yours has put me into the blue devils. What are you doing? When are we to look for you in the Cabinet? Happy fellow, you are, to have the world before you like a football—rank, wealth, honours! What chance has a poor devil like me in the race of life against such odds?”

“The chance that every man has who sits down earnestly to his work. And, as we have touched that subject, let me ask you what are your views? It is time you should begin to think of some definite course.”

“Views? I have none. The future is a dead blank before me; and, I don’t know how it is, I can’t make up my mind to anything.”

"That won't do, Winston. The next few years will decide, for good or evil, the current of your life. I thought you were resolved upon the army, and looked to see you gazetted by this time for active service."

"Pshaw! it was only a boyish fancy. I have given it up. No, I see things now in a different light. It would never do to be knocked about the world, without a hope to cling to, or a scrap of earth that one could call one's own."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"Nothing. Dream and be quiet—get old all at once, and die like a respectable gentleman; or, in a fit of desperation, do something to astonish you—I don't know what."

"Yet you talk of giving up your boyish fancies. Why, you talk more like a boy than ever. You used to have a resolute spirit—what is become of it?"

"I tell you what it is, Eton," said Henry Winston, filling up his glass to the brim, and drinking it off, "it is very easy for you to preach a homily to me. When a man is secure in his own position, he can advise like an oracle. Look at the difference in our situations. At Oxford, we were rowing in the same boat, and neither you nor I troubled our heads about what was to happen one week after another. But now we are out on the great highway, the case is altered. I see the alteration clearly. I feel it acutely. You are safe; you may do what you like, make fame at your leisure, or leave it to others: you can live without it. What is there for me? To select a profession, for which I have no inclination or capacity: work hard against the grain of my feelings—grind my heart to powder—and, perhaps, get nothing by it in the end—neither fame nor profit."

"You do yourself an injustice, Winston, in comparing our situations. We have not created them ourselves, and finding ourselves in them, we are bound to make the most of them. This much, at least, is certain, that anything is better than idleness."

"I like it," returned Winston, carelessly; "it suits my humour. I can't settle myself to work as you can—so, I suppose, I must float down the stream, and take my chance."

"And what will be the consequence? Occupation must be found of some kind. No man can go on wasting himself upon the air for ever; and Henry Winston will be sure to hit upon something to do—fall in love, perhaps, marry, and sink into obscurity under a load of anxieties."

"Then, in your wisdom, one of the penalties of such a position as mine is, that a man ought not to marry?"

"I have strong opinions upon that subject, Winston," replied Lord Charles, gravely.

"So have I," returned Winston.

"No man is justified in incurring the responsibility of marriage, who is not in a position to maintain it. That is an obligation we all owe to society."

"I own no such obligation. Why should a man sacrifice his happiness to society? What has society done for him, or is ever likely to do for him, that he should immolate himself in its service? A comfortable doctrine for men like you,—but if you would change places for five minutes with me, you would renounce it for ever."

"You are mistaken. I should act strictly in conformity with my convictions."

"I believe it," said Henry Winston, looking rather savagely at Lord Charles; "I believe it. That is exactly what I should expect you to do. You are a man of the world; and you are building up your place in it even now, icing yourself for the frozen height you are to occupy by and by, when I shall be drifting about at the mercy of the winds. Your health, Eton!" he continued, wildly, filling up his glass again; "and may I live to see you Prime Minister of England! If I saw you raised to the summit of your ambition to-morrow, I should pity rather than envy a man who held such a creed." Henry Winston was in a humour to quarrel with anybody, or fight with his own shadow. Lord Charles saw that some secret irritation was preying on his mind, and preserved his composure with well-bred self-control.

"Thank you, Winston," he replied, "for all your good wishes. But as I don't think it very likely I shall ever be Prime Minister, the probability is that I shall not tax either your pity or your envy. Creed, my dear fellow! A man in public life embraces a set of opinions, and all I meant was that in urging them upon others I should feel bound to act on them myself."

"Then why not adopt reasonable opinions? Why take up a set of opinions that operate as a penalty on one class to the exemption of another? Why shouldn't every man have an equal right to consult his own happiness? You don't know what it is to love, and you don't deserve that any woman should ever love you. You smile at that—but I'm serious. I never was more serious in my life; and if ever you marry, I shall look upon your wife as a victim, brought up, garlanded, to the altar. You will marry a fortune, Eton, not a woman. That's the end and aim of your career."

Henry Winston had drunk more than usual; it was evident in his flushed cheek and excited manner; and Lord Charles, perfectly cool and collected, heard him to the end very good-naturedly, and then quietly remarked, "It will be time enough when such an event happens, Harry, for us to compare notes on that subject. I don't think either of us have much thought of marrying at present; at least, I never understood that you had."

"If I had, Eton, there was a time when you should have been the first man to whom I would have confided it. I don't say so now."

"And why not now? I don't ask your confidence, Winston; but I will not surrender my right to it. We have never kept any

secrets from each other—and you wrong my friendship if you withhold from me any private feeling in which my advice or assistance would be of the slightest service to you.”

“Answer me one question,” said Winston; “have you no secret which you have withheld from me?”

Lord Charles looked at him at first very gravely—then a smile broke over his face—and he answered—“None—not one.”

“I am satisfied,” returned Winston.

The grim man now glided in from behind the screen.

“Well, Fletcher?” inquired Lord Charles.

“The carriage, my lord,” said Fletcher, and glided out again.

“Come, Winston, you are full of fancies. Let us see if we can’t get rid of them at the Opera. The carriage is at the door.”

In a few minutes the two young men—the one self-possessed and unruffled, the other in a shockingly sullen humour—were on their way to the Haymarket.

The house was crowded; and as they passed into the stalls, Lord Charles recognized a number of acquaintances. Henry Winston did not see a human being he knew. He felt more and more isolated, and cut off from the circle of which his friend was so distinguished and popular a member; and the reflections which ensued upon this feeling were not very happily calculated to put him into better temper.

Between the acts, they strolled into the pit. Lord Charles seemed to be intimate with everybody; and the easy way in which he chatted with different parties in the pit tier of boxes, awakened in his wayward companion a bitter sense of the solitude of the great world to a man in his position. He was utterly alone in the crowd. Sickened with the glare, and depressed by a morbid comparison between his own lot and the brilliant life of Lord Charles, he determined to make his escape at the first opportunity.

By some accident, he suddenly lost sight of Lord Charles, who, an instant before, had been standing close to him. He looked round the pit and into the stalls, but Lord Charles was nowhere to be seen. This was a relief to him. He might now go without any discourtesy to his friend. And, being at liberty to go, he did what most people, who don’t precisely know their own minds, do on such occasions—he lingered a little longer.

It was his first visit to the most magnificent theatre in the world, and the incubus which had hitherto weighed upon him being removed, he indulged his eyes with a general survey of the house. As he glanced from box to box, he caught a glimpse of a face he thought he knew. His heart beat tumultuously. Even at that distance, he felt that he could not be mistaken in the features of Margaret Rawlings. But he was not quite assured, and was afraid to be confident of it, till he saw the radiant head of Clara thrown forward, and gazing down into the pit. He was sure they must have seen him. At all events, the temptation was not to be resisted, and, scrambling his way into the passage, he

flew up the stairs till he gained the lobby of the first circle. He had great difficulty in finding out the box, and had to traverse the round two or three times, and make another ascent, before he reached it. Just as he entered the box, the curtain had fallen on the last act of the Opera, and the ladies were rising to go away. The first person he saw was Lord Charles Eton, gently dropping a shawl over the shoulders of Margaret Rawlings.

The mystery of his Lordship's sudden disappearance was clearly explained. Henry Winston felt his blood leaping and burning through every vein in his body, and even the pleasure which Margaret exhibited at seeing him could hardly assuage the impetuous passion that raged in him at that moment. A conviction that Lord Charles had treated him with perfidy, seized upon him, and turned his feelings into bitterness and hatred. A very jealous temperament was that of Henry Winston—a mad heart that loved and hated to extremity, too apt to trust and distrust, touched to the core by trifles, and as easily won by kindness as it was stung by neglect or duplicity.

"This is a most unexpected pleasure," said Margaret; "but why did you postpone your visit till we are just going away?"

There was no time for a reply, although Henry Winston had a sarcasm on his lips ready to launch against Lord Charles. Mr. Rawlings hurried them out, and seemed displeased at the interruption; and when Mr. Rawlings was displeased, there was no misunderstanding the expression of his face. Mrs. Rawlings was not of the party, and Henry Winston was resolved to have his revenge by escorting Margaret to her carriage, and consigning Clara to his Lordship. But, quick as he was in his tactics, he was foiled. Just as he was about to offer his arm to Margaret, Mr. Rawlings interposed.

"My Lord," said Mr. Rawlings, "will you give your arm to my daughter?"

Henry drew back, and had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Charles conduct Margaret down the stairs. Clara was leaning on Mr. Rawlings. He was again alone.

The incident was a trifling one; but trifles of this kind are sometimes of grave import in their influence on the lives of the wisest men. Henry lingered behind. He saw them go down the stairs. Margaret once looked back, but he turned his head away, as if she, too, had conspired against him. The crowd increased in that narrow space; but he still kept them in sight, undetermined what he should do. He felt that he was not in a mood to trust himself again that night in the presence of Lord Charles, whose coolness and propriety always gave him the advantage in moments of heat and irritation; and so, at last, he wilfully lost them in the multitude that came pressing out through the doors. He was thankful for that. It gave him an additional grievance to brood upon; and he went home to his lodgings in so fierce a state of mind that it was a lucky thing he didn't happen to meet Lord Charles on his way.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE LIEUT. WAGHORN, R.N., THE ORIGINATOR OF THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

BY G. W. WHEATLEY.

Few recent deaths have created more general regret than that of the gallant and unrequited man who brought India and England within less than one-third of the distance they relatively occupied, in point of time, when he commenced agitating for the Overland Route—his exertions and exploits in the promotion of which familiarised his name for upwards of twenty years in both hemispheres, and left him, like so many other national benefactors, embarrassment and hopeless anxiety as his reward. A large volume, of equal interest and instruction, might readily be compiled from the memoranda he has left of his struggles to overcome official apathy, in the first instance, and official prejudice ever after; but, at present, it must suffice to take up his career at that point, when, having repeatedly succeeded in exhibiting the soundness and feasibility of his plans, he had begun to reduce them to systematic practice for the accommodation of the English and India public, as well as of the Government, and, as he had hoped, for his own enduring worldly prosperity.

Towards the close of the year 1835, through my friends Smith, Elder, and Co., of Cornhill, acting as his agents in London, I became acquainted with Mr. Waghorn, who was then engaged in organising a plan for conveying letters in his own person, and opening up the Overland Route by way of the Red Sea. Embarking on board the *Fire-fly* steamer in the October of that year, he placed himself at Alexandria, whence he commenced a monthly despatch to Bombay, introducing fast-sailing boats of his own on the Nile, and horses in the Desert to Suez, where he had frequent special despatch-boats of his own to Mocha or Juddah, from one or other of which ports there were generally sailing-vessels to Bombay. Leaving competent people in Egypt to look after the mails entrusted to him, he returned to England in the spring of 1837; and it is from that period may be dated my more immediate intimacy and business connections with him, which continued unimpaired and uninterrupted to the moment of his death, in the month of January last. At first I was selected by him to carry out certain of his designs in Egypt, but his business was then so rapidly increasing as to engross more of the time of his agents than they could devote to it, that they suggested that special offices should be opened in London, and placed under my supervision. To this he readily assented; and accordingly the Overland Registry Office was commenced in June 1837, that event being auspiciously inaugurated by the presentation of a magnificent piece of plate from the East India and China Association, and several eminent houses connected with the commerce of the East. This testimonial was accompanied by a flattering speech, eulogistic of his services in the promotion of steam-communication with India *viâ* the Red Sea, through the medium of his old and long tried friend, Sir (then Mr.) G. G. de H. Larpent, Chairman of the Association; and among the names engraved on the *epergne* were those of Baring's, Barclay's, Lyall's, Scott, Cockrell, and some

dozen others of the first character. It was at this period also that he purchased a small schooner, the *Emily*, intended to ply as a packet between Marseilles and Alexandria—an idea, however, which he soon abandoned, the French Government having placed steamers on that line, calling at the Neapolitan Ports, by which means he was enabled to get his letters to and from Egypt at a considerable saving of time as compared to the plan of sending them round by H. M. steamers to Falmouth.

Anxious to perfect this new line of communication, which shortened the distance on an average of nine days, he returned to Egypt in the June of this year; but previous to so doing he had published his first Eastern brochure, entitled "*Egypt in 1837*," dedicated to the members of both Houses of Parliament, in the hope, as he expressed it, "that it would induce in them some sort of sympathy for Egypt, instead of that indifference to her interests which permitted her to be sacrificed to the bolstering up of Turkey."

It was in this work that he first developed that extraordinary attachment to the person of Mehemet Ali and anxiety for his Highness' interests which constituted so remarkable a trait in the idiosyncrasy of Waghorn, reciprocated, as it was, to a great degree, by the ruler of Egypt, there being between those two individuals many feelings, views, and peculiarities alike. The principal object of the work in question was to shew that it was both our interest and duty, as a nation, to aid in the civilisation of Egypt, rather than by adhering to a line of policy which, while encouraging the extortionate demands of Turkey, tended to paralyse the efforts of Egypt towards the attainment of political freedom. It is not a little curious to observe how completely what were then considered the impetuous, interested, and prejudiced dogmas of Waghorn, regarding many matters in Eastern policy, coincide with what are now regarded as very profound and sagacious reasoning indeed, in the same direction. Copious passages might be cited in proof of this assertion; but one brief sentence will suffice here, rather, however, as illustrative of the man than of his political doctrines, viz:—

"I doubt not that by some my opinions may be called enthusiastic, and, as such, subject me to attack; however, they led me to Egypt eight years ago. I felt convinced that that country ought to be the true road to India, and I maintained my principle in three quarters of the globe. I have travelled, since then, some hundreds of thousands of miles to disseminate my opinion, and I will never content myself till I find it the high road to India. I am as firmly convinced that Egypt is regenerating herself, and will resume her former station amongst the nations of the earth, and become as fruitful as she was in the time of the Pharaohs, and that, too, in ten years after English interests are fairly introduced. I think Turkey is fast verging to its downfall, and that Egypt, in twenty years more, will assume her place."

In this year also he published his first "*Guide to Passengers*," which revealed to the public with what extraordinary rapidity and efficiency he had established agencies at all the principal places in France, Italy, and Malta; how successfully he had used his means and opportunities (chiefly through the instrumentality of the Pacha) to promote the interests and comforts of travellers. His boats were not only the cleanest and swiftest on the Nile, but such was his sur-

prising influence over the Arabs of the river that he persuaded them to relinquish the semi-nude condition of their race for attire more in conformity with notions of European delicacy; and by a combination of individual daring and resolution, which the denizens of the Desert could well appreciate, with kindness of manner, judicious liberality, and unswerving punctuality in all his time and monetary engagements, he indoctrinated them with habits of regularity and docility that would have been pronounced to be utterly unattainable within a life-time by any person previously acquainted with the state of things existing among the population alluded to.

Seeing how important his co-operation had become, the East India Company made him their deputy-agent in Egypt—a post which he did not long occupy—for the Company's agent, Consul-General in Egypt at the period we speak of, was a personage of far too phlegmatic temperament and procrastinating habits for the ardent mind of his active and restless subordinate. The incompatibility between the pair at length ended in an explosion, on the occasion of the refusing the use of a building as a coal-store for Mr. Waghorn, who had procured the grant of it from the Pacha. He, accordingly, feeling that he was fettered, and that the great work to which he had devoted himself, did not and could not proceed as it should, relinquished his appointment, and resumed his efforts in the promotion of the same end in an independent capacity.

Late in 1837, the Government took the whole mail system into their own hands, to the serious detriment and pecuniary loss of him who had originated it. Undismayed, however, by a catastrophe that would have broken the spirit of almost any other man, he confined his attention to the conveyance of parcels and passengers, and soon had an opportunity of shewing how peculiarly qualified he was for ensuring success in that department of his enterprise; for, shortly after the cessation of his superintendence of the mails, one of the East India Company's steamers having arrived at Suez with a broken piston, would have had to wait there till the receipt of a new piece of machinery from England, but that Waghorn prevailed upon the Pacha to order a piston to be cast at Cairo—the first thing of the kind ever attempted in that country; and the steamer, in consequence, was enabled to proceed on her voyage. A still more remarkable evidence of his influence over the Pacha occurred shortly after. When the news of the capture of Ghuznee, by Lord Keane, arrived at Alexandria, there was no steamer to forward it, to the no small disappointment and dismay, as may be supposed, of all the English residents there. Mr. Waghorn immediately proceeded to Mehemet Ali, to whom he never was denied access; and, without the slightest difficulty, procured the loan of his highness's own steamer, the *Generoso*, of which he forthwith took the command, and piloted her himself into Malta.

In this year he published "Egypt as it Is, in 1838," but which he had prepared the previous year, though he withheld the issue of it on the representation, to use his own words, "by members of her Majesty's Government, that the views it advocated would be entertained and promoted; but as nothing had since been done in furtherance of these views the work was now given to the public, the question being of too great moment to remain longer on the shelf." It was addressed to General Lord William Bentinck, M.P., the late

Governor-General of India, and was virtually a continuation of the preceding publication, much of the data it contained being furnished officially by Mucktar Bey, Minister of Public Instruction and Public Works, by the express direction of the Pacha himself. It is throughout most panegyrical of Mehemet Ali and all his views and doings. "Who," he asks, "made the desert and wandering robber Arab tribes, bordering on the Red Sea and Egypt, respect the lives and property of the Franks, which they never did before, but Mehemet Ali? Who converted them into as many faithful guides to so many of my countrymen who have of late crossed those deserts? This is, in my opinion, the master-piece of that most wonderful and extraordinary man," &c. He followed up the same line of argument in his series of letters on Egypt, and also in another publication, entitled "Egypt in 1839." In this year he returned to England, and the old Registry Office at 71, Cornhill, proving too small for his still increasing business, the large and commodious rooms so well known in connection with his name, at 34, Cornhill, facing the Royal Exchange, were entered upon, where all requisite information was imparted relative to the Overland Route; to the machinery of which vast interest was attracted in the June of this year, when his special messengers from Malta brought, many days in advance of the ordinary mails, Eastern intelligence of very considerable importance, as may be seen on reference to the Indian records of that date.

Returning to Egypt, we find him again in the literary field in behalf of his old patron, issuing another pamphlet, entitled "Truths concerning Mehemet Ali, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria; addressed to the Five Powers, or to their Representatives in the contemplated Congress." The drift of this was precisely the same as that of the others; and one passage will suffice as a sample:—

"It will probably be asked why Waghorn alone comes forward with these unpalatable truths in support of Mehemet Ali and his posterity? Because he feels it is only that posterity which can keep up the sociality of Christian and Mussulman on the deserts. It is not my intention to speak to any one of you in your Congress, except I had a duty to perform to Mehemet Ali for his protection to me, in beginning and helping me on, against all odds, to carry forward a great work, even when my own Government was opposed to it. Will you destroy this great work by putting down Mehemet Ali, and thereby lose so much to mankind for a long time to come? Look also to the thousands of Europeans now residing in Egypt; has Mehemet Ali ever interfered with them in any shape? Has he ever denied any boons that would serve them when regularly asked by their Consuls? Does he tax them? Do they not live without taxes? Do they not live under their own laws? Did he ever prevent any of the youths, selected from his schools for further progress of education in England, France, or Italy from keeping the religion of those countries, if they liked it better than their own? Is this tyranny? Is it misrule? What is it but toleration,—a lesson which civilized Europe ought to follow?"

Having remained in Egypt till 1841, in promoting his passenger-system, towards which object he had joined his opponents therein, Messrs. Hill and Raven, formerly old servants of the Pacha; he returned to England, his health perfectly shattered by the fatigues

and excitement he had undergone. A little rest and relaxation soon restored him, and while his partners were working the Egyptian portion of the transit, he busied himself in England in equipping a small steamer for the Nile, called the "Little Nile," and also in sending out successively, as fast as his means would permit, a number of iron boats for the use of passengers on the canal of Alexandria, in which design he met with considerable opposition from a powerful and affluent company, who were also desirous of participating in the Egyptian part of the transit for their own gain, and commenced sending out steamers, carriages, and horses, for that purpose. Unfortunately, at this period, a murrain broke out amongst the cattle, and destroyed nearly all Waghorn's stock of horses, about three hundred kept for the desert alone,—a most serious loss, at a moment when every pound was wanted for improvements called for by the travellers, who required more comforts than the means of Waghorn could very well permit. An offer being made by the Pacha for the purchase of all the stock, &c., was accepted; and from that period the transit in Egypt has been in the hands of the Egyptian government, subject to certain modifications, obtained by Ald. Sir John Pirie, last year, but unnecessary to be dwelt upon here.

In 1842, he was made a lieutenant by Lord Haddington, accompanied by expressions of admiration on the part of his lordship that infinitely enhanced the honour. It has often been a source of wonder to the public, why a man like Waghorn, who conferred such immense advantages upon his country, and the national value of whose services becomes more apparent every day, should not have had some distinguished honour conferred upon him, or at least been promoted to some very much higher grade in the profession of which he was a most meritorious and deserving member. It is said that the rules of the navy prevent the promotion of a lieutenant who has not been actively employed for more than three years; but that did not militate against the advancement of Back, the Arctic voyager—an instance which Waghorn himself used often to cite with no little irritation. However, an enquiry of this nature is foreign to the purpose of the present notice. Discarding, therefore, that portion of the subject, and resuming the narrative of Waghorn's public services, we find him, from the date just mentioned up to 1846, diligently and energetically engaged in maturing his long-cherished idea of carrying the Overland Mails by way of Trieste, as opposed to the route *via* Marseilles. Joining with the Austrian Lloyd's Company, of Trieste, and stimulated by lavish official English praise, and backed, to some extent, by her Majesty's treasury and the East India Company, in the May of that year, he commenced the first of those six trials, the performance of which, against the French couriers and agents, excited in the public of Europe and India so extraordinary a sensation, that the particulars must be tolerably fresh in the mind of the reader, and we shall not therefore dwell upon them further than he has done himself in a Memorial to which we shall shortly advert.

From the beginning of 1847, his establishment in Cornhill was obliged to be closed, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Packet Company taking the whole of the Overland carrying business into their own hands, not without much irritation on his part, though subsequently they presented him with 300*l.*, and, later still, they

afforded him a free passage to and from Malta, when it was thought his health would have been improved by the voyage.

The closing of the Cornhill offices compelled the cessation of his agencies in India, and left him greatly embarrassed: this embarrassment was but slightly relieved by a Parliamentary grant of 1500*l.* given him on the motion of Lord John Russell, who also presented him with a gratuity of 200*l.* from a source which the sovereign has placed at the Minister's disposal for such purposes. These sums were immediately absorbed in the partial liquidation of the expenses attendant on the Trieste experiments; and Mr. Waghorn, knowing that the public imagined this money to be a clear gratuity, was exceedingly reluctant to prefer a fresh claim on Government, especially as it was further generally believed that he had realised a large sum by the Waghorn Testimonial of 1846, the Committee for the promotion of which included about a dozen Members of the House of Peers, as many of the Lower House, Sir Robert Peel and large number of celebrities of all parties being among its subscribers. The *Times* contributed 200*l.*, and the other Morning Papers evinced a corresponding liberality to one who had done so much to enhance the prestige of the press for celerity in the procuring of news. Let it be here added, however, that this contribution of the leading journal was not, as stated at the time, an equivalent for Waghorn's conveyance of one of its expresses. These expresses were paid for separately, amounting to 200*l.* each, besides a handsome gratuity to the messenger. It is true that this Testimonial did produce a large sum—about 3000*l.*; but it went to the dispatch of the Nile boats, already spoken of, and a good deal of it that appeared on paper never was received at all. However, the pressure becoming urgent, Waghorn contemplated a private circular in July last to certain of his Parliamentary friends, in the course of which occurs the following passage explanatory of the difficulties to which we have alluded:—

“The immediate origin and cause of my embarrassments was a forfeited promise on the part of the individuals I had relied upon, whereby only four instead of six thousand pounds, calculated on by me, were paid towards the Trieste Route experiments in the winter of 1826-7, when, single-handed, and despite unparalleled and wholly unforeseen difficulties, I eclipsed, on five trials out of six, the long organised arrangements of the French authorities, specially stimulated to all possible exertion, and supplied with unlimited means by M. Guizot. On the first of these six occasions, there arose the breaking down, on the Indian Ocean, of the steamer provided for me, thereby trebling the computed expenses through the delay; and when, startled by this excessive outlay, I hesitated to entail more, the parties I have referred to, told me to proceed, to do the service well, and make out my bill afterwards. I did proceed. I did the service not only well, not only to the satisfaction of my employers, but in a manner that elicited the admiration of Europe, as all the Continental and British journals of that period, besides heaps of private testimonials, demonstrated. My rivals, to whom the impediments in my path were best known, were loudest in their acknowledgments; and the only drawback to my just pride was the incredulity manifested in some quarters, that I could have actually accomplished what (it is notorious) I did, at any time, much less among

the all but impassable roads of the Alps, in the depth of a winter of far more than ordinary Alpine severity.

"I presented my bill. It was dishonoured. I had made myself an invalid, had sown the seeds of a broken constitution in the performance of that duty. The disappointment occasioned by the non-payment of the 2000*l.*, has preyed incessantly upon me since, and now, a wreck alike almost in mind and body, I am sustained alone by the hope that the annals of the Insolvent Court will not have inscribed upon them the Pioneer of the Overland Route, because of obligations he incurred for the public, by direction, as I believed, of certain of the authorities."

In the course of the narrative, from which the foregoing is extracted, occurs also the following passage, which, with what we have already stated, will complete the necessary outline of the earlier enterprise of Waghorn, up to the period at which our brief notice commenced:—

"On the 25th of October, 1829, I was sent for by Mr. Loch, Chairman of the Court of Directors, and officially told by him to go to Lord Ellenborough, then President of the India Board, who informed me that he wished me to proceed with dispatches to India overland, on the 29th (only four days), so as to join the *Enterprise* steamer at Suez, on December 6th. That duty I performed with a celerity deemed amazing in those days, when locomotion wonderfully differed from the present standard. On my arrival at Suez there was no steamer. Against the remonstrances of all the seamen of the locality, without the least experience in my own person of the Red Sea, without even the encouragement of the tradition of a precedent for my enterprise, I took an open boat, and without chart or compass, my only guide the North Star by night, the sun by day, I sailed down the centre of the Red Sea, and after much of the peril, privation, and toil, inseparable from such a voyage, under such circumstances, I was taken, with my despatches, on board the brig that had been sent for me in place of the steamer, disabled from accident. On my arrival at Bombay, I received the thanks of the Governor in Council. Armed with this record, I commenced an active agitation in India for the establishment of steam to Europe. In prosecution of that design, I returned to England, expecting, of course, to be received with open arms, at the India House especially. Judge of my surprise, on being told by the then authorities in office, that the India Company required no steam to the East at all. I replied, that the feeling in India was most ardent for it; that I had convened large meetings at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta; and, in fact, all over the Peninsula, which I had traversed by dawk; that the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, was enthusiastic in the same cause, and had done me the honour to predict (with what prescience need not now be stated), that if ever the object was accomplished, it would be by the man who had navigated the Red Sea in an open boat, under the circumstances already named. To all this the parties made answer, that the Governor-General and people of India had nothing to do with the India House; and if I did not go back and join their pilot-service, to which I belonged, I should receive such a communication from that House as would be by no means agreeable to me. On the instant I penned my resignation, and, placing it in their hands, then

gave utterance to the sentiment that actuated me from that moment, till the moment I realized my aspiration—that I would establish the Overland Route in spite of the India House. This avowal, most impolitic, on my part, as regards my individual interests, is perhaps the key to much of the otherwise inexplicable opposition I subsequently met with from those upon whose most energetic co-operation I had every apparent reason to rely."

The memorial concludes by stating that at the commencement of his career he had been possessed of property by inheritance, the whole of which had been sacrificed, and debts to the amount of 5000*l.* entailed upon him. This reference to money acquired by inheritance will probably remove the too common error, that Mr. Waghorn was born in abject circumstances, an idea which he himself seemed to encourage by an affected rudeness of manner and a boast of neglected education not at all warranted by circumstances. He was born of respectable parents, at Chatham, in 1800, his father being a butcher, who held large contracts for the supply of the navy, though the speculation did not prove lucrative. Mr. Waghorn himself shewed a ready enough aptitude for the acquisition of the requirements of his profession, having passed in navigation for lieutenant before he was seventeen, being the youngest midshipman who ever did so; and during the whole time he served in the Arracan war and in the civil business springing from that enterprise, he acquitted himself not only with the bravery, but with the courtesy and refinement, becoming an educated Englishman of the better class. What would have been the effect of the intended appeal to Parliament alluded to it is now, of course, impossible to conjecture; but it is to be presumed it would have been eminently successful, when we find that it elicited the strongest acknowledgments of its justice from Lords Palmerston, Aberdeen, Ellenborough, Harrowby, Combermere, and Ripon; from Sir John Hobhouse, Mr. Hume, and numerous others of all sections of politics, who have had personal experience of the affairs of our Indian empire.

Another large class of the public had recently been added to Waghorn's admirers, owing to the ardour and judgment he displayed in the promotion of steam to Australia, which subject continues at the present moment prominently to occupy the attention of Government and the whole mercantile community interested in the growing trade of the Pacific, the more especially since Mr. Charles Enderby has entered upon the revival of the Southern Whale Fisheries, from the Auckland Islands. Waghorn's accession to the cause of Australian steam, in furtherance of which he made express journeys to Lord Clarendon, in Dublin, and to Earl Grey, at Howick, being most encouragingly received by both, is owing to Mr. Mark Boyd, and Mr. Boyd's discernment in securing the co-operation of so eminent and energetic a coadjutor as Waghorn, has been rewarded by seeing enlisted in that cause and the cause of emigration a degree of attention and sympathy that would have been otherwise unattainable probably for years to come.

One of the last public matters in which Waghorn interested himself was the Diorama of the Overland Route, now being painted on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, for exhibition shortly in Regent-street. Such a subject naturally interested the pioneer of the route, who highly approved of the

drawings, gave many valuable hints to the painters, and was most anxious for the completion of what he declared would be a splendid and graphic pictorial embodiment of the whole *locale* of his enterprise, veritably familiarising the Cockney world with all the varying incidents of the scene, from Southampton Water to the mouths of the Hooghly and the City of Palaces. Few portions only of this stupendous picture did he live to see finished, and was much disappointed when he heard that it would be impossible to complete it before Easter next, at the earliest; but the delay would strike no one but Waghorn as unexpected, seeing that the painting is some thirty feet high, and will cover an area of several acres, every object, animate or inanimate, being finished with an elaboration and effect for which the names of Grieve and Telbin are an ample guarantee.

Lieutenant Waghorn has left no children, and his widow, as may be surmised from what has been already said, is in necessarily straitened circumstances. Whether or not will be continued to her his pension as lieutenant (seeing it is so long since he was on active service) it is impossible to say. There can be no question of the desire of the public that at least posthumous liberality should, in some small degree, requite such services as his—services to whose value sufficiently suggestive allusion will be found in these two memoranda endorsed upon a document presented to the East India Company on his behalf by his constant friend and admirer, Ald. Salomons, viz. :—

“News of the battle of Moodkee, reached London, *viâ* Trieste, six o’clock, P.M., 4th Feb. 1846, having left Bombay, 1st Jan. 1846.”
 “News of the battle of Sobraon, reached London, 1st April, 1846, having left Bombay 3rd March previously. Average time now occupied between Bombay and London for the mails thirty-three days. The ‘Enterprise’ steamer left England for Calcutta in 1825, and was one hundred and thirteen days on the voyage.”

That paragraph constitutes the noblest epitaph of Lieutenant Thos. Waghorn; and his country, it is to be hoped, will not be unmindful of the duty its perusal prompts to his memory and to his relict.

OVERLAND OFFICES, 156, Leadenhall Street,
 Feb. 16th, 1850.

MORNING IN SPRING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GUSTAV. BOLLING.)

FROM the valleys to the hills
 See the morning mists arise;
 And the early dew distils
 Balmy incense to the skies.
 Purple clouds, with vapoury grace,
 Round the sun their soft veil fling;
 Now they fade—and from his face
 Beams the new-born bliss of Spring!
 From the cool grass glitter bright
 Myriad drops of diamond dew;
 Bending 'neath their pressure light,
 Waves the green corn, springing new.

Nought but the fragrant wind is heard,
 Whispering softly through the trees;
 Or, lightly perched, the early bird
 Chirping to the morning breeze.
 Dewy May-flowers to the sun
 Ope their buds of varied hue;
 Fragrant shades—his beams to shun—
 Hide the violet's heavenly blue.
 A joyous sense of life revived
 Streams through every limb and vein:
 I thank thee, Lord! that I have lived
 To see the bright young Spring again!

ETA.

COIT'S RIDGE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

AUTHOR OF "FRONTENAC."

COIT'S RIDGE is the name of a high swelling ridge lying east and west parallel to the village of Monticello, and to the right of its long, single, grassy street. It looks like the tomb of some giant of other days, 'when there were giants,' probably some enormous Indian war-chief, buried with pomp and solemnity by his stricken people. It is entirely nude of trees, although, a few years ago, it was swathed in a rich mantle of forest, rich and green enough to serve as a sylvan pall for the Indian chieftain. How it came to be denuded of its wooded robe, is the object of my present writing. Nothing but broad golden wheat-fields, meadows knee-deep in clover, buckwheat-lots, sweet as the long, long burning kiss of passion, clover it now, a farm-mantle of rural wealth and beauty. And when the summer sun steeped his glowing circle in the splendid west, the whole ridge was bathed in a golden garment of glory, too rich for the untutored warrior of the forest, and more fit for some Emperor of the "Mound-builders," if their Emperors belonged, as most probably, considering that the Mastodon was living in those times, to the long-limbed genus. However, "whether or no," as "Uncle Jack" says, the sunset made "Coit's Ridge" a very beautiful object. I forgot to say that the head of the "Ridge" butted upon the Pleasant Pond road, in the shape of a bluff called "Antimony Hill," and that there was a little gem of a basin filled with the most silver water imaginable, set right upon the summit of the hill. This basin, or spring rather (a fountain, probably six feet in circumference), spread its pure surface, and pictured faithfully, walls, chimney and all, the rough but picturesque cabin of "Loafing Joe," crouching within a thicket of alders and sumachs. It was a wild but beautiful nook which "Joe" had selected for his hut. Such splendid golden rods, such superb asters, such crimson clusters of sumach berries—the nook was in a blaze of floral light nearly all the Autumn through. However, "that is neither here nor there" at present. From the bluff, the ridge sloped gradually towards the west, until its feet pointed at the "Liberty Road" in a slender "hog's back."

Well, at sunset, this liquid diamond of a spring would flash like an eyeball; the wheat-field next would glow like rich velvet; the meadow next would appear absolutely to be dissolving in a tint of golden green; the buckwheat-lot next (if it chanced to be in its August blossom) would glitter as if a square fragment of old Winter's mantle had been left there; and even the pastures, that were scattered over the ridge, would gleam with their short grass, shorn by kine and sheep almost to the quick, like carpets of sunny emerald. I have often sat and watched the sunset, basking in this manner on the ridge, until I saw it gradually peel off, or rather drawn off, as if by the hands of the retreating Day.

At sunrise, too, it was by no means to be overlooked. On the contrary, the fresh sunlight leaped upon it, as if it loved to steep its beautiful brow, and then, as the great fountain of gladness rose

higher, the lustre crept down lower and lower, until the whole form of this tomb of the war-chief, or emperor, was gleaming in unsullied gold. Ah! it was the first thing to waken in and around Monticello, and the glad way it started from its shadowy sleep into bright yellow life, was a disgrace to the sluggards of the village. The spring, by "Loafing Joe's" cabin, would be flashing and glittering by the hour, before Owlet the blacksmith would waken his forge, or Shaver the carpenter would grasp his plane, or Seabright the shopkeeper would open his store, or Swingle the tinman would commence his music, or Cabbage the stuttering tailor would handle his goose, or Wiggins the innkeeper would unlock his bar, or even Strap the gossiping shoemaker would begin the tapping on his lapstone, although the longest summer day was always too short for him to invent even half the scandal and lies his teeming brain gave birth to.

Under the harvest moon, also, Coit's Ridge was no contemptible object. Ah! how beautifully it glowed beneath the soft sweet glance of this lovely Sultana of the summer night. With all its glittering hues of green, and gold, and pearl, all merged in one soft delicious dimness, the swelling form of this bright thing gleamed in the white radiance like a bill of silver. The romance of boyhood seemed mingling with the delicate mist of the moonlight, and methought fairy music might breathe from that dim and sweetly mysterious region. Sweetly, oh! sweetly, did the clear tinkle of the whetsaw come upon the air; and sadly, oh! sadly, did the hermit whip-poor-will whistle, in her gentle and sorrowing manner, "I'm all alone! I'm all alone!"

These were the soft and beautiful looks of the Ridge. It had another, a stern awful one, when blackening under the shadow of the rising thunder-cloud. When the sable mass rears itself up, writhing like the Laocoon, its sullen peaks and rugged outlines gloomy with the wrath of the still chained lightning. Then Coit's Ridge looks dark and threatening enough. No wonder, for it knows well that it affords somewhat of a mark for the red arrow of the destroyer, and it has felt that same burning, scathing arrow, too. Ay! in that tremendous storm three summers since, when the fatal vapour flashed instant death upon two human beings, one moment in the pride and flush of youth and strength, the next, nothing but dust and ashes—dust and ashes! Three times did the fierce lightning zig-zag down into the bosom of the ridge; and the buckwheat, and the meadow grass, and the golden wheat, all testified, in three great swart-burned spaces, the power of the crimson terror. And now, when the black plume of the thunder-storm rises, the heart of the Ridge sinks in its breast and its brow turns black with fear. Oh! how the dread thunder booms over it, and when the rain falls, what a curtain of mist, streaked with the slanting lines of rain, is drawn across it. First, the great umber streaks beyond its brow, then the cloud mingles with its summit, then like the march of a Roman Legion, silent and compact, the rain advances down its slope, and then, hanging the aforesaid streaked and misty curtain athwart it, over the intervening fields it comes towards the village. This, however, is in the gentle summer shower, for when the great mad thunder-gust bursts over it, all is one scene of whirling, roaring, blinding, terrific, chaos. The rain glides not over its brow from the woods beyond, and gauzing its sides with mist, hastens to the village. No, the big black torrent breaks all at once, everywhere

over it, with the lightning flashing through, and the thunder roaring and splitting in awful cadence amongst it.

The Ridge was also an object of great interest to me in the changes of the seasons. In the sunny days that come fitfully in the month of April, I have listened to the carol of the blue-bird sounding from its sylvan recesses with a thrill of the purest delight, for I knew that the little whistling stranger said as plainly in his song, as if he syllabled the information in words, "Spring is coming, Spring is coming!" In the capricious month of March too, how Bill Dykes did make the "maple sugar" there. In one particular spot of the Ridge—a circular hollow—sweet green and sylvan in summer—there was a charming open maple grove, where the great trees reared their deeply-fluted Doric columns, as if Titan-like to scale the clouds, and after soaring in the air some ten or fifteen feet, spreading out what in July is a most delicious canopy of leafy beauty. Well, here Bill used to raise his "bough-house," and his transverse sticks, tap his trees, and bring his sooty kettles. Long after the "maple sugaring" was past, and the blue-bird had become a familiar guest, (say the latter end of April) then did I use to seek the Ridge to meet the coming Spring in her own deep wild haunts. I would cross the separating fields by the serpentine pathway, and strike the woods, nearly in a line with this upland maple-hollow. And such swarms of violets, blue, white, and yellow, and showers of wind-flowers, little trembling, timid, silvery creatures, on stems delicate as the wand of Titania, and worlds of cowslips by the little crystalline threads of streams welling from the hill-side (cowslips golden as the wings of Ariel or the doublet of the honey-bee) would bless my eyes with their sweet and innocent beauty, that I involuntarily blessed God for His bounties as I gazed upon them. The birch would dangle its loose scaly tassels over my head; the beech would thrust its glossy white down, bursting from the tips of its sprays, right into my face and eyes; the cherry would startle my vision as with the sight of some sylvan ghost in the far depths; and the maple would stand before me blushing as if caught in the act of kissing the tall noble pine bending over her. Ah! the maple-hollow then, how rich and splendid was it lighted up; a perfect fairy parlour. It was red with the glow of the blossom-fringes, as if carmined by a hearth-fire, so red that the hopple bushes with their gigantic flowers seemed cut in coral.

Well, through these magic depths would I rove, peering now into some wand-like thicket, kneeling now at the plumb feet of some moss-sandalled oak-tree, and now gazing into the dark earth-filled hollow of some old beech, where the white wind-flower looked like a gem, and the blue violet like a fairy's eye.

The next day or two there would be a sun shower sparkling in the air like dropping diamonds; and a soft hum on the earth like the murmured music of Spring's command for the leaves to come out. And the next day I would look at Coit's Ridge, and would see the delicate, transparent verdure spotted all over its breast, and know that in a few suns more there would be thrown from rich fully-clothed branches broad breadths of shadow upon every dingle, glade, and hollow of the Ridge.

And then Summer would come. Would Coit's Ridge be deserted then by me think you? In Summer I used to haunt Coit's Ridge more than ever, for it was then more beautiful than ever. And in Autumn too, ah! Autumn. I won't be caught describing the Ridge in

its Autumn tints. Now I tell you, I will not, and so I'll pass on to Winter, where I intend to dwell for a season, as the Rev. Lookgrave says after an hour's preliminary to his drouthy sermons.

It had been very cold for some time, but at nightfall there came on a slow drizzling rain, which, however, froze as it fell. In the morning it was quite clear, and never shall I forget the magic loveliness which broke upon my gaze as I turned it upon Coit's Ridge. I was expecting something bright, for I had seen the roofs of the village covered with plates of crystal, and the maple trees of the side-walk jewelled in the prettiest manner possible, but I had no conception of the blaze of silver which I should see when I turned to look at the Ridge. There it stood, however, flashing, glittering, gleaming, sparkling, quivering in the pure sun-light, and under the blue heaven, like fairy-land. I can hardly describe it: my eye-sight was almost blinded with the brilliancy. Millions upon millions of atoms scattered from the rainbow were dancing upon it; all the hues known to gem, and bud, and flower were there. Every thread of the sun's light appeared to be separated and reflected in the colour peculiar to each. It was the gorgeous pomp which winter occasionally exhibits, as if to show that all the beauty and magnificence of nature are not confined exclusively to Summer.

As I beheld this wondrous sight I was seized with the irresistible desire to explore the depths of the Ridge, to walk through its blazing aisles, and to see above me its silver trees waving and making fret-work of the azure above. So I started, and crushing the brittle grass, covered also with its crusted pearl, like the ice-plant, as I passed through the fields, soon found myself ascending the Ridge. As I entered the recess, the brightness was intense. My gaze recoiled involuntarily. There was the old, half-dead hemlock, with a drapery flung over his gaunt branches, that a bride might envy. There was the shaggy sour spruce, sparkling as if it were the bridegroom destined for its hemlock bride. The emerald of both gleamed through their transparent garb with a two-fold effect of beauty. The maple seemed as if a foliage of scalloped silver had burst forth at the touch of some wizard's wand; the beech seemed some gigantic chandelier of varied colours; the birch had clothed itself in leaves that appeared as if taken from the whitest flakes of its own smooth white bark, whilst the elm was one rich splendid plume, hanging gracefully over the couch of its frozen naiad, the brook. The underbrush, viz., the rhododendron, kalmia, oak-plant, beech-sprout, hopple-bush, &c., were also limned by an icy veil of crystalline purity and clearness that made them shapes of "fancy," whilst one immense log, lying prone on its stomach, was covered with a pall of jewellery and spangles that was "beautiful exceedingly." I wandered about amidst this rich and splendid show for an hour. I then became conscious of a farther softening in the atmosphere, and also that the fine lustrous blue of the sky was fading into a dull grey. These were the signs of an approaching snow-storm, and rather liking the soft air and the appearance of the fluttering flakes gauzing the view in a storm of this kind, I postponed my return home until another hour. Soon the gust came on. The wind howled and rocked the trees like a vessel in a tempest; the ice pageant fell around like showers of leaves in November, and before long the snow-flakes were streaming in a dense curtain through the atmosphere. As the wind first reached my ear in a low rumble,

like a waterfall in the stillness of the summer noon, now swelling like an advancing billow, then bursting overhead like the discharge of Etna, I felt as if I could mount like an eagle in the air, and away, away, with my eye on the sunbeam, and my pinion on the ocean of air around me, soar into the empyrean.

There was a sublimity in the deep-toned roaring storm that almost maddened me. Up the snow would whirl in silver smoke over the top of the loftiest pine trees, and around would it spin in a breathless waltz until all the stems in the forest would appear like white-sheeted ghosts dancing in glimmer and mist, in a weird Macbeth-witch-like dance. I seemed the centre of a wondrous wizard existence, and Coit's Ridge, a wizzard world. At last I became so frightened by the phantoms of my excited fancy that I fairly turned and precipitated myself down the Ridge, fast as my limbs could carry me. I even thought that a gigantic pine around which a snow-cloud was at that moment twirling, which forced its enormous head to bend almost to its groaning roots, was pinching me to keep me a perpetual prisoner in its wild branches, for my audacity in trespassing upon the recesses of his domain in the fury of the Winter storm. So I even showed Mister Pine a clean pair of heels, and flew down the slope into the deepening fields with a velocity that could scarce be equalled by the "American Deer," I fancy, even with the prospect of a purse filled to plethora with glittering gold as the reward of his best exertions.

Soon a half-dozen of white quiet fields (as far as sound went, but tumbling like White Lake in a gust as far as motion was concerned) were between me and the bowing, quivering, shrieking, howling, roaring, rushing, screaming, rolling, dashing, crashing Ridge, and I soon was in the four walls of my snug rosy office warming my chilled limbs before the wide open mouth of my stove, heated to a red cherry glow by a choking quantity of dry maple. I never visited Coit's Ridge in the agonies of the Winter storm again.

But in Summer, beautiful, leafy, sweet, bright, imperial, safe, quiet, lovely, glorious Summer, it was another matter entirely. I was an *habitué* of the Ridge. Not a day passed "wet or shine," but I was there. If I saw a soft shower coming from the swathed west, up would I start, and umbrella in hand, like a knight armed with spear and shield on breast, forth would I sally towards the Ridge. Soon in its leafy coverts would I hear the rich melody of the humming rain, and breathe the moist fragrance beaten out of herb, leaf, and flower, by the sparkling drops. Coit's Ridge would be then one box of choice perfumes. Ah, what a soft buzzing would the hemlock keep up, saying plainly as branches could say,

"Patter away, patter away,
I can drink with this plummy crown,
All the water yon goblet of gray,
Wreathed by the cloud, can ever pour down ;
So patter away, patter away,
Ye silver sparklers on leaf and spray.
Patter away, patter away,
For soon will return the absorbing ray,
And all the music you waken now,
Will cease to fall on my raptured ear,
And, motionless, motionless, up my brow
Will once more soar in the azure clear,
Feeling within me, every vein
Shrinking, and fainting, and dying again !"

And what a song that Delavan of trees the tamarack, which loves cold water so much that it has its feet in it all the time, and the beech, spruce and maple, birch, oak, pine, and sumach, in fact, the whole orchestra of Coit's Ridge kept up in the "gladsome gleesome rain!"

But although this gipsying in the rain about the purlieus of the Ridge was pleasant, still pleasanter was the "fair weather," gipsying in the dry yellow days of Midsummer. The first I enjoyed, the last I luxuriated in. The soft golden afternoon when the shadows commenced creeping from the West, like mice from the barn to play on the grass and amongst the leaves, was the time I most affected to "hie away" to the Ridge. Like a picture of Reubens, the landscape from the slope of the hill would glow to my eye as I turned to enjoy its beauties. The Ridge was perfectly crossed and re-crossed like a chequer-board with cattle-paths that wound along and intermingled and knotted themselves together, and shot out straight again like scores of brown snakes in the grass. They were always sure to lead to some pleasant spot—some hollow dingle—some black throated gorge—some grassy glen—some streamlet-side, beneath some spreading tree, within some shady thicket, or underneath some shelving bank. An excavated sand-pit, its dark yellow hue almost lost in the multitude of bushes and bright flowers, would now swallow one of the paths—a deep ravine where a flash every now and then would only tell that a rivulet was there dashing, would prove the terminus of another,—a rocky precipice along the edge of which roots of trees dangled in minute threads, and down which black streaks would tell the trickle of springs, would block up a third, and a beautiful fountain with wide pebbly margins, and stamped deep with hoof-tracks like huge hieroglyphics would put an end to a fourth, and so on.

There was only one road on the Ridge. This was one continuing from the fields straight up to "Maple Hollow." The surface was perfectly smooth, and covered with short thick grass without a single scar or mark upon it. It was about the width of an emigrant wagon, but no wheel, not even a wood-cart's, had rolled over it, to a certainty, for years. There it was, a delicious vista of the woods, alluring the foot tread with its beauty, and yet repelling it with its untouched virgin freshness. However, I used to tip along on the points of my toes like a French dancer up the opening, and find myself after a while in the sylvan Maple Hollow. And a spot of enchantment it was. Underneath the branches, brought out by the clearness of the air, would be a collection of wood-flies, and it was curious and amusing to watch their gambols. Now one would remain perfectly motionless in the atmosphere, like a hawk over a chicken, and then dart away so quick that he would seem lengthened to a dark streak, then another would strive to mount over the head of a third, which did not appear to relish the business, but would in its turn mount over the head of its aspiring antagonist, until they appeared ascending on the rounds of an aerial ladder; and then, as if at some signal, off all would vanish like lightning. Entirely different from the play of the gnats which formed constantly a revolving wheel, turning so constantly in the air that the spot seemed a tiny treadmill, or more properly, it seemed as if some gay balloon of the fairies was about to rise over the trees, after dangling for a while underneath. There was pleasure also in gazing at the vagaries of the sunshine. Now it would flash like golden stars as the broad maple-leaves tossed it from one green lap to another; now

it would nestle in the thicket as if for sleep. Then it would shoot out again in one long streak as if frightened by the cool shadow it found there,—then it would make lace on the moss,—then twist network in the branches, and then spin a vest in the middle of the Hollow, brilliant as the waistcoat of the yellow-bird. The afternoon would prove all too short, and the downy hours would steal away all too swiftly, until the deep shadow falling over the Hollow would tell that the sun had gone to bed, and that it was high time for all honest folk to “gang homeward.”

At the western extremity of the Ridge, in a small depression in its slope like a large cup, there lingers even now the ruins of a log cabin. A thicket of birch-trees and young oaks have sprung up around it, and within the tottering walls, there is quite a large sized elm. A fragment here and there of its roof, consisting of several black fractured slabs, is seen half plunged in a rich mass of the feathery brake that (first cousin to the fern) springs luxuriantly in the wild lots and fields around Monticello. Some ten years since, this was erected by the villagers as a kind of hospital for a small-pox patient. The subject of the fearful disease, was a young friendless man who had, during the Spring, strayed as far as New York, and had caught the distemper, amidst its purlieus. It did not break out until a day or two after he returned home to the village. He was taken violently ill, the horrid malady clutching him by the back-bone the first thing, and then assailing his head with fierce throbbing blows as if the solid dome which nature had built for the brain would become fractured. The inhabitants did not know, at first, the nature of the disease, but as soon, however, as the loathsome horny scab appeared, embedded like a speckled poisonous spider in the red swollen skin, a panic seized the village. A committee was raised, who forthwith proceeded to raise the hut, which they did in an afternoon and night. The soft brooding quiet of the Ridge was rudely broken by the “thwack, thwack” of the axe, and all night long its black scenery was splendidly, although brokenly, lighted up by the dark thick crimson flames of pinewood torches. By morning the cabin was erected, and, in a fitful delirium, the unhappy boy, for he was scarce more, was conveyed by a couple of men, whose brains had not become entirely addled by fear, and who, by the way, were “Loafing Jim and Dutch Jake,” to his asylum. There, through the long, long, dreary hours, did he struggle with death, upon a rude couch which had been erected for him, his only attendants being his rough but kindly bearers, changed now to sympathising nurses. The keen fiery tooth of the malady would eat away at his heart, and his reason would toss on the surges of delirium, like a red star amidst the black clouds of a storm.

“Hurrah!” he would feebly say, “I hear the rattlesnake sing, and the copperhead hiss—yes, and the wolf howl, too—h-o-w-l—hear him! down there in the swamp. A mighty fine time you’ll have of it there, won’t you. I say take that tooth of yours out of my flesh. Ha! you want to fight, do you! I’ll strangle you, yes, before you can say ‘don’t!’ I’ll have you. Oh, you bristle do you,—you a’n’t satisfied yet—hush!” rolling his mad eye around the room, and clutching in the air. “I’ll catch him yet! he’s a spider—ha,” shrieking, “he’s crawling over my skin, cold, cold, slimy! don’t! now don’t! DON’T, I tell you! Hoot, hoot, how that owl cries! Fire! fire! fire! the room’s on fire! I’m on fire! I’m in hell, and the devils are laughing at me! I want to get up! I want to get up!”

But youth and a strong constitution triumphed at last, and the boy recovered. He was ghastly pale when I next saw him, after the night I passed at his bedside listening to his ravings, and weak as water, but evidently regaining his health. The hut was suffered to remain, and at last yielded to the weather, and crumbled. Soon the forest will roll its wave of verdure over it, and nought remain to tell of "Small-pox Cabin."

There was a Fourth of July celebration held on the Ridge, too, in Maple Hollow. Beetling over the Hollow like a pulpit rose an immense rock, and here it was decided by the committee, that the orator should stand, using it as if it were a rostrum, whilst the audience should assemble in the Hollow. On a natural platform each side, it was also decided that the cannon should be planted, and the bonfire built, be fired and lighted after the oration was concluded; and when the drinking of toasts commenced under the "bower," erected in a grassy spot upon the summit, Abe Kettle was chosen generalissimo over the artillery whilst Dutch Jake was to attend to the kindling of the bonfire. After incredible exertions the little brass cannon (left by Sullivan's army when they traversed this wilderness on their return from their incursion into the Iroquois territory) was hoisted by means of a tackle, amid the hurrahs of the village-boys to the platform, and there secured.

After the "ode" had been sung by Job Paddock's choir (which succeeded a great deal better than at the preceding anniversary) and the "Declaration" read, "little Blackberry," for he was the orator, arose within the rocky rostrum, with a formidable roll of paper in his hand. Commencing with a flourish, he continued in a hysteric of eloquence for some fifteen minutes, when, quoting the language of old John Adams, he alluded to the "firing of bonfires," to celebrate the day. Dutch Jake, with his usual stupidity, supposing that this was the signal to light *his* "bonfire," instantly kindled it, and Abe Kettle, either supposing that his time also had come to fire (or prompted by his old spite against Kellogg for the part he had taken against him in his suit with Coger, at "Pettifogger's Delight," most probably the latter, for Abe was "Keen") applied his match. Bang! a long BANG, roared the cannon, and up soared the flaming bonfire. Petrified by the interruption, Kellogg remained with his arm in air, and mouth open, whilst the audience of Maple Hollow stood aghast.

"Fellow citizens!" at length recommenced Kellogg, and bang! a long BANG, went the cannon—crackle! crackle! went the bonfire, and hurrah, hurrah, now burst out the boys, always as ready for mischief as crows are for carrion. In vain did the marshal of the day run to Abe, and, bawling in his ear, command him to stop. With loud hurrahs Abe flourished his wipestick, and his ramrod, shouting to his assistant, as they both plied their work, "Ready with the cattridge! in with her!" thump! thump! would sound the ramrod; "Hurrah, Pete! let's see if we can't make the piece speak as fast as old Boney did his'n at Marengo! FIRE!" Bang! a lang BANG! again making all things shiver again. To make the matter worse Abe (actuated by an infernal spirit, I believe) loaded the piece each time with ball, and the crashing amongst Bill Dykes' tall beautiful maples, was really fearful. Now a branch would fly, then down would tumble the top of a tree, the bark and leaves scattering in every direction, until the audience, covered with the *débris* of Abe's battery, fairly took to their heels, and left

the Hollow perfectly empty. Kellogg seeing his audience thus melting off, thrust his manuscript in his pocket, and sneaked off to his office; whilst Dutch Jake brought at last by the marshal to see his mistake, extinguished his bonfire. Still, Abe plied his cannon, until Bill Dykes, seeing his maples thus victimized, stalked, burning with rage, to the spot, and seizing, with his immense hand, Abe, by the nape of his infernal neck, fairly lifted him over the rostrum, and held him dangling over the abyss, until Abe yelled like a catamount with terror. Placing him again in safety, he turned him to the right-about, and, by a succession of hearty kicks, drove him down the Ridge, and left him in the wheat-field, just at the back of Claypole's. Abe sued Bill for an assault and battery the next day, and the case was tried before the Special Sessions. He, however, came off second best, for the jury, under the circumstances, brought in a verdict of "justifiable assault" and fined Abe the amount of the costs, and, in default of payment, committed him to jail, where he staid all summer.

As for the cannon it was tumbled from its platform and fell muzzle first in the soft bosom of Maple Hollow. After the burning the hollow was turned into a beautiful meadow-chalice always waving with the brightest and sweetest grass. And in process of time the piece sank deeper and deeper, until nothing at last remained but its knob looking in the grass, like an eye-ball in ambush. Many were the scythes that knob broke in harvest time.

One season a Paddy, mowing with all the energy of raw whiskey and emulation, struck his instrument against the knob with such violence as to cause a cloud of sparks to rise like a swarm of fiery insects.

"Arrah!" said Pat, peering into the mound, "and is't gunpowther the old daacon has in his grass, and be damned to him! bedad but it fizzes out fire any way!"

The next season a brother Pat came to the same mound, and striking his scythe against the knob so as to shiver it, yelled out:—

"Who iver heard of grass turnen into rocks afore! It must be the old daacon's heart here berried; I'll worrek no more to-day, and so Patrick, me boy, hand in the whiskey."

How long the indolence of the deacon would have been the means of breaking the scythes, and shivering the muscles of his workmen, I know not, had it not been brought to a close by a long-legged Yankee who mowed for the deacon the next season.

Seeing this mound of deep grass before him, he swept out his scythe in the most swinging style, and struck the knob at the very commencement of a long and raking sweep.

"What on airth is that?" shouted he, "some tarnal petrified toad, I guess! good Lord! sure enough a toad, petrified into brass! who ever heerd tell of sich a thing afore! so here goes!" tugging at it might and main. "This brass toad must have infarnal long legs, the way it sticks in the airth. Here, bring me a spade, one of you Greeks, there!" for both the Irishmen were now looking on with their eyes bulging out like bullets. "Bring me a spade, and I'll soon hev him out a here, legs and all!" and suiting the action to the word, he unearthed the cannon, and with many an exclamation of disappointment from himself that it was not a brass toad for his brother's specimen "to hum," and of astonishment from the simple "Greeks," laid

it at full length along the shorn green sward. The deacon had it taken away, and cast into the cellar of Coit's house, the very same day.

Every anniversary it made its appearance, and its black throat bellowed its deep music, until the touch-hole got to be nearly as large as the muzzle, and then its stern music changed to a short asthmatic cough. The last duty it did was, on the green knoll by the school-house, under the charge of "Loafing Jim" three springs after, "pigeoning." It then burst, and gave up the ghost.

After Abe had been thus summarily dismissed by honest Bill, a small party of us lingered upon the ridge to see the sun set, and the twilight of the gone summer day set in. The West soon glowed like the golden shield of one of Ossian's heroes, or like the flame upon the altar in the Temple of the Sun, and then the soft silver gloaming slowly came. After enjoying the coolness, fragrance, and loveliness of the Ridge for an hour or more, lighted by the gorgeous "blazing of heaven" we descended, and made the best of our way homeward.

All the next month was as dry as dry could be. No rain, not even a shower. The sky presented its blue arch, and the sun sunk with the regular gradations of gold, orange, and purple, as in Italy. The grass withered, and the woods "wilted." Coit's Ridge was like tinder. Some were afraid of spontaneous combustion, there it was in such a gunpowder state. So things continued, until about midnight the whole village was aroused by a fierce glare streaming through their windows, and hurrying into the street saw Coit's Ridge one glowing mass of flame. Some one had accidentally fired it (Loafer Jim it was generally supposed), and now, like Hercules, it was swathed in a red-hot garment of fire from head to foot.

Fearful, horrible, and yet splendid and fascinating was the sight. Now an immense flaming panther seemed leaping from tree-top to tree-top, and now the shape assumed the appearance of an eagle soaring with outspread pinions to the sable heavens. Serpents in myriads flashed all over, gulfs opened, ridges rose, billows rolled, cataracts dashed, cities glittered, plains smoothed themselves, then tumbled into surges; spires bristled, then fell; in short, all the awful paraphernalia of "a forest on fire" were here displayed. The stern and ceaseless roar of the infuriated element came to every ear in the village, and to mine, as I looked enraptured on the scene, it took a measured, and stately, and melodious tone, Coit's Ridge sounding its battle-song of fire. This was the song of the flame.

"Ho, ho! I have put on my red helmet,
And taken my keen spear in my hand.
Let my trumpet sound! for I come in my strength and power,
Who shall withstand me?
Not the proud pine with its summit soaring in the clouds!
Not the brave oak that scorns to bend his crest in the tempest,
For they shall shrivel in my hot breath, and they shall crumble in ashes
at my feet,
And I shall trample them into white ashes,
As I do the laurel and the beech sprout, and e'en the lowly vine of the
greensward.
Ho, ho! who shall withstand me?
I played at sunset like a babe of the Red Indian in the grass.
Ho! ha! ha!
No one saw me.
As the stars came out, the babe had grown to a sturdy youth,
Ho! ho! ho!

Still no one saw me.
 As slumber wrapped the village, I had grown to the stature of a man,
 And at midnight to a giant.
 And, ho! ho! ho! I then awoke the village with my hoarse shout,
 And wrapped the whole hill in my garment of flame.
 What cared I then? I was strong, yea I was mighty!
 What cared I then? for who could withstand me.
 Ay, shriek out in your agony, fierce panther of the woods,
 Thine hour is come!
 Howl, howl, and gnash thy teeth, gaunt wolf of the cavern,
 Thine hour too is come!
 And thou, swift eagle! ho! ho! ho! I caught thee asleep in thine eyrie,
 And scorch'd thy wings ere thou knewest I was on my way.
 Writhe now, and try to soar—there is a fetter upon thee,
 Ho! ho! ho! a fetter thou canst not break!
 Until death films thy proud eye, and levels thy crest to the moss.
 And ye, staring fools, that look at me with fear in your upturned faces,
 Oh, that I could leap down amongst ye! oh, that I could roll my blazing
 surge over your paltry roofs!
 Louder shrieks than ever would rise, and sweeter victims would I claim.
 The babe with its shining hair, and the mother with her snowy bosom,
 Ay! and the young maiden, whose blue eye is lighted with love—
 Ay! and the strong youth too! ho! ho! ho! what could he do
 With my keen spear at his throat!
 And my fiery knots burning into his heart!
 Come and try it! come and try it! come and try it!
 Ye staring fools of the village!
 For, like the rattlesnake, I can't leave my post—
 I can only sing in my rage, and launch out my sharp, hot tongue in scorn
 and defiance at you!
 In the meanwhile, down with your head, you stalwart pine!
 Down on your knees, you spreading oak!
 Yet think not I will spare!
 No!
 I tell you all, No.
 I will grasp you—I will trample you—yea, I will destroy you,
 For I am wroth.
 Who wakened me from my peaceful slumber,
 For I was a slave to ye, staring fools of the village!
 And I simmered under your paltry kettles, and ay, (shame! oh, deep
 shame to my might!) I e'en sparkled like a red drop in your pipes.
 Who wakened me!
 Which amongst ye, staring fools of the village?
 No matter, the red helmet is on my head, the keen spear is in my grasp,
 and the war-shout is on my tongue.
 Wox!
 Shriek and tremble—shriek and tremble! Again I say
 Wox!
 For who knows but I may roll over the dry fields and assault you, staring
 fools! even in the fortalice of your strength;
 Who knows?

How much longer the song, with its terrific threats of what it would do, if it could, would have proceeded, I know not, probably all night (for its bark was evidently worse than its bite) had not a cloud arose stealthily, and by a torrent of rain, at the very height of his boastings, soon put an end to the snarlings of the monster. At first he appeared to scorn his foe, and began to breathe black defiance, but the enemy pressed him so hard, that he was finally obliged to surrender, and with a great many convulsive capers, and tumbles, and struggles, he gave up the ghost, like the whale, in a cloud of his own raising, just before he had reached the thicket where stood the ruins of "small-pox cabin."

THE PROTESTANT PILGRIM.

BY LIEUT. THE HON. FRED. WALPOLE, R.N.,
AUTHOR OF "FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC."

It was late in the autumn of 1849, that, after a listless lounging over the German baths, a patient watching of the departure of the gay creatures of pleasure to fresh scenes and sad musings over the fall of the leaf, the close of summer, a traveller found himself at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The noisy stir of active life and the feverish hurry of political intrigue had few allurements for a mind like his. Youth on the wane, palled of pleasure's fruits too rashly culled—his spirit turned to itself, and vain was its answers to fill the void and vacancy within. Ardent and warm, he had lived his life's passions; rushing on with rapid strides, though few his years, the conviction had come that all this earth, this flower-strewn earth, can give, is at best but vanity; vexation of spirit followed, and the wreath so eagerly culled was now all valueless and faded in his grasp. The tenets of philosophy spoke of repose, of ease, of joy; but searching on, they also failed; the grave that they led to with content was a gulf they failed at in despair. The pulse still beat strong, but that dread period must come—come it may at any time—come it must to all:—

And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

Hence from the gulf onwards, where look for strength, whence discipline to meet it serene within? the strong will can smoothe the dying cheek, and refuse an outward show to deadly fear; but how to soothe our inner spirit, our own self-known alone, and secret self. How so to live that world without end may not couple misery in its notes, and despair in each unpassing eternal instant?

Religion—faith. Oh! mightiest work of all Almighty deeds—the power of belief, the power of love. As when in some vast solitude the toil-worn traveller drags feebly on, each step with slower pace, each stride with weaker strength till, all exhausted, he sinks on the ground dead to all living life, yet alive to the death around; hears from out the living silence a friendly cry—so rose that voice to him; it came not in reproach or anger—it came not with threats and menace, but in soft and silver accents welcomed home, said, "Lay your cares on me, lean all your weight, listen and be at peace. Be happy and enjoy—believe; then follow and obey." But as the sense is dull and half-benumbed after trials and distress, so though the words hung all around, the spirit dares not trust. Could this be true? Was there no chastening required? Might thus the load of sin be laid aside? was there no price to pay—no toil to be performed?—so dragged his spirit; true to its fallen nature, pride and doubt bore down the heart which angels' voices softly whispered over.

In such a frame of mind our pilgrim's tale begins—irresolute and unhappy, discontented, heart-sick, the straight road lay before him,

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but, alas! the energy was wanting to take up the Cross, to strap the sandal to his foot, and lean as he advanced on the staff of life. The sights at Frankfort were toiled through; Denneker's "*Ariadne*," softened by the flesh-coloured light in all its wondrous perfection, looked at and forgot; his mind was not where his eye wandered. The trophy of a nation's triumph spoke but of the dust, the iron heroes had crumbled into vanity—vanity rung from the shield of victory.

The Jew street is a city full of sights in itself; though small, dirty, and obscure, it speaks the history of the race—they stand aloof; despising yet using, hoping for a Saviour, yet refusing the promise of a Lord. Persecution has failed to break, or prosperity to denationalize. As distinct as that street in Europe, are the Jew and his people in the world. The street is narrow, and the houses are small, composed of wooden frames with circular slates between and curious old cornices, with frowning faces gibing, mocking change or time. Grimmer with each passing year, yet curious and fastastic, they seem to smile at having endured so long and seen so much. Oh! could the Jew within his stall, as he toils and labours for gold and gain, but listen to the tales they could tell how his father toiled till, borne without his house, he left the labour of his life, his gold, his treasure, his heart's love, and ne'er returned. The gates, which in times of bigotry confined the despised people of promise within their narrow precincts, were battered down and never replaced. Even the Jews must flow on with the tide. The wall of partition down, they too may yet forget their gold, and fall before their God, their Father, and entreat his pardon. The senate was not sitting; the church where God-expelled democracy rules was empty and silent, and the verses on the wall told of purposes unfulfilled, and prophesied blessings to all nations sadly theoretical. From stiff benches and hard morocco seats, upright and uncomfortable, it was pleasant to turn to the old hall of the emperors. Here men of deeds and executed resolves frowned down. Not their portraits alone told their tales, history has volumes of their deeds, and all the fiends of anarchy have failed to tear asunder what they lived to do.

Nor to the English Protestant can Frankfort fail to be endeared. When fury ruled, and zeal piled high the fagot around the patient martyrs of her new-lit faith, in Bloody Mary's reign, hither the faithful, warned in time, fled and found a safe and peaceful home. In 1554, many of the saints thronged here, and, unfettered, poured out their praise for safety and prayers for their oppressors. It was while visiting the gallery, that, attracted by the fine picture, by Leasing, of John Huss, the idea first entered our traveller's head of following the traces of the Fathers of old; this picture, in which each figure is as large as life, is an admirable specimen of modern art, the tall gaunt figure of Huss, where all the animal is admirably softened by the spiritual; his one hand pointing to the book—the word of the Most High—the other pressing on the heart that beat so high with zeal and ardour, as if to still its throbs of rage, and temper it down to Christian bearing; the almost classic dress, for he disdained not to adorn the temple God had made in his own image. The head, the haughty neck bowed down, as if in respect to his Maker, but stiff to Papal dogmas. The face, what high and noble attri-

butes it bears! Content with lowly words to plead his Saviour's cause, yet defiant of all earthly rule—the whole spirit anxious, earnest to convince—yet brave and resolute to assert the truth. The throng around, each countenance a history in itself,—the brutal resolve of some, the dogged determination not to be convinced of others, the ill-restrained rage of the fierce, the frightened listening of the weak, as words they must believe, fell from those golden lips, the poor feeble Pope's intellect just glimmering through his weakness. It is a noble work. And the traveller left the place with plans of travel more determinate than any that had yet led his wandering steps.

But how to wander—dared he hope that earth or stone would touch his heart, was idol or shrine to open the spirit that had so long laid shut within him? Already on the borders of the land of Luther, to this great man he turned to solve his doubt; opening the book, he found that he did not forbid any to keep fast or festivals, or to go pilgrimages. “I would have a man's conscience,” he says, “free in all things that do not affect faith or the love of one's neighbour.” *Cælum non animum mutant*, the poet has exclaimed; but who will not own the effect outward circumstances have on the inner mind? Who, that has ever knelt, will not own the force of association—the pealing bell that calls us all to prayer, has more than tinkling sound; it beats on our very hearts, and prepares our minds to meet our Lord. The spirit must be true within; if we believe not we shall all likewise perish; but the very train of thought that such scenes produce may, by His blessing, lead to a rich and ripe result of good. With the wish to see he went, with the will for good he prayed he might return.

His place secured—for pilgrim now plods not along the road—the evening found him at the post-office awaiting the *cil-waggon* for Aisenach. No sandal clothed his feet, no palmer's weeds, but broad-cloth and stout plaid enclosed a heart lowly and humble as e'er wearied on, and firm faith and prayerful hope were with him.

The *cil-waggon* came out, a huge ungainly vehicle, like a carriage whose shape had been destroyed by some terrific crunch, and stumbling into the *coupé*, the *conducteur* occupying the other corner, the affair, midst crack of whip and blast of horn, rolled down the Ziel. For awhile the road was along the haunts of men. Business, over pleasure, pain, satiety, want, repletion, and hunger, lounged along, but passing beneath the city gate, the tread of the horses and the rattle of the coach, led on in darkness by the quiet road. The description of this road has often fallen to abler pens, even could our pilgrim have seen, but, save, that above, a few cold stars kept dreary watch and ward, their light and cheerful twinkle reserved for hotter heavens, they but wearily did their work. A ray fell on the road as the lamps flashed by, but all else was dark, dreary, and indistinct; but even multiplied descriptions of oft-seen scenes may please, like pictures of the same view, each painted with such skill as the artist may possess, they increase our acquaintance; and the varied lights the artists hand, shows out, display it in its different aspects, and enhance the whole. The night wore on, the view before his eyes consisted of the driver's legs, equipped in huge boots, armed with blood-producing spurs, which hung from the

roof, and rested on a tiny board between the windows. A mass of reins, and horses' heads and tails, which flitted on before, on either hand a perpetual fence, a closer inspection showed it was the division of the window, and hopeless of sight-seeing, recoiling on himself, sank back, to try and think, or rest, or dream, perhaps of better, brighter eyes.

The *conducteur*, an iron fellow cased in a sheep-skin cloak, seemed wrapped in slumber; let the pace, however, but slacken, or a jolt of more than usual strength occur, and he was roused: down went the window, and anathemas, loud and deep, were hurled past the driver's legs at the dark, quiet night beyond. His pipe quitted not the hairy mouth: a small column of smoke curled about his face in sleepy wreaths, and then rolled off to mingle with its fellow-mists, and so wearied they on. A change of horses without, a change from pipe to cigar within, alone told the progress of time. Occasionally a light gleamed, and noisy rattle told they were in a village. Each light showed the Romanesque helmet of a Prussian sentry; but ere politics could fill the weary mind the blast of the driver's horn had died away, and on they went the country dark around. With sleepless senses the hours passed—thoughts dark and drear had come and gone—the dawn hung back. No ray of hope or light yet pierced our pilgrim's night. At last the day came slowly on, not as in tropic lands, with bursting sun and genial rays, but blue and cold, a night with light to show the dreary morn of an autumnal day. The sun, unwilling to forsake the East, where orient verdure, classic ground was grateful for his warmth, held long on the horizon—not angry and sullen, nor with his cheerful smile, drove clouds and mists away. The open country now gave way, and copse and wood, like startled deer, herded together more and more as the road entered the broad forest of Thuringia. The sun, aroused from his lethargy, shone forth, and before his herald beams the light masses of detached clouds flew, scared, across the heavens to make dark days in distant skies. The country caught the light and valley and woodland gleamed out beneath the genial heat. Slowly rose the curtained mist, and mountain and dale glistened beneath the god of day. The forest, in its autumn dress, swelled over varied ground, a sea of different colours rolling into mighty billows. The red of young decay upon the leaves ran in streams of crimson above their tops, as if angels had flown above, and morning marked their track with tears of blood. The *conducteur*, with feverish eye, looked longingly for the journey's end; the pilgrim, with impatient glance, watched for the Patmos of the stern father of his faith; the horses trotted on, all eager for the stall; the driver blew his horn; the echoes died away. "La Wastburg! Aisenach! Aisenach! my own dear Aisenach!" exclaimed the two within, as a turn revealed the town and castle all so longed to reach. On the right, high up on a woody height, stood the place of Luther's refuge, raising its castellated walls amidst the folds of green, which fell away in steep descent to the town of Aisenach beneath. The coach rolled on through long and noisy streets; a turn, a bump, and fearful plunge, and it stood within the court. The first stage of the journey was done. Here Luther had been—here Luther's words still stand—his work remains—his spirit haunts the spot.

A SONG OF COMO THE BEAUTIFUL.

An exiled daughter am I of that land,
 Where laurel-rose, and myrtle intertwine;
 Where, mid the wreathing foliage of the vine,
 The zephyr's fragrant breath is pure and bland;
 Where, at the twilight hour a happy band,
 Their voices soft and light guitars awake;
 In fairy barks glide o'er the purple lake,
 While lovers sit apart, hand clasped in hand.
 Some pluck the wilding lilies, and entwine
 A chaplet for their dark-eyed mistress' brow,
 Some chaunt the vesper hymn, and as they row
 With every stroke the melody combine;
 But to the ancient poets those most incline
 With commune of the past in whispers low:
 Sweet Como! where are all thy glories now?—

The Tuscan Medici, * with brow of snow,
 There last I saw, the loveliest of her race,
 She wore the charmed robe of native grace,
 Rosebuds her lips, her soft hair's sunny glow
 Hung round dark eyes, whence flew the shafts of Love
 In all the pitying softness of the dove,
 Mid sun-kiss'd cheeks, black eyes, and raven hair,
 Thou Tuscan Lily! fairest of the fair!
 Yet, ah! *what* is she, and *where* is she now?
 All coldly pale the marble of her brow,
 And closed in death those bright and dove-like eyes,
 Pillowed on stone that tender form now lies.
 Yet from the tomb such beauty shall arise!
 Vanished from earth that sweet, that seraph face,
 Shall to an angel lend immortal grace.

Just where the lime-trees over-arching meet,
 Their fragrance pouring on the evening air,
 An aged mother's† last and calm retreat
 Is by a daughter's love created there.
 Rich jasmynes by the tall mimosas climb,
 And there the orange stands in courtly rows,
 With golden fruit and green, it buds and blows.
 Sweet mockery of seasons and of time!
 Dewdrops, the pearls in Flora's diadem,
 Lie hid within the delicate musk rose;
 The oleander waves its graceful stem,
 The scented night-flowers all their cups unclose.
 The evening star now glittering like a gem,
 Sheds on those marble forms a dewy light,
 That, bowered in myrtles, shine all coldly bright.
 See, where the willow's flexile boughs are hung,
 All weepingly enamoured of the wave,
 Forth from the knotted roots and rocky cave,
 Safe anchorage! yon tiny shallop sprung.
 Light is her prow, of fairy hue her sides,
 And rosy red her silken streamer waves.
 Down the transparent stream she gently glides,
 And silently, her floating beauty laves.

* The Madame de Medici, the most beautiful woman in Florence, since deceased.

† Madame Pasta has built three beautiful villas, one expressly for her mother.

Now, as she leaves the steep and rocky shore,
 What female hand propels the bark along,
 Poising with skill the light and dripping oar?
 Medea's self!* enchantress! Queen of Song!
 Who erst in car of triumph dragons bore,
 While Europe cried, exulting in her fame,
 "Immortal as the Muse be Pasta's name!"

The fishermen still linger on the beach,
 Breathing the fragrance of the loved cigar,
 While to the tinkling of his old guitar,
 A comrade sings, or frames his witty speech,
 The Bergamasc,† mid laughter heard from far.
 How sweetly on the voice of echo borne,
 Peals from its height the lonely convent bell;
 How faintly sounds the goatherd's rustic horn,
 Calling his stragglers from the chestnut fell!
 Some pious few, in yonder sacred fane,
 Lit by the silver lamps that palely shine,
 All humbly kneel before Madonna's shrine,
 And kiss the ground, nor shall they pray in vain,
 Though homage of the heart, and tearful vow,
 Be all the gifts these votaries can bestow.

The Queen of Night shines forth—she comes to make
 A second day, more lovely than the first:
 Beneath her beams what happy hopes are nurst,
 When first Love dares his silence sweet to break.
 When does the heart so soothingly o'erflow
 In its own commune, and with tears confess,
 And murmured sounds, its sense of happiness,
 As when the moonlight sleeps on all below?
 What youthful footsteps ever fall so light
 As those that dance beneath the starry queen?
 What palace pageant in their eyes so sheen,
 As the green Treillis and the fireflies bright?
 Earth's stars which gem the mantle of her night,
 And glittering mid the vine leaves seem to say,
 "Short as our life is your's—joy while you may."
 Now peasant girls are clustering in the shade
 Of the acacia's sweet and pleasant grove,
 With eyes like night's, that seem to swim in love;
 And jewelled ear, and darkly shining braid,
 With silver bodkins crowned. And this the time
 For childhood's gambols, sunny as its clime.

Alas! my glowing pulses beat too fast
 For these cold climes, where feeling withering dies,
 Where in each bowl of pleasure Caution lies
 In wait, to dash it from man's lips at last.
 Let me escape from these soul-chilling snows!
 And may I, ere my latest sigh be past,
 Make on sweet Como's shore my mossy grave,
 And sink beside those waters in repose,
 While rose and cypress gently o'er me wave!

THERESSA C. I. WEST.

* Madame Pasta herself, who paddled about in her large straw hat and little boat.

† The people of Bergamo are noted wits and story-tellers—*raconteurs*.

ANTONINA ; OR, THE FALL OF ROME.

At the latter end of the fourth century, four hundred and twenty-four Pagan temples, large and small, stood within the walls of imperial Rome, while, before the idols they severally contained, sacrifices were daily made, libations poured out, and incense arose. Not satisfied with these privileges, the majority of the senators, who were heathens, sent a deputation to the Emperor to solicit his authority to reinstate in a temple where they met an altar of Victory which Gratian had a few years previously removed from their senate-house. But the religion of the Emperor was not the same with that of these senators ; he denied their request, and the Christians of Rome, who were already greatly scandalized in daily witnessing in all parts of that city the worship that was paid to idols, encouraged the Emperor Theodosius formally to propose in a full meeting of the senate, convened for that purpose, the important question, " Shall the worship of Jupiter or the worship of Christ be henceforth the religion of the Romans ? " By a very large majority the senate decided that the Capitoline Jupiter should be degraded, and henceforth receive no further honour from the Romans ; and soon the decrees went forth to shut up all the temples of the heathen deities throughout all the provinces of the empire, to destroy the instruments of idolatry, to abolish the privileges of the priests, and to confiscate the temple property.

Already, in the time of Constantine, the Anician, by far the first of the patrician families of Rome, had adopted the Christian faith, and their example was soon followed by the most influential of the remaining families, such as the Bassi, the Paulini, and the Gracchi, and the result was, that in twenty-eight years after these decrees, Paganism was all but utterly extinct in the once pre-eminently Pagan city of Rome.

It was in this fallen condition of heathenism in the seat of empire that the story of Antonina opens, and from the destruction of the celebrated temple of Serapis in Alexandria, the author has brought out a character that for courage, fanaticism, singleness of purpose, devotedness and perseverance, well displays his fertility of invention and boldness of conception ; a character that, embodying as it does, a Pagan's priest's faith in what he considered to be the tutelary deities of the empire, displays a firmness and consistency, a zeal and activity, that even a Christian reader can respect and admire.

But the political condition of the Roman empire had undergone great changes, and the continually increasing pressure of the Asiatic hordes on its frontiers, made its existence for some time doubtful, and at length impossible. The legions of Rome no longer existed but in name ; the valour, the discipline, the armour that made the legions of the republic invincible, were disregarded in the legions of the empire ; complaining of their weight, they laid aside the cuirass and the helmet, the pilum and short sword, and thus exposed their heads and breasts to the missile weapons of their barbarous but brave adversaries. A pusillanimous Emperor, in the person of Honorius, ruled over a luxurious and unwarlike people ; and when he contented himself with the sole employment of feeding daily his poultry, and delegated his authority and the government of the empire to eunuchs and palace favourites, and for their sakes

murdered the only man who had power and ability to make head successfully against his powerful enemies, they naturally enough took advantage of his imbecility and incapacity to press hard upon him for subsidy or territory. As it was impossible to persuade the Italians to enrol themselves in the legions, and the empire was in danger of being left without troops, 30,000 Goths were taken into pay by the Emperor, and their wives and children, scattered about in various Italian cities, were detained there as hostages. By one of those unaccountable acts of folly and perfidy and cruelty so common where eunuchs bear rule, the whole of these women and children were on one and the same day put to the sword, and the inevitable consequence was, that their husbands and fathers became the Emperor's adversaries instead of his mercenaries. To aid them and to avenge them, Alaric the Goth, at the head of a powerful army, entered Italy, and never paused in his march till he encamped his army around the walls of Rome. With this rapid advance of his troops, and this blockade and siege of the once proud Mistress of the World, the story of Antonina begins and ends. A vindictive Gothic widow and a gentle Christian maid are the chief female characters in it, and characters more dissimilar, more wholly opposed to each other, it is not possible to conceive. Goisvintha is a character that should rarely be attempted; few writers are equal to it. Such unmitigated ferocity, such fierce passions, revenge so dire and malignant and deadly, few pens could pourtray, and Mr. Collins has wisely restrained his imagination to the perhaps utmost verge of allowable limits. Goisvintha had most just cause for execrating the Roman name, and for seeking vengeance on her children's murderers; but her language and conduct are so inhuman, so fiend-like, that in any one but her, with her wrongs, and her barbarian pride, and her Gothic feelings and prejudices, they would be revolting. As it is, they but delineate a character that was common enough in those days; and there are many military men who can recal to mind far more atrocious deeds done by the female followers of the camp, than ever Goisvintha planned or committed.

Ulpian and Numerian, the heathen priest and the Christian preacher, are powerfully contrasted with each other; and the first is one of the most vigorously drawn characters we ever met with,—from first to last he interests us; his unceasing restlessness, and that master-thought and purpose of his mind, that accounts for all his strange doings, keep the attention rivetted to him, notwithstanding his treachery and duplicity—the miseries he sought to do and did—and his fierce and maddening hatred of the Christian name. His strangely sought for interview with Alaric, and the unexpected consequences to himself from it, are described in a manner that will not speedily be forgotten by those who read it; and one almost sympathizes with him in his misery, when all his fond hopes of vengeance, and all his imaginations of pre-eminence and honour and triumph are at once crushed and annihilated.

But, ably as the personification of a rabid heathen priest is described by the author, it would not, if it stood alone, attract so much of our attention, as it does; but there is a strange and mysterious analogy between the positions of him and Numerian, that enforces our observation to him; the one being as willing to become a martyr for the Temple, as the other a martyr for the Church;—the Christian's principle of action, drawn from the Divinity he served, was love; the Pagan's,

born of the superstition that was destroying him, was hate,—Numerian laboured for the happiness of others—Ulpian for himself alone. And never were benevolence and selfishness—goodwill to men and a dire hatred of men, better displayed than in the two remarkably contrasted characters of the diligent, faithful preacher of the Gospel, and the proud, disappointed High Priest of Serapis.

It was probably the writer's express intention, by bringing so few characters prominently forward in the story, to make those few the veritable types of the classes they represent, and we do not hesitate to say that if such was the intention, it is fully and ably carried out. Alaric and Honorius are historical characters, and nothing is here said of them but what is strictly and historically true—they did and said what they are here made to do and say, and the true facts of history are not in the least perverted or disguised by what is here attributed to them or surmised of them. This of itself alone is, in an historical romance, a great and a positive merit. But of the other personages that chiefly figure in the work, they may be said severally to represent a class that then lived; and they certainly do forcibly represent to us in their widely different characteristics, specimens of all the peculiar classes of society in that age. Hermanric, the Gothic chief, personifies what thousands upon thousands of the Gothic tribes were,—while the base, cruel, sensual, blood-thirsty Huns are well described in Hermanric's two treacherous and loathsome followers. The character, however, that more than all others displays the author's talent and observation and knowledge of the times to the greatest advantage is that of the Roman patrician Vetricio. Those only who have read Ammianus Marcellinus will understand how very ably Mr. Collins has entered into the thoughts and feelings, the frivolous and sensual pursuits, the every-day life of a wealthy and luxurious Roman senator at the beginning of the fifth century; and how just was that retribution that exacted at the hands of Alaric the riches that were collected from all parts of the world, and employed in Rome to every imaginable description of sinful indulgence.

For six hundred years Rome had not seen an enemy before her gates, and during those years she had become the acknowledged mistress of the world; all nations became her tributaries—the wealth of the richest empires were poured into her coffers—provinces became the property and inheritance of her senators, and the chief of these derived, and transmitted to their descendants through successive generations, a clear yearly income from the spoils of 200,000*l*. Two millions with us would not go so far as that sum then, and therefore the resources of the chief patrician families were almost unbounded for every possible imagination of luxury and ostentation.

Too enfeebled by idleness and sensual indulgence to think much for themselves, they encouraged and supported a very numerous tribe of needy and unprincipled adventurers, called Parasites, whose chief business it was to find out new pleasures—new objects of luxury—new sources of enjoyment—new means of ostentation. A specimen or two of these are given in this book; and there is a scene which very correctly describes the sort of life they led in the halls of their patron. And what halls those were—how abounding in objects of art—in gildings and decorations—in profusion of the richest and rarest marbles, that will even now produce, whenever found, a guinea a square inch.

But, in truth, there was nothing that the provinces of the Roman empire could produce of rare and beautiful and costly, that a Roman senator would deny himself the possession of; their palaces, therefore, were adorned in a manner that no palaces of the kings of this earth have ever been since, and to the interior of one of these, and to the possessor of one of these, these volumes introduce us.

We have every reason to believe that *Vetranio* is a very fair representative of the Patrician class at Rome during the latter years of the empire, and that there were scores of senators neither better nor worse, and no otherwise than himself. They rode about in chariots of silver, accompanied by crowds of mounted dependents, with gorgeous trappings and numerous slaves bearing gilded umbrellas; their pomp in travel, in dress, and equipage was extreme; their luxuries at the table, and their style of living generally, was the prodigality of extravagance; and their ostentation was ever urging them to multiply busts and statues of themselves, till their likenesses in bronze or marble, covered with plates of gold, filled all the apartments of the palace. A great part of the space enclosed within the walls of Rome was occupied by the 1780 palaces and gardens of the patricians, while the 46,602 plebeian houses were crowded together, and run up in consequence to a height that very frequently caused their downfall. Seven stories was a common elevation, and these were so densely crowded as to produce on an average a rental of from 300*l.* to 400*l.*; and in these 48,382 houses were enclosed a population of 1,200,000 when *Alaric's* army was encamped around the city. As Rome contained no granaries, and *Alaric* stopped all supplies, famine soon stalked through the palaces of the patricians equally as through the streets of the plebeians, and we expect that the scenes depicted by *Mr. Collins* of the despair and recklessness produced by the raging and maddening want, and especially of the banquet of famine scene in the palace of *Vetranio*, will be dramatised. A more striking picture was never perhaps presented to our imagination, and what we therein see is not only credible but probable. It was only carrying out the Epicurean philosophy, which was the only philosophy or religion thought of or cared for by multitudes in Rome.

Of the lovely *Antonina*, the heroine of the tale, we can only say that she is the personification of female loveliness and innocence, a creature to be admired and loved by all who read of her, a being in whose sufferings and dangers we cannot but feel the deepest interest, and in whose fate we almost hold our breath till we are assured of her escape from all her enemies.

But the work is not more remarkable for its admirable delineation of the characters it brings out, than for the learning and perfect acquaintance of the habits and feelings of the times it alludes to; everything is truthful about it; it represents Rome as it was, and the Romans as they were, with all their insolence and recklessness, their idleness and impudence. What we know through their poets and historians of the manners and daily life of the inhabitants of imperial Rome, even so, in every tittle, do we find our knowledge confirmed by these volumes, and, therefore, as an historical work, we can very highly recommend it. Its fiction even is founded upon truth, and perhaps no historical romance was ever published that is so entirely free from misrepresentation of facts, or that so entirely agreed with the assertions of history. The author, in his first work, has stepped into the first rank of romance writers.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.

BY AN ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

Within the gay kiosk reclined,
 Above the scent of lemon groves,
 Where bubbling fountains kiss the wind,
 And birds make music to their loves,—
 She lives a kind of faery life,
 In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,
 Unconscious of the outer strife
 That wears the palpitating hours.

The Harem. R. M. MILNES.

THERE is a gentle, calm repose breathing through the whole of this poem, which comes soothingly to the imagination wearied with the strife and hollowness of modern civilization. Woman in it is the inferior being; but it is the inferiority of the beautiful flower, or of the fairy birds of gorgeous plumage, who wing their flight amid the gardens and bubbling streams of the Eastern palace. Life is represented for the Eastern woman as a long dream of affection; the only emotions she is to know are those of ardent love and tender maternity. She is not represented as the companion to man in his life-battle, as the sharer of his triumph and his defeats: the storms of life are hushed at the entrance of the hareem; *there* the lord and master deposits the frown of unlimited power, or the cringing reverence of the slave, and appears as the watchful guardian of the loved one's happiness. Such a picture is poetical, and would lead one to say, alas for human progress, if the Eastern female slave is thus on earth to pass one long golden summer—her heart only tied by those feelings which keep it young—while her Christian sister has these emotions but as sun-gleams to lighten and make dark by contrast, the frequent gloom of her winter life.

But although the conception is poetical, to one who has lived many years in the East, it appears a conception, not a description of the real hareem life, even among the noble and wealthy of those lands. The following anecdote may be given as the other side of the picture. The writer was a witness of the scene, and he offers it as a consolation to those of his fair sisters, who, in the midst of the troubles of common-place life, might be disposed to compare their lot with that of the inmate of the mysterious and happy home drawn by the poet.

It was in a large and fruitful district of the South of India that I passed a few years of my life. In this district lived immured in his fort, one of the native rajahs, who, with questionable justice, have gradually been shorn of their regal state and authority, to become pensioners of the East India Company. The inevitable consequence of such an existence, the forced life of inactivity with the traditions of the bold exploits of his royal ancestors, brilliant Mah-ratta chieftains, may be imagined. The rajah sunk into a state of slothful dissipation, varied by the occasional intemperate exercise of the power left him within the limits of the fortress, his residence. This fort is not the place which the word would suggest

to the reader, but was rather a small native town surrounded by fortifications. This town was peopled by the descendants of the Mahrattas, and by the artisans and dependents of the rajah and his court. Twice a year the English resident and his assistants were accustomed to pay visits of ceremony to the rajah, and had to encounter the fatiguing sights of dancing-girls, beast-fights, and *music*, if the extraordinary assemblage of sounds, which in the East assume the place of harmony, can be so called.

We had just returned from one of these visits, and were grumbling over our headaches, the dust, and the heat, when to our surprise the rajah's vabul, or confidential representative, was announced. As it was nine o'clock in the evening this somewhat surprised us. He was, however, admitted, and after a short, hurried obeisance, he announced "that he must die! that there had been a sudden revolt of the hareem, and that when the rajah knew it, he would listen to no explanations, but be sure to imprison and ruin all round him; and that foremost in the general destruction would be himself. Veneat-Rao, who had always been the child of the English Sahibs, who were his fathers,—that they were wise above all natives, and that he had come to them for help!" All this was pronounced with indescribable volubility, and the appearance of the speaker announced the most abject fear. He was a little wizened Brahmin, with the thin blue lines of his caste carefully painted on his wrinkled forehead. His dark black eyes gleamed with suppressed impotent rage, and in his agitation he had lost all that staid, placid decorum which we had been accustomed to observe in him when transacting business. When urged to explain the domestic disaster which had befallen his master, he exclaimed with ludicrous pathos, "By Rama! women are devils; by them all misfortunes come upon men! But, sahibs, hasten with me; they have broken through the guard kept on the hareem door by two old sentries; they ran through the fort and besieged my house; they are now there, and refuse to go back to the hareem. The rajah returns to-morrow from his hunting—what can I say? I must die! my children, who will care for them? what crime did my father commit that I should thus be disgraced?"

Yielding to these entreaties, and amused at the prospect of a novel scene, we mounted our horses and cantered to the fort. The lights were burning brightly in the bazaars as we rode through them, and, except a few groups gathered to discuss the price of rice and the want of rain, we perceived no agitation till we reached the Vakeel's house. Arrived here we dismounted, and on entering the square court-yard a scene of indescribable confusion presented itself. The first impression it produced on me was that of entering a large aviary in which the birds, stricken with terror, fly madly to and fro against the bars. Such was the first effect of our entrance. Women and girls of all ages, grouped about the court, in most picturesque attitudes, started up and fled to its extreme end; only a few of the more matronly ladies stood their ground, and with terribly screeching voices, declaimed against some one or something, but for a long time we could in this Babel of female tongues distinguish nothing. At last we managed to distinguish the Rajah's name, coupled with epithets most disrespectful to royalty. This, and that they, the women, begged instantly to be put to death, was all that the clamour

would permit us to understand. We looked appealingly at Veneat Rao, who stood by wringing his hands. However, he made a vigorous effort, and raising his shrill voice, told them that the sahibs had come purposely to listen to, and redress, their grievances, and that they would hold *darbar* (audience) then and there. This announcement produced a lull, and enabled us to look round us at the strange scene. Scattered in various parts of the court were these poor prisoners, who now for the first time for many years tasted liberty. Scattered about were some hideous old women, partly guardians of the younger, partly remains, we were told, of the Rajah's father's *seraglio*. Young children moved among them looking very much frightened. But the group which attracted our attention and admiration consisted of about twenty really beautiful girls, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, of every country and caste, in the various costume and ornament of their races; these were clustering round a fair and very graceful Mahratta girl, whose tall figure was seen to great advantage in the blaze of torchlight. Her muslin veil had half fallen from her face, allowing us to see her large, soft, dark eyes, from which the tears were fast falling, as in a low voice she addressed her fellow-sufferers. There was on her face a peculiar expression of patient endurance of ill, inexpressively touching. This is not an unfrequent character in the beauty of Asiatic women; the natural result of habits of fear, and the entire submission to the will of others.

Her features were classically regular, with the short rounded chin, the long graceful neck, and that easy port of head, so seldom seen except in the women of the East. Her arms were covered with rich bracelets, and were of the most perfect form; her hands long and tapering, the palms and nails dyed with the "henna." No barbarously-civilized restraint rendered her waist a contradiction of natural beauty; a small, dark satin bodice, richly embroidered, covered a bosom which had hardly attained womanly perfection; a zone of gold held together the full muslin folds of the lower portion of her dress, below which the white satin trousers reached, without concealing a faultless ankle and foot, uncovered, except by the heavy anklet and rings which tinkled at every step she took. After the disturbance that our entrance had caused, had in a measure subsided, the children, who were richly dressed and loaded with every kind of fantastic ornament, came sidling timidly round us, peering curiously with their large black eyes, at the unusual sight of white men.

Considerably embarrassed at the very new arbitration which we were about to undertake, B. and I consulted for a little while, after which, gravely taking our seats, and Veneat Rao having begged them to listen with respectful attention, I, at B.'s desire, proceeded to address them, telling them,—

"That we supposed some grave cause must have arisen for them to desert the palace of the Rajah, their protector, during his absence, and by violently overpowering the guard, incur his serious anger (here my eye caught a sight of the said guard, consisting of two blear-eyed, shrivelled old men, and I nearly lost all solemnity of demeanour) that if they complained of injustice, we supposed that it must have been committed without his highness' knowledge, but that if they would quietly return to the hareem we

would endeavour to represent to their master their case, and entreat him to redress their grievance."

I spoke this in Hindusthani, which, as the *lingua franca* of the greater part of India, I thought was most likely to be understood by the majority of my female audience. I succeeded perfectly in making myself understood, but was not quite so successful in convincing them that it was better that they should return to the Rajah's palace. After rather a stormy discussion, the Mahratta girl, whom we had so much admired on our entrance, stepped forward, and, bowing lowly before us, and crossing her arms, in a very sweet tone of voice proceeded to tell her story, which, she said, was very much the history of them all. The simple, and at times picturesque, expressions, lose much by translation.

"Sir, much shame comes over me, that I, a woman, should speak before men who are not our fathers, husbands, nor brothers, who are strangers of another country and religion; but they tell us that you English sahibs love truth and justice, and protect the poor.

"I was born of Gentoo parents,—rich, for I can remember the bright, beautiful jewels which, as a child, I wore on my head, arms, and feet; the large house and gardens where I played, and the numerous servants who attended me.

"When I had reached my eighth or ninth year I heard them talk of my betrothal,* and of the journey which we were, previous to the ceremony, to take to some shrine in a distant country. My father, who was advancing in years, and in bad health, being anxious to bathe in the holy waters, which should give him prolonged life and health.

"The journey had lasted for many days, and one evening after we had halted for the day I accompanied my mother when she went to bathe in a tank near to our encampment. As I played along the bank and picked a few wild flowers that grew under the trees I observed an old woman advancing towards me. She spoke to me in a kind voice, asked me my name?—who were my parents?—where we were going? and when I had answered her these questions she told me that if I would accompany her a little way she would give me some prettier flowers than those I was gathering, and that her servant should take me back to my people.

"I had no sooner gone far enough to be out of sight and hearing of my mother than the old woman threw a cloth over my head, and taking me up in her arms, hurried on for a short distance. There I could distinguish men's voices, and was sensible of being placed in a carriage, which was driven off at a rapid pace. No answer was returned to my cries and entreaties to be restored to my parents, and at sun-rise I found myself near hills which I had never before seen, and among a people whose language was new to me.

"I remained with these people, who were not unkind to me, three or four years; and I found out that the old woman who had carried me off from my parents, was an emissary sent from the Rajah's harem to kidnap, when they could not be purchased, young female children whose looks promised that they would grow up with the beauty necessary for the gratification of the prince's passions.

* The usual age for the ceremony among the wealthy in India.

"Sahib! I have been two years an inmate of the Rajah's hareem—would to God I had died a child in my own country with those I loved, than that I should have been exposed to the miseries we suffer. The splendour which surrounds us is only a mockery. The Rajah, wearied and worn out by a life of debauchery, takes no longer any pleasure in our society, and is only roused from his lethargy to inflict disgrace and cruelties upon us. We, who are of Brahmin caste, for his amusement, are forced to learn the work of men—are made to carry in the gardens of the hareem a palanquin, to work as goldsmiths—and may our gods pardon us—to mingle with the dancing girls of the bazaar. His attendants deprive us even of our food, and we sit in the beautiful palace loaded with jewels, and suffer from the hunger not felt even by the poor Pariah.

"Sahibs! you who have in your country mothers and sisters, save us from this cruel fate, and cause us to be restored to our parents; do not send us back to such degradation, but rather let us die by your orders." As with a voice tremulous with emotion, she said these words, she threw herself at our feet, and burst into an agony of weeping.

Deeply moved by the simple expression of such undeserved misfortune, we soothed her as well as we were able, and promising her and her companions to make every effort with the Rajah for their deliverance, we persuaded Rosambhi, the Mahratta girl (their eloquent pleader), to induce them to return for the night to the palace. Upon a repetition of our promise they consented, to the infinite relief of Veneat Rao, who alternately showered blessings on us, and curses on all womankind, as he accompanied us back to the Residency.

And now we had to set about the deliverance of these poor women. This was a work of considerable difficulty.

It was a delicate matter interfering with the Rajah's domestic concerns, and we could only commission Veneat Rao to communicate to his highness the manner in which we had become implicated with so unusual an occurrence as a revolt of his seraglio; we told him to express to his Highness our conviction that his generosity had been deceived by his subordinates. In this we only imitated the profound maxim of European diplomacy, and concealed our real ideas by our expressions. This to the Rajah. On his confidential servant we enforced the disapprobation the Resident felt at the system of kidnapping, of which his Highness was the instigator, and hinted at that which these princes most dread—an investigation.

This succeeded beyond our expectation, and the next morning a message was sent from the palace, intimating that the charges were so completely unfounded, that the Rajah was prepared to offer to his revolted women, the choice of remaining in the hareem, or being sent back to their homes.

Again they were assembled in Veneat Rao's house, but this time in much more orderly fashion, for their veils were down, and except occasionally when a coquettish movement showed a portion of some face, we were unrewarded by any of the bright eyes we had admired on the previous visit. The question was put to them one by one, and all with the exception of a few old women, expressed an eager wish not to re-enter the hareem.

After much troublesome inquiry we discovered their parents, and were rewarded by their happy and grateful faces, as we sent them off under escort to their homes. It was painful to reflect what their fate would be; they left us rejoicing at what they thought would be a happy change, but we well knew that no one would marry them, knowing that they had been in the Rajah's hareem, and that they would either lead a life of neglect, or sink into vice, of which the liberty would be the only change from that, which by our means they had escaped.

In the inquiries we made into the circumstances of this curious case, we found that their statements were true. Large sums were paid by the Rajah to his creatures, who travelled to distant parts of the country, and wherever they could meet with parents poor enough, bought their female children from them, or when they met with remarkable beauty such as Rosambhi's, did not hesitate to carry the child off, and by making rapid marches, elude any vigilance of pursuit on the part of the parents.

The cruelties and degradations suffered by these poor girls are hardly to be described. We well know how degraded, even in civilized countries the pursuit of sensual pleasures renders men, to whom education and the respect they pay the opinion of society, are checks; let us imagine the conduct of the eastern prince, safe in the retirement of his court, surrounded by those dependents to whom the gratification of their master's worst passions was the sure road to favour and fortune.

Besides the sufferings they had to endure from him, the women of the hareem were exposed to the rapacities of those who had charge of them, and Rosambhi did not exaggerate, when she described herself and her companions as suffering the pangs of want amid the splendours of a palace.

This is the reverse of the pleasing picture drawn by the poet of the Eastern woman's existence—but, though less pleasing, it is true—nor need we describe her in the lower ranks of life in those countries, where, her beauty faded, she has to pass a wearisome existence, the servant of a rival, whose youthful charms have supplanted her in her master's affections. The calm happiness of advancing age is seldom her's—she is the toy while young—the slave, or the neglected servant, at best, when, her only merit in the eyes of her master, physical beauty is gone.

Let her sister in the Western world, in the midst of her joys, think with pity on these sufferings, and when sorrow's cloud seems darkest, let her not repine, but learn resignation to her lot, as she compares it with the condition of the women of the East; let her be grateful that she lives in an age and land where woman is regarded as the helpmate and consolation of man, by whom her love is justly deemed the prize of his life.

HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

A HISTORY of Spanish literature has long been a desideratum, not only in our own language, but in the Castilian itself. The Spaniards have no general account of their literature, although one was begun by the brothers Mohedano, on a scale which, if completed, would have made a library itself. After some seven or eight quartos, the learned authors had not emerged, as well as we remember, from the Roman era, certainly not from the Gothic; and, before they had come upon the true field of their history, death, as might have been expected, stepped in, and slit the thread of life.

The Germans, with their usual industry, have given some attention to this department of letters. Bouterwek has introduced the Castilian into his cycle of modern literature. But here it forms only a part of a great whole; and, what is of more consequence, that part is derived, according to his own exposition, from a very scanty stock of original materials.

Sismondi followed in Bouterwek's track, but with no better sources of information. Indeed, he is so limited in this particular, that he is obliged to help himself, *manibus plenis*, from the stores of his predecessor, as he repeatedly acknowledges; though, in doing so, he confers a sort of originality on that which he borrows by the warm colouring of his style, and the grace of manner peculiar to himself.

In England, with the exception of one or two biographies, there is absolutely nothing in the way of regular history, in this province of letters—very little in any other; while the knowledge of Spanish books is pretty much confined to the “Don Quixote,” and the “Gil Blas”—which last, although of French extraction, is so Spanish in spirit as well as story, that it is inseparably blended with Castilian literature. Yet, in the department of civil history, we have a long roll of eminent names, from Robertson to Lord Mahon. Then, too, we have works of a still more recent date, illustrating the state of art, as well as the social condition of the Peninsula, and the character of its inhabitants. Such are the works of Stirling and Head,—fine specimens of critical taste,—and Ford's admirable “Handbook,” which raises the *manuel de voyageur* to the rank of a scientific text-book, for the student as well as the traveller.

The book before us proposes to occupy the great void in the history of Spanish literature. It is from the pen of an American, who passed some time in Spain, where he collected a very rare and curious library for the illustration of his great theme. On his return to his own country, Mr. Ticknor occupied, for some years, the chair of Modern Languages in Harvard University, near Boston, and there delivered a course of lectures on the Castilian language and letters.

The preparation of these lectures, although they were written on a distinct plan from that of the present work, made the author familiar with the whole ground, to a degree which could not have been obtained by mere study. The long interval—more than twenty years—which has elapsed since the composition of the lectures, has enabled Mr. Ticknor to review all his previous judgments, while the time has been diligently employed in adding new stores of information, and in pushing

his critical inquiries over a far more extensive field. Seldom has a work been the result of a more thorough training and careful meditation.

The subject involves a complete history of Spanish literature from the earliest period to the present century—a magnificent theme, little familiar to the English reader, and which exhibits an intellectual culture of the most peculiar and original kind. The early portions are filled with the true spirit of romantic chivalry, as the literature of Spain dawned amidst all the convulsions of the feudal ages. It is, moreover, deeply tinctured with the Arabic, which gives it a rich Oriental complexion, such as is to be found in the literature of no other part of Europe.

The great difficulty in treating a theme so vast and various must have been, the disposition of the different topics so as to preserve a perfect symmetry, and to unfold the complicated subject with clearness and precision. In this embarrassing task the author has perfectly succeeded. The work is divided into large chronological periods, in which the different kinds of composition, arranged in masses, are shewn up in regular procession, and subjected to a critical analysis. The mention of a few of these will show the fruitful character of a literature in which some people suppose that nothing good is to be found but the "Quixote." Thus we have at the outset the fine old Chroniclers, instinct with the life of the Middle Ages, and showing their romantic daring, picturesque costume and ceremonial, and all the marvellous accompaniments of an age of heroism. Then come the Ballads, national, chivalrous, Moorish, &c.—a department far surpassing what is to be found in any other country for the artless elegance of their language, and the picturesque variety of their incidents. The enchanting effusions of the Moorish minstrelsy have become familiar to the reader in the translations, or rather paraphrases, of Lockhart. Mr. Ticknor has introduced others to our acquaintance in a poetical dress, which, to much spirit, adds a scrupulous fidelity to the original. Then, again, we have the copious vein of the Romances of Chivalry—those pictures of an ideal existence, some of which, like the "Amadis," still linger in our imaginations, while the greater portion have been scattered by the satirical shaft of Cervantes.

But the department which occupies the largest space in Mr. Ticknor's volume is the national Drama, that rich vein, absolutely inexhaustible, which has been worked with great diligence by foreign scholars,—on the Continent even more than in England,—who have found there abundant materials for building up their own reputations. No one, not even the reader of Eugene Sue and Dumas, can have a full conception of the inventive capabilities of the human mind in the literary way, until he has become acquainted with the Castilian drama. Mr. Ticknor, in addition to his analysis of many of the principal pieces, interspersed with occasional translations in prose and verse, has given a minute account of the great theatres, their companies, and all that relates to the getting up of these exhibitions. The subject is curious, and altogether new to us. He has accompanied this by a quantity of personal anecdote, and by full biographies of all the principal writers, some of whom, as Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, are connected with the most important movements and personages of their times.

These biographies form a leading feature in the work, which, from

their large amount, and the care with which they have been executed, may be regarded as a great national portrait gallery. It is another characteristic of the book, akin to the last, that, so far from being confined to the progress of letters, it exhibits a constant view of the social and political relations of the country, under all its successive changes. Few civil histories throw so full a light on the general condition of manners and national usages; and the various particulars collected for the illustration of these will be perused with interest by the general reader. The great institutions of the country, among which the Inquisition towers in gloomy pre-eminence, are sketched with a careful hand; and the various moral causes which were at work to sap the overgrown empire of Spain, under the Austrian dynasty, are unfolded in a truly philosophic spirit.

The style of these volumes has a simple elegance, in keeping with the subject. It is neither declamatory, nor infected with the mysticism, or the pedantry with which common-place writers so often cover up their thoughts. The writer evidently regards language as designed to convey ideas, not to conceal them; and, as we peruse his calm and eloquent pages, we feel we are in the hands of an author who is master of his own language as perfectly as he is of the foreign literature he is discussing.

THE SUICIDE.

A LEAF FROM MY WANDERINGS.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

RIPE October warned me that the time was fast approaching for my pilgrim feet to turn towards my distant home. I seated myself on a fallen tree, and gazed down upon the little village beneath me, to visit which I had been errant enough to stray some miles from the path that pointed over many a weary mile towards my friends and home. It was a fancy to look again upon the sweet sequestered village where, many years ago, in my early youth, I had passed so many happy days of unrestrained enjoyment, when the sun of my life was at its meridian, and none of those shadows which its sinking brought had fallen across my path.

Who has not felt that melancholy which creeps over the soul when, after a lapse of time, we find ourselves at a beloved spot, the approaching to which had promised us so much pleasure, where a soft voice seems to mock us by whispering, "there is the place, but where are the people?" I placed my knapsack and staff at my feet, as such a whisper passed into my very heart—I felt alone!

A white mist was rolling in the valley, swallowing up in its fleecy embrace the more distant parts of the landscape, stealing on with slow and certain pace, like a gigantic shroud, to cover up the neglected and the dead of the departed summer.

The mournful note of the wood-pigeon was heard ever and anon

through the whispering of the few remaining leaves, the wood-lark was singing his sweet farewell to the warm sunshine of summer, and the rooks were sporting in numbers round the summit of the highest trees, with their usual turbulent and noisy debate before retiring to their dangerous dormitories. I felt that the falling twilight was darkening my spirit, so I sprang from my seat, buckled on my knapsack, and struck my trusty staff, with a bold and ringing sound, upon the rocky earth, and prepared to descend the precipitous road which wound its way into the village of my youth.

No human being crossed my path as I descended. A stray rabbit or two stopped for a moment to gaze upon me, and then hopped leisurely away, amidst the rank weeds and underwood. A few picturesque cottages I remembered used to stand in a peaceful little nook, under the shelter of some gigantic elms, as you approached the village: I looked for them in vain; a few bricks and rubble, rising from amidst a mass of rotting thatch and weeds, alone marked the spot. A little farther brought me to the site of the unpretending village-school; but it was evidently a school no longer, for the door seemed in the last stage of decay, and the little window-shutters were closed and covered with a mass of bills announcing sales of farming-stock, and county meetings, long past. The paling of the once trim garden had been carried away piecemeal, and the little plot of ground was as open as the road. The white ashes of a gipsy's fire had left their ring close to the bare walls, stamping it as a spot deserted and away from the haunts of man. I turned sorrowfully from the place, and proceeded on my way with a sigh, for I remembered well the pale old schoolmaster, who, after many buffets and struggles in the world with his fellow-man, with whom his simple nature was too weak to cope, returned to his native village to dispense his modicum of learning and experience to the children of his early companions.

My way lay through what was supposed in the days of its execution to be a wonderful achievement—a deep cutting or stone gully, to take off the danger of the hill to the many coaches and waggons which then travelled that way, leaving some of the little cottages perched on the brow of a precipice in a very precarious-looking situation. On passing through this miniature ravine I expected to behold the old inn, called the "Mansion House," that stood, like "a fine old English gentleman," to welcome with good cheer the wanderers into the village. But a blank met my expectant and astonished gaze: I saw nothing but a few gable-ends of the ancient garden wall, which alone assured me that I had not mistaken the spot; whilst some cankered fruit-trees pointed out the site of the once envied orchard. I took a nearer view to discover whether the positive destruction of so large a pile was caused by fire; but there was no appearance of any such calamity having happened, the earth must have opened and swallowed it up whole, for not a vestige of its grand old walls could I discover amidst the entangled brushwood and triumphing weeds.

A few twinkling lights gleaming in the casements of the little cottages scattered round the old green reassured me, for I began to fear that I was entering into a depopulated or deserted village. I paced on with more rapid strides, for I needed the sound of human voices to rouse me from my strange and melancholy feel-

ing. I turned the corner, and, thank heaven! there really stood the venerable inn of "the Oak," long rival to my departed one over which I was just mourning. The proud sign-post stood, as it was wont to do, in the centre of the spacious quadrangle; but the old picture, showing the king ensconced in the oak whilst the blood-seekers were coolly conversing on horseback beneath, was no longer in the elaborately-worked iron frame. It had deserted its friend and supporter, whose increasing weakness had kept it in a continued tremble, and sought the more able support of the neighbouring wall. Many of the windows, if my eyes did not deceive me in the twilight, were blocked up, which gave the venerable place an aspect of speaking desolation.

No person appeared at the door, as my footsteps heavily sounded upon the flagged and rubbed way; so I knocked loud with my staff, and was quickly answered by the barking of some cur, who really, from his promptitude, seemed the only watcher. After waiting some time I raised the latch of the door, and entered the well-known stone hall. I did not feel inclined to move much farther, as the before-mentioned cur kept a wary eye upon me, accompanied by a low and threatening growl, which evidently would have broken out into a more hostile demonstration had he not had a wholesome fear of my oaken staff, with which I belaboured the stone floor. In the midst of our mutual disturbance a female voice cried out, "Come in, do; the dog won't hurt you;" which the dog seemed to understand as well as I did, for he immediately assumed an amiable expression, and followed me down the long passage into the kitchen, where I discovered a young woman endeavouring to lay a cloth for supper with one hand, while she carried a chubby-looking baby in the other. My sudden appearance startled her, for she no doubt only expected to see some neighbour. After a few moments of confusion, and a fruitless attempt to put the baby in the cradle, who resisted most strenuously any such arrangement, she begged to know what she could serve me with.

"Why," I replied, "it is my intention to stay here until to-morrow, if this is an inn, as it used to be, and you can give me a comfortable bed."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said she, "my husband will be here directly; but I should be much obliged if you would just ring the bell outside the front door; the ostler's bell that was, sir: then he'll know he's wanted."

I accordingly proceeded to summon the landlord as ordered, and after many ineffectual attempts to shake the old bell from the embrace of the ivy, I succeeded at last in clearing, as it were, its voice, and giving out two or three discordant twangs, much to the discomfort of the birds who had retired for the night, and who fluttered and chirped with dreadful consternation at the unaccustomed sound, so near their bed-rooms.

Clump! clump! clump! came some heavy footsteps across the paving in the vicinity of the stables. The master, thought I; but no, round the gable of the building popped a minute red-faced boy, with a superabundance of flaxen hair. The imposing noise of his footsteps I discovered arose from his having, with a contempt for appearances, appropriated a pair of top-boots that gave him some difficulty in their retention, which was only done by a ludicrous

gymnastic, namely, snatching at the tops when he lifted each leg, and coming down, with a resolution worthy of a better cause, to prevent their flying off at a tangent.

He pulled his front lock with a nod, and shot into the house, where I followed him just in time to see him receive the baby in his arms, and some whispered instructions from his mistress, who, throwing a shawl over her head, immediately departed. Seating myself on the corner of the oaken table, I amused myself by watching how well the young gentleman in the boots performed the double office allotted to him. As nurse, nothing could be better: the child had commenced a cry, upon the desertion of its mother, but found it a vain attempt in the hands of its new nurse, who, seated upon a low stool, grasped the child tight round the neck and the ankles, bringing down its middle part, as he rocked himself with such a sudden jerk upon his knees, that the most powerful cry was immediately broken in half. As to the other duty, it was not difficult to discover that it was to watch me closely; which he did to the letter, for a more unwinking stare I never saw in human face. No look of mine could abash him. There he sat, with the more intellectual looking cur beside him, most monotonously breaking up, by jerks, the baby's cry into the very smallest fractions.

My speculations upon the boy and his charge were suddenly disturbed by the return of the mistress, accompanied by her husband, a fine sturdy-looking man about thirty years of age, who, upon entering, made his landlord's bow, and, lighting a candle, offered to conduct me into "the parlour." This attention I refused, preferring to spend my evening in the well-known old kitchen, the scene of many of my early roysterings. I, however, thanked him for his civility, and said, "That as an old traveller I preferred the kitchen fire, which was rather grateful in the chill of the evening, to the solemn coldness of the best room; but if he had no objection I would sup with them, and retire early." To this he assented with much good humour, brought me a pair of slippers, and placed a capacious arm-chair for my indulgence; during all which arrangement he kept his eyes, with a puzzled look, upon me, as if his mind were struggling with some indistinct and tantalizing recollections. I enjoyed his embarrassment, for though years had passed since I remembered him a hobble-de-hoy in the village, I recognised his good-natured face at the first glance. His start was anything but feigned when I threw my cap on one side and said, "Now, Tom, if you have any of the old green bacon in the house, or in the village, I'm your man for a reasonably large slice."

"Lor' a mussy!" exclaimed he, "if it bea'n't! I thought I knowed 'ee mischief-loving face. Well, if this ain't worth a pound note may I be swithered. Nancy, woman, where be 'ee, who do 'ee think it be?" His wife had left the room to seek for some new laid eggs for me. His impatience, however, would not allow him to await her return, so he darted out, chuckling with pleasure, to announce the arrival of an old acquaintance. He soon returned, dragging her in, all blushes and smiles. "Here he be," continued he, almost out of breath with his exertions; "the gentleman you've often and often heard me talk of, as I knowed years ago, as drawed me for one of his picturs. Sure-ly we be very glad to see 'ee, sir! Well, only to think now! that you should come in that

sly way too—just like 'ee though—and to find us just holding on to the old place, that was once so grand and bustling like, merely to keep loife in it; for it's almost make-believe to call it an inn now; for we are wi'out any rent, just to keep it from being carried away piecemeal, and the poor village be almost all swarmed away sin these plaguy railroads. Hang the improvements, say I. Though I can promise 'ee a good bed to lie on yet, please the pigs. So fry away old ooman, and let 's have a snack! for I dare venture that you are main hungry."

A shuffling of feet, and a lift of the latch, interrupted his rhapsody. It was surely a friend, for the dog ran across the kitchen wagging his tail in unmistakeable welcome.

"It be old schoolmaister," whispered Tom; "you knowed him well—don't know him at first; he comes and smokes his pipe every night wi' me." As he concluded this bit of confidence he retired to the fire, with his brown face all smiles, to watch the little performance, which to him was as amusing as a three-act play.

The old white-headed man tottered slowly into the kitchen, hesitating, however, when he perceived a stranger seated by the supper table.

"Come on, come on, father, its nobody as 'ull bite 'ee," said Tom. The old man came forward, and wished me "the good evening;" as he did so he looked me, for a moment, steadily in the face.

"Dost know 'em, old man?" exclaimed the impatient Tom; "Look again." The old man placed his steel spectacles on his nose, and scanned me for a moment carefully.

"Know you, sir, ah! that I do!" exclaimed he, "and main glad I am to see you—though you are changed; I know your merry face, and I can see by your eye that the black ox has not set his foot upon you yet." As he concluded he squeezed my hand with a true and kindly feeling, which, though from a humble man, came with a soothing and welcome thrill over my heart.

Oh! what gossip and what laughter accompanied that frugal and welcome supper! How all the frolics of my youth were canvassed, and the days when I used to come over with the fox-hounds and the good old squire of the neighbourhood (he now, alas! sleeping in the quiet churchyard at the top of the hill); and how we mourned over the many good fellows that time and fortune had scattered far from the spot of their early enjoyments, making, with other causes, the once thriving village a deserted hamlet!

The supper cleared, we drew round the fire, admonished by the easterly wind moaning through the trees to throw on a log of very wintry looking aspect. The toddy mixed, I lighted my cigar, whilst the old man and Tom lighted their bowls, determined to be comfortable and make a night of it, for my coming was to them a jubilee not to be neglected.

The child slept in the cradle, giving the mother the opportunity of doing some indescribable needlework; and the nurse in top-boots was, no doubt, in his second or third sleep, for he had gone off to bed without sound of trumpet; so that we were snugly arranged for a positive gossip, which I accordingly dashed into with a thirst for knowledge.

After running through a complete muster-roll of the buried, the married, and the departed in other ways, I asked the school-master

what had become of the old "Mansion House," and the people who were thriving and well to do in my remembrance, and whether the house and the people had been swallowed up and buried together?

"Ah, sir!" said the old man, with an ominous shake of the head; "there's a sad story goes along o' that, sir; no wonder that it's swept off the face of the earth, and the people, all kith and kin, buried in many graves."

"What story?" I exclaimed, with a true wanderer's feeling, seeking to fill his literary and pictorial scrip. "I never heard it."

"Mayhap not, sir," answered he, "for the story goes over a space of years, some of 'em when you were about these parts, and some since we missed sight of you. But I'll tell it, an' you be willing, for neither Tom nor the girl knows the proper rights on it, I know."

"By all means," replied I, "go on, I'm all attention."

The old man refilled his pipe, and commenced the following story, which is no fable:—

"You knew the Rayners, of course, sir? A dashing man was Master Rayner, come, either by the right or left, from some stock o' gentility; for, if you remember right, he never would sport the landlord's apron, he was much too proud for that; but a kind, right-minded, charitable soul was his wife; who, in marrying him, had to a certainty 'pleased her eye to plague her heart,' for he was always clean beyond her control with his high and flighty notions and ways."

"The son and daughter you must recollect well. The daughter was taught at a school among ladies, and came naturally with an unwilling mind to mix with the misrule of a public inn, and be almost ordered by common folks and drunken squires. The son was also unfittingly reared by some London aunt, that no one ever saw; so that when he came down to the house he became nothing but a lounge and a first hand at all the sports of the neighbourhood, living at a rack and manger like a lord, without the slightest snub or reproof from his father, who, for the matter o' that, was as young a man and as helter-skelter as his boy; indeed, when they were mounted for the field, and not one did they miss, they looked twin brothers more like than father and son."

"Good as their trade might be, and good I know it was, for I was a helper then in the stables, and occasionally extra postboy, two such squire landlords soon put the profits at odds, and so there was nothing but shifting and dodging, where, by care, there might have been plenty, and to spare."

"Pride, however, had got them in hand, and they could not be guided by the careful wife, whose pale face told many a tale that no one dare whisper. Ready money must be had for brewer and landlord, for they did not like the goings on, so didn't have the consideration for 'em, and naturally, for one day they would ride after the hounds, beating everybody with their 'bits o' thoroughbred,' and the next plead a long day for payment of the very ones they had beaten. This wasn't exactly business, ye see."

"Soon things were sold out of the well-stocked inn, to pay the ones who wouldn't or couldn't wait; and, although it were done

pretty sly, folks knew it, you may be sure, and a sadness and darkness seemed to come over the old place.

"Well, sir, to come to the main part of my story, things were at the worst; when, one heavy night of snow and bitter cold, the down night-coach stopped as usual to change horses, when deaf William, who drove it for forty years, poor fellow, said that we must come and help out an inside gentleman, who seemed very ill, and who wished to stop all night, for the cold was too much for him. Accordingly all was bustle, the old gentleman was brought in, stiff and almost dead with the cold, although he was covered up in I don't know how many wrappers. Such a pale little yellow man I think I never saw, to be alive. How he did fidget, it seemed almost with terror, until his box was carried in by me and another, and main heavy box it was. After he had got some life put in him with all sorts of warm things, he began to come round a bit, and we found, from what he said, that he had been working all his life for gold, and such like, in the far-off Indies, and was now returning to enjoy himself among his relations. He chuckled and grinned in an awful manner, as he pictured how surprised they'd be to see the poor man return to shower gold over them all, and how he should enjoy it. I thought, boy as I was, that he had stayed too long for the gathering to have much time to spare in the scattering for he looked more like a dead body than anything else, if it had not been for his little sparkling eyes, that were bright with the spiced drink, which loosened his tongue most marvellously.

"After some time, his bed-room being sufficiently heated, he was carried up stairs, with his heavy brass-cornered box before him. Master, differently from his usual way, would be his valet, and assist him to retire. He stayed a long time with him; for, before he came down, all had gone to bed except me and the night ostlers, who always sat up for the mails. After seeing all right, he also walked off to bed, leaving us to snore by the fire until aroused by the guard's horn.

"One of the men sitting up with me you well remember, a low-browed gipay-looking man, 'cute and clever, but of unsteady habits; he could do a little of everything, but never any hard work, so you recollect he was always called Shifter. He was a great favourite of master's, for he was handy with horses and a first-rate stitcher at harness; of this man I shall have to speak more.

"The first mail had been changed about an hour; and Shifter had gone to collect his boots and shoes from the travellers' door, ready for the morning. When I started off through the yard to the stables, just to see that none of the next change had got loose, and that all was right otherwise, after some time spent upon many trifles about the premises, I was coming out at the stable-door, when my attention was attracted up to the 'long casements,' as we used to call them, that lighted the ten-roomed corridor. There I saw, as plain as noon, master coming out of the old Indian man's room; he was in his shirt sleeves, he seemed to close the door gently, and then look round cautiously. As he passed on I saw Shifter suddenly meet him. Master appeared struck to a stand-still. After a short talk they both descended the stairs together. A strange feeling came over me. I felt assured that something was wrong!

"I had no sooner entered the kitchen than Shifter came in, but

without the boots and shoes. He had a startled kind of look, and I perceived that he had master's keys, with which he proceeded to the bar and nearly filled a tumbler of brandy, taking it away with him, as he said, for master, who was taken rather poorly.

"I was sadly puzzled. The last mail, however, came and finished my labours, and I was soon fast asleep in my bed at home, for I then lived with my poor old mother down by the spring well.

"The morning came, and the first thing that saluted my eyes was the figure of Shifter galloping across the green on master's best hunter; I started off to meet him; he would not stop, however, but halloed to me as he passed, that he was going for the doctor, five miles off, for they thought the old Indian gentleman was dead. I turned positively as cold as stone when I heard this, a sort of rushing was in my ears, and I could not utter a word.

"The doctor came as fast as horseflesh could bring him, but the old man was a clod of clay, and all the village was up with the news. The proper authorities were summoned, and, upon examination, the great box was found open, with the keys in it, and a few necessaries only taken out, but, strange to say, not one bit of money of any kind was found, not one scrap of paper, or card, to tell who the unfortunate gentleman was. Notices were posted everywhere for weeks, but unavailingly. The old gentleman was buried in the old church-yard; and so, unlamented, died the gold-seeker, and every one was satisfied that all had been done that was right and proper; all, mind, excepting me. I was not satisfied. I seemed to have inherited a restless unhappiness from the old man, that kept me continually on the watch, and I saw—!

"Some months elapsed, and master's creditors became rather pressing, after much vapouring, my master, whose open rollicking humour was now sadly changed to a moroseness and snarling, not naturally in his composition, departed for town, as he said, to raise some funds among his friends, and, above all persons, took Shifter, as everybody thought very unnecessarily, to attend him.

"A week brought him back apparently high in funds, for the debts were immediately paid; all was sunshine again, and all appeared happy but my poor mistress, who went about the house like a ghost, hardly uttering a word to a soul. She soon died, people said of consumption; I thought that she, perhaps, had discovered something that she had better never know! After her death, master and his son seemed to rush headlong into all sorts of pleasure, and leaving Miss to look after the business, and open to the importunities and solicitations of all the gay young squires and collegians that resorted to the place, wishing to outvie each other in the good graces of a handsome and accomplished girl.

"One more daring than the rest, a collegian, who stayed some time in the house to finish a rustication which had been inflicted on him by his college, unfortunately prevailed upon the vain giddy girl to elope with him to London, where, it was whispered, he soon deserted her. Pride or perhaps an early death never permitted her to revisit her native village; and we never saw her sweet smiling face again. This was the second blow that seemed to fall with a weight upon the spirits of my master, and he ceased to be joyous, except under the influence of the bottle. His son had gone

quite beyond his control, spending with a lavish hand an unaccountable sum of money. Quarrels arose between them, and the young man in a moment of anger, left his father and went up to London to seek a wider field for his debaucheries, and a relief from the monotony of the village for his ill-directed mind. All this time I must not forget to tell you that the man, Shifter, was thriving and well to do, in a most unsatisfactory manner; for he bought a cottage which he made into a shop, turned saddler and harness-maker, without any visible means, taking apprentices and pushing himself into the society of his betters, hobnobbing even with his late master, to the astonishment of the village sages, to whom it appeared a mystery!—to me it was none; I felt assured that my suspicions were true.

“Sad news came into the village—for it was sad to us all—that young master was in trouble in town, for we all liked him and pitied him for not having a better father. It was something very dark and dangerous, for his father had not waited a minute upon the receipt of the letter, but gone off in a postchaise-and-four. A fortnight elapsed before his return—that fortnight had placed years of trouble upon his face. It was whispered that he had saved his only child from ignominy, at a great sacrifice; and that he was sent out to the Mauritius to get him away from his dissolute companions. The father was alone.

“Now I, who felt I knew much, saw the retributive clouds coming up thick and fast.

“Changes, that the wise people thought would take years in coming, suddenly fell upon the hitherto thriving village. Coaches dropped off one by one—posting no longer was rapid travelling—tradesman left the village for places where more people gathered. The people whom all these things employed of course took flight for where they could get bread; and the grass grew over the road. The master left his deserted inn and went to live at a farm not two miles over the hill; but many times, to my surprise, I used to meet him crawling along, for he was now getting an old man, towards the old house that stood empty and desolate. What he could want there I confess used to puzzle me; I sometimes watched him, and saw him go in and out of the stables and outhouses with a listless and sullen manner, as if mourning over the loss of all those who used to be there, so few short years ago.

“One morning, a person reading the newspaper, a scarce thing now in our village, read the account of a shipwreck somewhere out in the Mauritius; the name of the place struck us all. It stated that a party going out in a boat to attempt the rescue of some of the crew, had their frail bark swamped in the surf, and every soul was drowned. Among them was the name of my late young master, spoken of as a clerk on some plantation.

“‘Ill news speeds apace;’ for some good friend, meeting the father upon one of his solitary walks, communicated the sad news to him. The old man gazed at him for a moment with a startled look, then muttered to himself, ‘What all taken for so little! so many for one? I must go and settle this account.’ He wandered on without uttering one word more, leaving his informant convinced that drink and grief had unsettled his mind.

“The next day, the people at the farm not having seen him, the

hue and cry was up, ponds were dragged, and every conceivable place searched. At last he was discovered hanging in one of the cart hovels of the inn! I was one of the party. As he was taken out into the daylight, a door was swung back, and at once we discovered some writing in chalk, it ran thus:—‘I am guilty; ask —; he knows.’ The name of the person meant was obliterated by some one’s back during the alarm caused by the discovery of the unfortunate suicide.

“I wandered down in the evening to the saddler, Shifter, who was now postmaster of the place. I told him that I had been down again to the inn, and I thought that I could nearly make out the name. At this communication his dark and repulsive features became of a leaden hue, his mouth opened, but did not give utterance to a single word. I left him apparently without noticing his dismay, and immediately took my way by a circuitous route to the inn. As I anticipated I saw Shifter making his way towards the same spot. He crept stealthily along the garden wall, and looking round cautiously, placed his hand upon the door of the hovel—but he was baffled, for the magistrate had placed a strong padlock upon the door—that some further endeavour might be made to make out the strange writing—which corroborated the suspicions entertained by many, of the sudden independence of the unfortunate man. The saddler stamped with ill-concealed rage, and after lingering about the spot in evident indecision, he returned rapidly into the village. I was now convinced my chain was complete. I came back to my cottage, determined not to interfere, but to leave a just retribution to take its own course, which I felt it would in its own good time.

“The guilty man sleeps in the churchyard; the ‘old mansion’ has long been dismantled, and sold for its materials, and the grass grows over the deserted spot.

“But Shifter, who, having lost his victim, no longer had a friend to fly to, soon lost his business, and retaining only the place as postmaster, which appeared, with the aid of occasional small jobs in his trade, to just support him. My eye was constantly upon him. He, on his part, carefully avoided me, for his conscience was alarmed, and he dared not trust himself with me. I waited.

“The blow at last fell. An unusual bustle at his cottage attracted the idlers—a taxed cart stood at the door, all pressed forward to hear the cause—some suspicion having fallen on him, a trap was laid, and he was discovered in the fact of purloining the money from the letters!

“He was led handcuffed from his door, for, being a powerful man even in his age, he had attempted to escape! As he passed close to me I ventured to whisper in his ear, ‘Ask Shifter, he knows.’ He started as if I’d stung him like an adder—I shall never forget his face to my dying day!

“He was proved guilty, and transported for life. Upon the pulling down an old shed, used only of late for the shepherds, that originally formed part of the old inn, some rotted papers, and some curious coins were discovered; the gentleman who bought them of the lucky discoverer, said that they were coin used and made somewhere in the Indies. Thus you see that I had not judged wickedly, and how just had been the retribution even here, showing

“‘That the prosperity of crime is but a cheat and a snare!’”

The old clock, with a long preliminary whir, struck eleven as the old man concluded his strange recital—an unusually late hour for such an out-of-the-world spot. I retired to a chamber where everything was familiar to me; but so many visions galloped through my brain that it was long ere I slept, for my imagination almost persuaded me that, upon rising in the morning, the village would be peopled as it was wont to be, and that the same happy faces would greet me as of old. I slept, and they all faded.

DR. JOHNSON: HIS RELIGIOUS LIFE, AND HIS DEATH.

THE title is a captivating one, and will allure many, but it very feebly expresses the contents of the volume, which brings under our observation the religious opinions of scores upon scores of other men, and is enriched with numerous anecdotes of the contemporaries of the great lexicographer. The book, indeed, may be considered as a condensation of all that was known and recorded of Dr. Johnson's practice and experience of religion from his youth to his death;—of its powerful influence over him through many years of his life,—of the nature of his faith, and of its fruits in his works;—but there is added to this so much that is excellent of other people,—the life of the soul is seen in so many other characters—so many subjects are introduced that are more or less intimately connected with that to which the title refers, and all are so admirably blended together, and interwoven with the excellent remarks of the author, as to justify us in saying of the book, that it is one of the most edifying and really useful we have for years past met with.

It has often been our lot to see the sneers of beardless boys at the mention of religion, and to hear the titter of the empty-headed when piety was spoken of, and we always then thought of the profound awe with which the mighty mind of Dr. Johnson was impressed by such subjects—of his deep humiliation of soul when he reflected upon his duties and responsibilities—and of his solemn and reverential manner when religion became the topic of discourse, or the subject of his thoughts. His intellect, one of the grandest that was ever given to man, humbled itself to the very dust before the Giver;—the very superiority of his mental powers over those of other men, made him but feel himself the less in his own sight, when he reflected from whom he had his being, and to whom he must render an account of the use he made of the vast intellectual powers he possessed.

But the religion of Dr. Johnson consisted not in deep feeling only, nor in much talking nor professing, but was especially distinguished by its practical benevolence: when he possessed but two-pence, one penny was always at the service of any one who had nothing at all; his poor house was an asylum for the poor, a home for the destitute: there, for months and years together, he sheltered and supported the needy and

the blind, at a time when his utmost efforts could do no more than provide bare support for them and himself. Those whom he loved not he would serve—those whom he esteemed not he would give to, and labour for, and devote the best powers of his pen to help and to benefit.

The cry of distress, the appeal of the afflicted, was irresistible with him—no matter whatever else pressed upon him—whatever literary calls were urging him—or however great the need of the daily toil for the daily bread,—all was abandoned till the houseless were sheltered, till the hungry were fed, and the defenceless were protected; and it would be difficult to name any of all Dr. Johnson's contemporaries—he in all his poverty, and they in all their abundance—in whose lives such proofs could be found of the most enlarged charity and unwearied benevolence.

But the book treats of so many subjects, of so much that is connected with religion in general, and with the Church of England in particular, that we can really do no more than refer our readers to the volume itself; with the assurance that they will find in it much useful and agreeable information on all those many matters which are connected in these times with Church interests, and which are more or less influencing all classes of the religious public.

The author writes freely, and with great power; he argues ably, and discusses liberally all the points of religious controversy, and a very delightful volume is the result of his labours. It must do good, it must please and improve the mind, as well as delight the heart of all who read it. Indeed, no one not equal to the work could have ventured upon it without lasting disgrace had he failed in it; a dissertation upon the faith and morals of a man whose fame has so long filled the world, and in whose writings so much of his religious feelings are displayed, and so much of his spiritual life is unveiled, must be admirably written to receive any favour from the public; and we think that the author has so ably done what he undertook to do, that that full measure of praise will be awarded to him, which in our judgment he deserves.

A perusal of this excellent work reminds us of the recent sale of some letters and documents of Dr. Johnson from Mr. Linnecar's collection. The edifying example of this good and great man, so well set forth in the present volume, is fully borne out in an admirable prayer composed by Dr. Johnson, a few months before his death, the original copy of which was here disposed of. For the gratification of the reader, we may be allowed to give the following brief abstract of the contents of these papers:—

“ TO DAVID GARRICK.

“ Streatham, December 12, 1771.

“ I have thought upon your epitaph, but without much effect; an epitaph is no easy thing. Of your three stanzas, the third is utterly unworthy of you. The first and third together give no discriminative character. If the first alone were to stand, Hogarth would not be distinguished from any other man of intellectual eminence. Suppose you worked upon something like this—

“ The hand of Art here torpid lies,
That traced th' essential form of grace,
Here death has clos'd the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

If genius warm thee, Reader, stay,
 If merit touch thee, shed a tear,
 Be Vice and Dulness far away,
 Great Hogarth's honour'd dust is here.

"TO DR. FARMER.

"Bolt Court, July 22nd, 1777.

"The booksellers of London have undertaken a kind of body of English Poetry, excluding generally the dramas, and I have undertaken to put before each author's works a sketch of his life, and a character of his writings. Of some, however, I know very little, and am afraid I shall not easily supply my deficiencies. Be pleased to inform me whether among Mr. Burke's manuscripts, or anywhere else at Cambridge any materials are to be found."

"TO OZIAS HUMPHREY.

"May 31st, 1784.

"I am very much obliged by your civilities to my godson, and must beg of you to add to them the favour of permitting him to see you paint, that he may know how a picture is begun, advanced and completed. If he may attend you in a few of your operations, I hope he will shew that the benefit has been properly conferred, both by his proficiency and his gratitude."

The following beautiful prayer is dated Ashbourne, Sept. 18, 1784:—

"Make me truly thankful for the call by which Thou hast awakened my conscience and summoned me to repentance. Let not Thy call, O Lord, be forgotten, or Thy summons neglected, but let the residue of my life, whatever it shall be, be passed in true contrition, and diligent obedience. Let me repent of the sins of my past life, and so keep Thy laws for the time to come, that when it shall be Thy good pleasure to call me to another state, I may find mercy in Thy sight. Let Thy Holy Spirit support me in the hour of death, and, O Lord, grant me pardon in the day of Judgment."

Besides the above, Dr. Johnson's celebrated letter to the author of "Ossian's Poems," in which he says, "I will not be deterred from detecting what I think to be a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian," was sold at this sale for twelve guineas.

SONETTO.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO MENZINI.

I PLANTED once a laurel tree,
 And breathed to heaven an humble vow,
 That Phœbus' favourite it might be,
 And shade and deck a poet's brow!
 I prayed to Zephyr that his wing,
 Descending through the April sky,
 Might wave the boughs in early spring,
 And brush rude Boreas frowning by.
 And slowly Phœbus heard the prayer,
 And slowly, slowly, grew the tree,
 And others sprang more fast and fair,—
 Yet marvel not that this should be;
 For tardier still the growth of Fame—
 And who is *he* the crown may claim?

ETA.

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

MAJOR HERBERT EDWARDES.

DEEDS of adventurous daring are of no unusual occurrence; and had Major Edwardes only distinguished himself as a gallant soldier, it is probable that the artist and the engraver would not have been called upon to furnish his portrait, and that we should not have been required to supply a notice of his life. Fortune favours the brave; but only the brave who are resolved to extort a smile from her. The man who, at the age of twenty-eight, in a subordinate capacity, planned and executed a series of brilliant operations which suggested the siege of Mooltan, and resulted in the subjugation of the Punjab, is a hero whom a Clive would have delighted to honour, as a Wellington has been prompt to applaud. A portrait of such a man, and a notice of him, however brief, cannot but be interesting to our readers.

Herbert Edwardes, the sole survivor of three brothers, is the son of the late Rev. Benjamin Edwardes, Rector of Frodesley in Salop, and is descended from an old Welsh family. Losing both parents while yet very young, he was brought up by a near relative, John Thomas Hope, Esq., of Netley, in his native county. His education was begun under the Rev. Charles Delafosse, of Richmond, Surrey, and completed at King's College, London, of which institution (degrees then not being obtainable) he became an Associate.

Despairing of making his way in England, he solicited and obtained from Sir Richard Jenkins, Bart., G.C.B., an appointment to India, at a period of life much later than is usual, for he came of age on his voyage out, an event which was not celebrated by a devoted tenantry, and which ruffled not the leaves of the ponderous books in Threadneedle Street. His fellow-passengers in "The Walmer Castle" have since recalled, that (to relieve the tedium of the voyage) he edited a weekly ship newspaper called "The Walmer Gazette," and that for twelve weeks (*mirabile dictu!*) he conducted that journal without offence.

He landed at Calcutta on the 29th January, 1841, and was shortly afterwards attached to the 1st Bengal European regiment, then just returned from the first Afghan war, joining it at the close of the year at Kurnal on the north-west frontier.

Our young hero now began to study the native languages and Anglo-Indian history; and soon attracted notice by a series of monthly letters on political subjects, in the "Delhi Gazette," to which he affixed the signature of Brahminee Bull. These were variously attributed to several old civilians in the Bengal presidency; but the





Alfred Howquith

Richard Edwards

real author (after preserving his incognito for two years) was at length discovered; and in November, 1845, he was selected by Sir Hugh (now Lord) Gough to be an aide-de-camp on his personal staff. In the same month he passed an interpreter's examination in three native languages.

At this time, the first Sikh war broke out, and Lieutenant Edwardes sustained a severe wound in the thigh at the battle of Moodkee, while carrying Sir Hugh Gough's orders. During the second battle (Ferozshuhr) he was lying with the wounded in Moodkee fort; but he was sufficiently recovered to take part in the battle of Sohraon, which closed the campaign.

He now accompanied Sir Hugh Gough to Lahore, and in March, 1846, was recommended by the gallant veteran to the notice of Sir Henry Hardinge, the then Governor General, who placed him on the new political staff formed at Lahore under Sir Henry Lawrence, whose private secretary he became, remaining with him until 1848, when the declining health of that distinguished diplomatist compelled him to return home.

Shortly after Lieutenant Edwardes received his new appointment, he received a wound in the head while assisting Sir Henry Lawrence to put down a religious tumult in the city of Lahore. A month afterwards he assisted at the siege of Kote Kangra (the Rajke Kote of Lawrence's Adventurer in the Punjab). In September, 1846, he was selected to relieve Major Macgregor, C.B. in the important charge of the city of Lahore; but he had scarcely reached that capital when (the revolt of Sheikh Emamooden breaking out in Cashmere) he was ordered to proceed to Jummoo, and rouse Maharajah Golar Singh, to the assertion of the rights which had been ceded to him by the British government.

To effect this, Lieutenant Edwardes opened negotiations with the Shiekh himself, whom he induced to deliver up the secret orders to rebel which he had received from Rajah Lal Singh, the paramour of the Ranees. On this, the Shiekh was permitted by Sir Henry Lawrence to surrender, and giving himself up to Lieutenant Edwardes at the foot of the Cashmere hills, he was by that officer conducted to Lahore. On the evidence of the papers thus obtained, the Rajah Lal Singh was brought to trial under the walls of Lahore, was deposed from the ministry, and banished to Hindostan.

While the new treaty of Lahore, of December, 1846, was being ratified at Byrowâl, Lieut. Edwardes was left in the sole political charge of Lahore; and for his exertions in appeasing a second religious tumult at the festival of the Mohurrum, he received the thanks of the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

In February, 1847, he was deputed, in command of a Sikh army, to make an amicable financial settlement of Bunnoo, an Affghan valley, west of the Indus. Failing in this—as Runjeet Singh had failed for a quarter of a century—he projected and proposed to the resident at Lahore the plan of a regular military reduction and occupation of the valley, offering to conduct the expedition. This plan, recommended by the resident and approved by Sir Henry Hardinge, was at once carried out. Lieut. Edwardes, in December, 1847, was despatched with five thousand men and two troops of horse artillery; and in the brief space of two months, he levelled

the walls of four hundred fortified villages, built a strong fortress in their stead, and ran a military road through the heart of the valley, by these means entirely subjugating it. While effecting this, his life was twice attempted by certain patriots of Bunnoo, who sought to assassinate him in his tent. On the second occasion he only escaped by shooting the assassin with his own hand. The reduction of Bunnoo was barely accomplished, when the Mooltan rebellion broke out.

We have recorded several important services which Lieut. Edwardes was enabled to render to his country while yet a very young man; we have now to tell of those transactions upon which his fame for the present rests.

In March, 1847, a treaty had been concluded, by means of which the Governor-General (Lord Hardinge) had undertaken that the Punjab should be managed during the minority of Maharajah Duleep Singh. He engaged to control the civil internal administration of the country, and to maintain tranquillity within, as well as to provide for its external security; and this he engaged to do at the especial instance of the Sikh Sardars. The consequence of this arrangement was, that a peace ensued in the Punjab to which it had long been a stranger. But in April, 1848, occurred the treacherous murder at Mooltan of Mr. Vans Agnew and Lieut. Anderson, young men of great promise, and who had already distinguished themselves. This event gave rise to commotions in Mooltan, which speedily spread into other provinces, and resulted in a general insurrection of the Punjab.

When the Governor-General, the Earl of Dalhousie, became convinced that it was hopeless to expect that the commotion at Mooltan would die away, by the submission of the Dewan Moolraj, the chieftain commanding at Mooltan, or that it could be extinguished by the force applied to put down the rebellion, he prepared to enter into a vigorous war.

At this time, Lieut. Edwardes, recently appointed assistant in the management of the country in the neighbourhood of Mooltan, and having at his disposal a single native regiment only, conceived the design of driving the rebel Moolraj into his fortress, and rescuing the whole of the country round Mooltan from his grasp. He effected this, and he achieved it without the assistance of a single European soldier. Such was his character, such the confidence he had inspired amongst the natives, such the means that he used, and such the revenue he raised at the moment, in the very country he was rescuing from the treacherous Moolraj, that he was enabled to raise all the mountain tribes, to discipline these raw levies, and to drive back that chieftain into the very walls of the fortress from whose citadel he oppressed the surrounding country. It was on the 18th of June, 1848, that he gained his first victory, and took eight out of ten guns which the rebels brought into the field; and on the 1st of July, having been joined by the troops of the Newaib of Bhawalpore under Lieut. Lake, he fought a second battle, and again completely routed the army of Moolraj, capturing two more guns. It was during these operations that he lost the use of his right hand by the explosion of a pistol in his belt while arming for a fight. In these battles Lieut. Edwardes inspired confidence among the troops

by his exertions, and by his uniform ability commanded the affections and the respect of the natives who followed in his army.

Although, in the first instance, the Governor-General of India and the Commander-in-chief considered that the season would not admit of the march of European troops, yet in consequence of the great efforts that had been made by Lieut. Edwardes and Lieut. Lake, it was thought advisable by Sir F. Currie, the resident at Lahore, to despatch a force amounting to about seven thousand men of all arms under Major-General Whish, from Lahore to Mooltan. We have all read of Whish's attack on and capture of Mooltan, which formed so bright a page in the subjugation of the Punjab.

No sooner were these brilliant operations of Lieut. Edwardes known in this country, than the government recommended him to Her Majesty as an officer well worthy of immediate distinction; rewards of whatever nature not being usually bestowed until the termination of a war. The Queen at once conferred upon the young hero the local rank of Major, and made him a Companion of the Bath. The Court of Proprietors, following the illustrious example, voted him a gold medal, the execution of which was entrusted to Mr. Wyon, and which will soon be ready for presentation.

On the vote of thanks in the House of Lords to the Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor-General; to Lord Gough, the Commander-in-chief; and to other distinguished officers, the Marquis of Lansdowne specially referred to Major Edwardes, and gave a glowing description of his exploits.

Viscount Hardinge "agreed in what had been said by the noble marquis with regard to Major Edwardes. He had been in communication with him while in India, and had found him to be a most sensible, intelligent, and clever young man. In a letter which he had received from him, he stated that he was most anxious that the comrades who participated with him in his services should also be associated with him in his praise, particularly Lieut. Lake and Lieut. Pollard, late a student in the King's College, and Lieut. Nicholson, and other officers who had distinguished themselves.

And the Duke of Wellington said: "I entirely concur in the approbation which the Noble Marquis has expressed of the conduct of Major Edwardes and other officers in the course of these actions. *They have immortalized themselves by their conduct.* It is impossible to speak too highly of Major Edwardes and the other gentlemen who have been engaged in these services."

After such praise as this what more is to be said? Major Edwardes reached England with his old commander Lord Gough, a few weeks since, and is now residing in his native county to recruit his health and strength, after a nine years' service in India, marked by the performance of deeds which it has fallen to the lot of very few at such an age to achieve.

HUNTING IN A GERMAN FOREST.

BY JAMES WHITTLE, ESQ.

HAVING taken up my quarters for a few months in C—, a small town in the neighbourhood of one of the ancient forests of Germany, I determined to devote some of my spare time to the pursuit of the stags, roebucks, and wild boars with which these woods abound—I should rather say, used to abound, for the indiscriminating hand of “*Freiheit*” was at this time annihilating, *equo pede*, all the good, as well as the bad, in Germany. An English friend, who had spent many years in the country, and could speak the language fluently, offered to be my guide; he was what the French would call *un chasseur enragé*, and I had little doubt that under his auspices I should see the magnificent beech and oak woods, and follow my favourite pursuit to the greatest advantage. To settle preliminaries we agreed to meet in the evening at the Club, (a thoroughly democratic one) to which we had been admitted, as honorary members, by the courtesy of the society. The building in which the Club meets, is in one of the principal squares, extremely comfortable, but very simple in all its arrangements, bearing a striking contrast to similar institutions in our own country, which in the present age are conducted on such a magnificent scale, as thoroughly to unfit men of moderate means for the homely and unostentatious habits of their quiet families. In the lower part of the house three rooms were devoted to newspapers (German, French, and *Galignani*), encyclopædias, books of reference on scientific subjects, and maps; adjoining these were the apartments of the manager, and a very tolerable kitchen, from which lunch, coffee, beer, or wine could be procured. Above-stairs one large room contained more newspapers, scattered about in great profusion, and periodicals; another room was devoted to cards, one to dominoes and chess, one to billiards, another to cloaks and hats, and last, though far from least in a German community, came the pipe-room, the *Speise-Kammer* of the German mind; here lie dormant the germs of poetry and fiction, the buried seeds of music, painting, and sculpture; this is the divine spring from which the learned German draws all those theories, the profundity of which astonishes the world, until reduced to practice they vanish into their native element.

But as I have said it is the *Speise-Kammer* only, the pantry, containing the crude and undigested mass which has to be drawn forth to other apartments, and smoked into a palpable, though not always intelligible, existence. This apartment is fitted up with a stove, a press, containing the tobacco-bags of the members, and two large frames or racks, covering opposite walls, on which are ranged the pipes of the whole society, each with its owner's name inscribed over it. In either stand are four rows, each containing between thirty and forty pipes; here they peacefully repose when off duty, and are carefully watched and tended by a presiding genius, whose sole duty in life, from New Year's-day to the thirty-first of December inclusive, consists in washing, cleaning, filling, and lighting them. Few smoke less than two, many, three or four pipes in the course of the evening, and the afore-

mentioned "genius loci" considers himself handsomely remunerated by the donation of a *thaler* (about three shillings English) from each smoking member at the end of the year.

I came, according to appointment, about eight o'clock in the evening, and having deposited my hat and cane in the cloak-room, was proceeding, with English deliberation, to write my name on the billiard slate, to bespeak the table when it should be free, when, what was my astonishment to see rushing past me a troop of fat elderly gentlemen, with their faithful pipes in their mouths, followed by an indiscriminate herd of more slender and youthful politicians, adorned with every hue and shape of moustache and beard; the cards were thrown down, the chess-board was deserted, the dominoes abandoned, billiard-cues flung into a corner, and all this motley group chasing one man, as if they were playing follow-my-leader. "What the deuce is the meaning of all this?" I exclaimed to my *fidus Achates*; "have our worthy friends discovered the secret of perpetual motion? or, like Peter Pleydell and his friends in Guy Mannering, have they, too, their 'high jinks' on a Saturday night?" Joining the party, I soon discovered the cause of all the excitement; the Frankfort newspapers had just been brought in, and political interest and excitement ran so high, that the moment a paper arrived, it was seized, and entrusted to one of the members, who was obliged to read, from beginning to end, all that had been said, thought, or done by the *Nationalversammlung*. Around the reader were invariably collected all the members, and most of the pipes of the establishment, and a more curious assemblage of countenances and expressions could hardly have been brought together. The reading over, the audience separated as rapidly as it had collected; small groups of gesticulating politicians discussed the affairs of Germany, while the rest returned to their billiards, cards, chess, and interminable dominoes. The water-jug was again put in requisition, and such indefatigable water-drinkers I never saw. My friend and I made our arrangements over a bottle of very tolerable beer, for which we paid three half-pence, and at nine o'clock betook ourselves to our several homes and suppers.

We started early the following morning, taking advantage of a railroad which went for about twenty miles in our direction; a couple of carpet-bags contained our change of dress, shoes, and linen, with a bottle of brandy, some cigars and tobacco. My companion had adopted the green dress which the forest-hunters most admire, but I stuck to the good old grey suit, which further experience has convinced me is better adapted than any other colour to escape observation in the woods, as well as on the hill-side; a double-barrelled rifle, shot-belt, powder-horn, and *Ranzen* completed our equipment. This *Ranzen* is a most convenient companion; it is a game-bag, with one large and one small leathern pocket, the first to hold your lunch, brandy-flask, pipe, etcetera; the other for balls, lucifer-matches, cigars, and, in addition, a net-bag, into which can be stowed away hares, or birds,—the whole covered over with an outside flap, made of the skin of the four legs of a roebuck, with the hoofs left on as ornaments. Most people carry in them a long knife (protected by a leathern sheath) to put an end to the sufferings of the stag, after he has been shot, or to aid themselves in the easier consumption of their own sausage or cold meat. The noisy locomotive carried us slowly over our twenty miles of railroad; and alighting at the station, we demanded a porter to carry

our luggage; but though within a few miles of a summer watering-place, and a cavalry barrack, we asked in vain; so we were fain to pocket our dignity, and shoulder our carpet-bags, a far from agreeable process, as the heat of the sun was very powerful, and the nearest village was distant half-an-hour's quick walk up a hill. We had fortunately remembered to pack up a stock of good-humour and patience in our carpet-bags with our brandy and tobacco, and so with light hearts and a heavy load we commenced our journey. At the nearest village we found a messenger who agreed to carry our luggage to the forester's house to which we were going; and having refreshed ourselves with a cup of coffee, we slung our rifles over our shoulders, and set out to hunt in a part of the wood under the superintendence of the forester of the village. The game, however, having been disturbed, we proceeded on our journey; four hours' hard walking brought us at length to the forester's house; night had already set in, and the howling of blood-hounds and ceaseless barking of terriers, spaniels, pointers, *et id genus omne*, alone guided our unaccustomed footsteps to our night's lodging. Our host was not at home, he had gone out to shoot a hare for our supper, as we were informed by his wife, a tidy, clean-looking woman, who welcomed us most hospitably. We soon got rid of our dusty shooting-clothes, and after a plentiful ablution with cold water, betook ourselves to the sitting-room, where, installed on the sofa (the seat of honour) we lighted our pipes, and quietly smoked until the supper and the master should make their appearance.

As our period of probation was tolerably long, we had time to make a survey of the apartment. It was a rather large, and well-furnished room, with two windows looking into a garden, and one into the farm-yard; the clean wooden floor plentifully strewn with white sand, and the walls hung round with very tolerable engravings of hunting and shooting, in all their phases; in one, a goodly field of red coats, mounted on stout English hunters, were pursuing poor reynard over hedge and ditch in Leicestershire; another recorded how a lynx in the Tyrol had leaped on the neck of a stag, and how the stag in its agony had pinned its foe so firmly to a tree that it could not extricate itself, and both animals had been found dead in that position; in another stood forth a lordly stag with three branches to his antlers, with an inscription underneath it, stating that it had been shot on the "11th Aug., 1753, von S. Hoch. Fürstl: dem Regierenden Herrn Landgrafen, Ludwig VIII. zu Hessen Darmstadt bei Cranichstein." Stags, boars, roebucks, foxes, beasts, birds, and fishes,—you might see them all here, either lying peacefully in repose, or undergoing the process of murder, according to the most approved fashion of the noble art of venery. Nor were the implements of destruction absent—rifles, double and single fowling-pieces, duck-guns, pistols, dangerous-looking old fire-arms, captured from poachers, and hunting knives, ornamented the walls, or filled up the corners; but what interested me was a fine collection of antlers, which were nailed to the walls, or adorned the stove, writing-secretary, clock, chest of drawers, and, indeed, every available resting-place; besides these, there were heaped up in a corner many separate branches which had been picked up at different times in the wood, dropped there by the stags when they shed their antlers. In an adjoining room there was a shelf full of roebucks' horns, some of them very valuable, from their peculiar

shape, and unusual number of branches. The old forester told me afterwards, that he had often been offered high prices to part with them for a museum, I think in Hanover, but he had always refused; he was a poor man, he said, but they were his trophies. He knew the exact date, and place, where each had been shot, and had a reminiscence or a story attached to every one of them; they marked the epochs of his life, and must remain with him as long as he lasted.

Having spent half-an-hour in the examination of our surroundings, we were aroused by the renewed barking of the dogs, and in a few minutes were warmly greeted by the forester and his nephew, who, having carefully put their guns by the stove, with their barrels downwards, to dry up any moisture, threw their arms round our necks, and most affectionately kissed us on either cheek,—a ceremony I, for one, would gladly have dispensed with. They were fine specimens of Germans of their class; the forester himself tall, but rather bent and stooping in his gait, from his perpetually toiling up-hill; jet black hair and moustaches, and a countenance full of benevolence and intelligence, with, at the same time, a thoughtful, melancholy expression, the consequence perhaps of his passing so much of his life alone in the woods: the nephew a strong, broad-shouldered young man, about thirty years of age, with immense bright red moustaches, and a laughing, jovial expression of face, which showed that he was wisely making the most of the present, and that the sorrows of life were all before him. He had served some years in a rifle corps and being raised to the rank of sergeant, from his good conduct, was now qualifying himself for the dignified office of *Forstläufer* (forester's assistant). My long walk, and the keen mountain air had awfully sharpened my appetite, and I could only console myself for the delay of supper, by picturing to my mind's eye what Herculean feats I should perform when the viands made their appearance. But alas! the vanity of human wishes, *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*: I had not been yet introduced to hunter's fare in the heart of a German forest, where market-towns are not, and a civilized cookery has yet to be propagated by some "Useful Diffusion Society." The supper arrived, and consisted of beer-soup, *Sauerkraut*, roast salted-pork, and the blackest and sourest of black bread! I own I was taken aback, and verily felt with the preacher that "all was vanity." If I have one respectable weak point in my character, it is that of never willingly hurting the feelings of others, and as I knew that nothing would more effectually do so than my not freely partaking of every dish on the table, I felt I had a wide field of virtue spread before me. I helped myself, therefore, to a lump of black bread, and manfully attacked the beer-soup, which I swallowed in large spoonfuls, as fast as I could, hoping thus to escape the horrible taste; what then was my dismay, when thoroughly exhausted by my moral effort, I laid down my spoon, to be greeted from all sides by the exclamations, "Ach lieber Herr das freut uns, die Suppe schmeckt Ihnen gut! aber Sie haben Ihr Abendessen verdient,"* and before I could utter one word of remonstrance, my plate was again filled to the brim, and some small dirty-looking balls, which I had hitherto by a miracle escaped, were fished up from the bottom of the tureen, and amidst

* "Ah, dear sir, that is a pleasure. You find the soup good; but, indeed, you have well earned your supper."

the hospitable and happy faces of my hosts, and the malicious smiles of my *Landemann*, I was at it again,—but this time a little more slowly and rationally.

With a heavy heart, and sad anticipation of the weight ere morning lying elsewhere, I devoured slices of roast bacon and masses of *Sauerkraut*; but when, to crown all, a huge dish of thick sour-milk was produced, and I saw the lacteal contents of at least one cow being ladled out for my share, desperation gave me courage; I pushed away my plate, and solemnly protested that I had been an invalid from my youth upwards, and that milk was to me what arsenic was to others. I could not have made a more woeful mistake, it was out of the frying-pan into the fire—*aus dem Regen in die Traufe*. My host, the forester, too, had nourished a pet malady from even an earlier date in his existence than I had; he had his sympathetic *Leber Krankheit* (liver complaint), and a *schwache Brust* (weak chest), compared to which the heavings of my lungs were as those of steam-impelled bellows! but more fortunate than I, he had found a panacea for these heir-looms of the flesh; "*Liebe Sophie*," exclaimed the worthy forester to his better half, "*bring einmal ein paar Tröpfchen*" (bring us some of the drops); my beer was unceremoniously abstracted, wine was pronounced impossible, and, for my sins, I was destined to swallow a table-spoonful of some atrocious mixture, which I afterwards discovered had been recommended to his attention by an itinerant pedlar of the Hebrew persuasion, who rambled about the country bartering pins, mustard-spoons, and quack medicines, for old clothes, disabled thermometers, and hareskins. Manifold, I knew, had been the sins of my youth, but I felt now that the hour of retribution was come. I meekly bent to the punishment, and having half choked myself with the effort, hastily bid "good night," and rushed off to my bedroom, where I found a solace in an extra pipe and some cold brandy and water. In spite of, or, as my host insisted, in consequence of the *Tröpfchen*, I soon fell asleep, and did not waken till the entrance of the *Bursch*, a sort of Flibbertigibbet, at half-past one o'clock in the morning, with our well-greased shoes and a candle. We dressed as fast as we could, and hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, sallied forth. It was pitch dark, and coming from the heated and smoky atmosphere of the house, the air felt intensely cold. Our party consisted of Fritz, the forester's nephew, my English friend, and myself, led on by Steinbach, the *Forstläufer* (a character worthy of the pen of Cooper or Scott), who marched in advance with a huge lantern, to light us on our way. We followed him at a quick pace for about an hour up a mountain, which seemed to me more like the side of a house than anything of solid earth I had ever before ascended. Having at length reached the top, we buttoned our coats up to our chins, to conceal any white mark which might attract the attention of the game, and lighted our cigars and pipes.

It was a romantic scene: the dark sky above us, dotted with twinkling stars; around us on all sides an interminable extent of gloomy forest, occasionally relieved by the glow of the burning charcoal heaps, with their sable ministers sitting around them; the solemn silence of the night, unbroken save by the hooting of the owl, and the loud bellowing of the stags, who at this particular season of the year can be heard through the clear air miles off. A few puffs from our pipes showed the quarter from which the wind blew, and a hasty con-

sultation carried on in whispers between the three initiated sportsmen, decided our movements: Fritz and I took one direction,—Steinbach and my friend another. Each party singled out some distant bellowing, and our object was to reach that point as noiselessly and rapidly as possible.

Not another word was uttered; still smoking our pipes, to be sure of the wind being in the right direction, we moved forward, avoiding as much as we could all dead wood and loose stones.

The morning was breaking as we neared the spot where we expected to find the stag, and the view that presented itself was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The sun was just appearing above the opposite hills, and the mists which hung like a dark veil over the valley, were slowly rising, and catching a golden tinge from its rays; a rapidly flowing river, partly concealed by the fog, occasionally appeared, winding its way through grey lichen-covered rocks, and on a small grassy lawn, close to us, a roebuck and a roe were quietly browsing, totally unconscious of the vicinity of the destroyer. It is in moments like these that the heart swells within one, and the whole poetry and beauty of nature is felt. I felt, that in spite of stags and roebucks, I must linger for one moment and think, and love,—and those beautiful lines of Spenser came back to my mind:—

“ The meanes therefore which unto us is lent
Him to behold is on his workes to looke
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same as in a brasen booke
To read enregistered in every nooke,
His goodnesse, which his beauty doth declare,
For all that 's good is beautiful and faire.”

An impatient look from my companion recalled me to the business of the morning, and letting the roe and buck quietly trot off without a shot, we proceeded cautiously in search of the stag. We had hardly advanced fifty paces, when a silent gesture from my friend Fritz directed my attention to a narrow opening among the trees. There, at about four or five hundred yards from the spot on which we stood, stalked the lordly stag, his head, crowned with its beautiful antlers, thrown back over his shoulders; the eye dilated, the neck thick and swelled, and his whole attitude full of power and beauty. He had evidently been disturbed, and was on the alert. We remained perfectly motionless, and, after a few minutes of anxious watching and breathless expectation, were gratified by seeing the stag bend his head to the ground and move in our direction, picking up blades of grass on his way. At every step he made, my impatience increased, and my heart beat quickly. We remained thus for more than half an hour in one spot, whilst the stag moved backwards and forwards, filling the air with loud bellowings, sometimes going out of sight altogether, and again coming within a couple of hundred paces of us. Twenty times had I raised my rifle to my shoulder, but I had promised my guide not to fire at anything further from me than one hundred and twenty paces, as we were on the borders of a district superintended by another forester, and were anxious either to give a decidedly mortal wound, or not fire at all. At length the stag quietly trotted away, and our chances were over for this morning. I own I was greatly disappointed, but consoling ourselves with the hope of better luck next time, we set out to join our brother sportsmen.

Half an hour's walk along the brow of the hill brought us to the rendezvous. It was the site of an old Roman camp, and the mounds and fosse were still traceable; stately beech-trees of from one hundred to an hundred and fifty years' growth, surrounded and sprang out of it, and one huge mass of black mould lay directly across the innermost circle; on examining it closely, I found it was a prostrate giant of the forest, which, most likely, overthrown by a tempest many years ago, had lain there, neglected by men, till it had rotted completely away, and had been converted into dark rich mould. The wood-cutters were hard at work all around, and behind the trunk of a fallen beech-tree I found my host, reposing with his sluith hounds beside him, and my fellow sportsmen lying on the ground waiting for our arrival. Having related our several adventures, we hastened home to breakfast, to which, though composed of nothing more palatable than sour bread, *Leber-wurst* (pig's liver sausage), and potato brandy, we did ample justice.

Having thus refreshed the inward man, we lay down to rest for a few hours, having still much work before us. About three o'clock we again made our appearance, and finding that coffee would not be ready till four, we spent the interval in practising at the target. A little before five we once more sallied forth, and, after a walk of about an hour and a half, we parted company, and took up our posts at distances of about half a mile apart. Our object was not this time to pursue the game, but to lie in wait for it. The stags which have been in their lairs, sheltered from the heat of the sun during the day, come out towards evening to browse, and the practised hunter soon discovers their favourite feeding-places.

I took up my position under the shade of a wide-spreading oak, and as knowing that I should have upwards of an hour to wait, I lay down on the grass, lighted my pipe, and took out "Hyperion," that dreamy production of Longfellow's, to while away the time. My attention was, however, soon aroused from earthly to heavenly beauties. The day had been intensely hot and sultry, black clouds had gathered in large masses in the sky, and under the influence of a light breeze were driving rapidly in the direction of the wood. The thunder, which had been growling in the distance, became louder and more distinct, and the lightning changed from a faint and sickly glare, to bright vivid and forked flashes; a few minutes, and the wind which I had seen gently waving over some fields of long grass, on the opposite side of the river, came rustling through the branches above my head, gathering strength in its progress, and marking its passage by clouds of dust, withered leaves, and broken branches of dead wood. Without a moment's warning, the rain descended in torrents, wetting me to the skin; heavy clouds darkened the air, lightning shot in vivid flashes through the sky, and the thunder rattled over head like the report of a thousand cannons. In half an hour all was again peaceful and calm, the setting sun was tinging with gold the edges of the fast-receding clouds, and, save the droppings of the rain from the well-washed trees and a few prostrate branches, there was no sign of the storm that had passed over us.

This evening disappointment again awaited me; nothing came in my way, and wet and weary I reached home in time to dress for supper. A roast hare was our *pièce de résistance* to-night; and to it, and a dish of beautiful potatoes, dressed in the Irish fashion, with their skins on,

I paid my undivided homage ; a bottle of beer and a pipe wound up our frugal repast.

The forester passed the greater part of the evening in recounting feats of his own dexterity, or wonderful exploits of fathers, brothers, and cousins ; but as one-half of them was totally apocryphal, and the other so highly coloured that even his own well-trained wife raised her eyes in wonder, I will spare the reader a repetition of them. When he had had a fair swing of egoism, and his vanity had been thoroughly satisfied by some well-timed compliments, the conversation became more general and more agreeable, and I gleaned much information on hunting and forest matters. The game in this wood consists of stags, roebucks, wild boars, foxes, hares, badgers, and an occasional wild cat or otter. The usual way of hunting all these, except the badger and otter, is with beaters, who, entering at one part of the forest, proceed with the wind towards the hunters who have previously been placed in a line at some distance by the *Jagdmeister*, or director of the hunt. Each hunter carries his rifle, or double-barrelled gun, sometimes both, and the beaters, with hooting, whistling, and wooden clappers, frighten the game, which, in the attempt to escape, generally rushes through the line of sportsmen. Great care must be taken that the wind blows *from* the beaters *to* the hunters ; but the scent of all game, especially of wild boars, is so keen, that they detect the presence of a man by this means much more readily than by the eye or ear. If the underwood is very thick, or the *Revier* is large, the beaters let loose the dogs ; the startled game rush headlong forwards, and *fall* before the rifle of the skilful sportsman.

In this manner immense numbers of hares and foxes are shot ; the stags, roebucks, and boars escape more easily, as it is against the law to fire at them with anything but ball. This humane law, I am sorry to say, like all other game and forest regulations, is now a dead letter ; and the consequence is that the true sportsman often wastes his skill on poor wretched animals whose bodies are riddled with shot, and who show by their worn and wasted carcasses how much they must have suffered. In the *Treib-Jagd* (or beater-shooting) a stray woodcock is often brought down : these birds make a short visit to this country in spring, and another in autumn, but are never known to encounter the severe cold of a German winter. The tyro has two great points to keep in his mind ; first, not to shoot the beaters, an accident which has not unfrequently occurred, and, secondly, to ascertain the exact line in which his brother-sportsmen stand, and never to fire in that direction. I have often been out with a party of from twenty to fifty, who are all under the direction of the forester ; he gives his orders to the beaters, assigns his post to each of the hunters, and selects the ground for the chase. The sportsman, as he is placed, takes off his cap to his neighbour on each side, to show his exact position, and when the beaters are through they pick up the dead, and all together make for the rendezvous, guided by the horn of the *Jagdmeister*.

A picturesque sight now presents itself,—the tired beaters, of all ages, from ten to sixty, lying on the ground devouring black bread wholesale, and passing round bottles of *Schnapps*, a kind of coarse ill-flavoured potato brandy : the eager huntsmen crowding round the slain, examining the antlers of some noble stag, or turning a fat roebuck on its side the better to criticise the shot which has laid it low ; some novice hurrying in with a hare or a fox in his hand which he tosses

on the heap with a conscious and self-satisfied air ; whilst the luckless wights who have missed their game, or not had a shot at all, look on with envious eyes, and the dogs lick the blood from the wounds, or looking up eagerly to their masters, snatch, before it reaches the ground, the well-picked bone, or the morsel of bread. A few minutes' grace is generally allowed, and mysterious case bottles, and suspicious-looking paper parcels emerge from the various *Ranzen*, which like the "possible sack" of the Mexican trapper, seems to contain a miscellaneous assortment of almost everything under the sun. I have seen powder, shot, a hair-brush, razors, sausages, and a night-cap, wads, brandy, cigars, bread, a book, tobacco, and a *Punch*, with many minor articles emerge from this hunter's best friend. After a short breathing time the pipes and cigars are lighted, a few of the beaters are detached to carry off the spoil, and the rest of the company, hunters under their leader, and beaters under theirs, go off to their different posts again, to reassemble when the chase is done. I know nothing more tantalising than to stand at one's post, whilst crack, crack, bang, bang, resounds on all sides, seeing nothing oneself ; the powers of hearing are stretched to their utmost tension, to catch the least rustling sound ; the eyes strained to detect the slightest movement in the grass or bushes. Then the rapturous feeling when some noble animal tumbles over after the sharp crack of your rifle, the excitement with which, with drawn knife, you rush forward to put an end to its misery, or if only a fox, lay it at your feet whilst you reload for the next chance. I may here mention that if any one moves from his stand to shoot a hare, he incurs a fine ; and that the etiquette of the chase is to leave all hares when shot, for the beaters to pick up when the drive is over. In the month of September many stags are shot by stealing close upon them when their loud bellowing or braying (*Schreien*) as it is termed in hunter's language, guides the sportsman to their haunts, and their dulled senses render them more easily approachable. Some hunters like to lie concealed among the bushes, or screened behind a tree watching for the stags as they come forth at evening to feed ; but to me it was far pleasanter to roam through the woods in summer, with my well-stored *Ranzen* on my back, my rifle under my arm, my eyes and ears on the alert for my prey, sometimes strolling through the rich green glades with which the woods abound, or by the side of the impetuous ever-speaking stream, or again diving into the depths of the gloomy sunless forest, where solitude becomes sublimity. This, to me, is the perfection of a sportman's life ; an ardent lover of Nature, I enjoyed it, undisturbed by the coarse jests, or uncongenial fellowship of a large hunting party. If weary I could sit down alone, and quietly dose over my pipe, lose myself in the rich poetry, or wild tale of some favourite author, build castles in the air (that unwearied "pleasure for the million") or gaze in rapt delight on some wide-spreading view or grassy bank at my feet, spangled with the thousand hues of countless wild flowers.

One day, the *Pfarrer* or curate of the neighbouring village, called with his wife, and my friend was asked to play on his violin to amuse them ; no sooner had he finished, than the poor curate, who had never heard such divine sounds before, rushed forward with clasped hands, vowing that were he even a roebuck or a stag instead of a man, such sounds would draw him headlong to his destruction. *Wie heisst der Kerl, der in den alten Zeiten so gut spielte ?* (What is the name of the

fellow who played so beautifully in the olden times?) exclaimed the Forester. "*Hercules nicht wahr?*" (was it not Hercules?) "*Gott bewahr!*" (God forbid!) retorted the *Pfarrer*, "it was Pylades." The forester stood up manfully for Hercules, my friend laid down his instrument in disgust, and seeing that a battle royal was likely to ensue, I thought it time to save the memory of poor Orpheus and restore peace, if I could not harmony. We retired early to bed, for we meant to be off betimes next morning; I had as yet shot nothing, and my friend only a doe, so as we had only one day left, we determined to work hard.

At half past two o'clock, the sleepy servant entered our rooms with a light, and our freshly greased shoes, and in a moment we were up; plunged our heads and hands in water, and having swallowed a cup of coffee set off with our faithful lantern-bearer; from three o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon we worked hard, but in vain; and as a last resource the forester consented to beat what he called his *Liebings-platz*, the celestial hunting-ground of his imagination, the spot which he had fixed on for his grave. There were only four of us, consequently we were placed at long distances apart, the beaters and all the dogs were turned into the *Revier*, and in a short time we heard an occasional snappish bark, growing by degrees louder, and more prolonged, till at length all the dogs were in full cry. I was placed on an eminence, and could see that a fine stag had been driven from his lair; more than once he stopped, stamped violently on the ground, tore up the earth with his antlers, made a rush at the dogs, and then again, wearied by their baiting, set off in full career. At length, worried on all sides, the stag made straight up the hill and direct for the spot where I stood; as he came rushing past me, I discharged my rifle, and saw at once that my ball had taken effect; the wound seemed but to give him fresh vigour, he turned again down the hill, forcing his way through a thick plantation of young trees, with as much ease as I should have done through a field of standing corn, and rushed on at a desperate pace for about a mile, hotly pursued by the dogs, who at length seized him by the throat, and pulled him to the earth.

How I longed for the powers of an artist to depict the scene! On a small green slope, on the borders of the wood, the stag lay on his side, the weary dogs licking the blood which flowed freely from the wound. The hunters were seated on the ground, smoking their pipes, whilst a group of peasants, who had been attracted to the spot, were preparing a sort of rude frame-work of branches on which to carry the animal to the forester's house. Behind us, on the mountain side, the wood stretched out as far as the eye could see, here and there darkened by the shadow thrown by some fitting cloud; the river wound its rapid way in the foreground, and close to us a mountain stream, conducted through the green slope, turned the wheels of a little corn-mill, about two or three hundred yards from where we lay. I was now perfectly satisfied; all the weariness of the day's work was gone, and I felt as fresh as when I had set out in the morning. When we sat down to supper that evening, the forester's niece insisted on binding a garland of oak leaves and roses round my right arm, a ceremony I found always performed after the shooting of the first stag.

The next morning we started for home, and it was with true regret that I took leave of our kind and simple-hearted hosts. We arrived late in the evening at home, having gained much pleasure and health by our wanderings in a German forest.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

THE GREAT KALAMOOZOO HUNT.—A STORY OF MICHIGAN.

BY A NEW YORKER.

ON the morning of the hunt I got out of bed about half an hour after daylight, and went down into the boss's office, or room, or whatever he called it, to see if he was up; but when I came to look round, blessed if he'd been to hum all night! There stood the bed jist as it is in the day time, looking as much like a book-case as it could, and everything else all natural. So thinks I to myself, thinks I, per'aps he's down to the major's. Well, so down I went, and there, sure enough, he was, and about a dozen others, jist up. That is, they had jist rolled off the benches on which they had slept all night. I tell you what, that party *did* look streaky.

"Hallo!" says old Haines to the boss, "how are you, old fellow? Pleasant dreams last night, hey?"

"Curse that rum sling! there was too much sugar in it, which leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth this morning. How is 't with you, hey?"

"For heaven's sake!" said the boss, "don't croak so, Tom, don't. You'll drive me mad with your cursed din. Be a Christian once in your life, and just knock the bar-keeper up, and let 's medicine."

Well, old Haines was a Christian that time, and after all the party had took a drink, except the boss (for he took two, the first being too sweet), the fellows got together their shooting-traps, and made ready to be off. So the boss he gets up on a chair and makes them a speech, telling each one as how he should go, and says he, "as Haines and myself are about half of each other, I reckon we'll jine, make one, and go together this time." They all agreed, and started off, leaving the boss, Haines, and me at the major's.

"Now," said the boss, "suppose we licker ag'in, and then fill that case-bottle up there," p'inting to one in the bar, "and be off too."

"Agreed," said old Haines. So I filled the bottle with cider-brandy, and off we went for Long Swamp.

There wasn't anything of particular account as occurred while we were making for the swamp, except the boss would lag behind and take a sly pull at the case-bottle, when he thought old Haines wouldn't see. So all went on very quiet until we arrived down at the north end. "Now," says old Haines, "suppose, 'squire, we drink fust, and load afterwards?"

"Exactly," said the boss.

So they took a drink apiece, and old Haines went to work loading up his old big bore, with as much care as a gal fixes herself when she slicks up. Well, after he had got the ball home, he took a squint at the priming, and then you should have heard how he took on. I vow to man, I thought he'd strike the boss. Some fellow had taken the powder out of his horn and put in *black sand*; and that wasn't the worst of it, they sarved the boss jist the same!

"What's to be done now?" asked the boss, after Haines had blowed himself out.

"Well," said he, "I don't know any better way than to keep down the middle of the swamp until we meet with some of the boys, get some ammunition of them, and then strike off on our own account."

So we tramped along down the edge of the swamp till we came to a track, when we turned in Ingin file, and kept on about a mile or so, climbing over stumps, wading through mud-holes, tearing through cat briers, and stumbling among bogs, and at last found ourselves in an open piece about a pole across, which was perfectly dry, with two large oak trees standing some ten feet apart.

"Hold on, Haines," says the boss, "let's pull up here and take some grub. You aint had any breakfast, nor I neither; so you take that tree and I'll take this, and we'll eat and rest a bit."

"Agreed," said Haines. "There aint much use of going too fast, and we might as well pull up a bit here as not. 'Squire, suppose we liquor?"

Well, old Haines and the boss sat down, and I fixed the things for them, not forgetting to leave the bottle; and, thinks I to myself, I reckon I'll start on a piece and look after some of the boys. So on I goes for about a two or three miles, without seeing anything of any of them; and beginning to feel tired, I turned round and put back agin. Well, when I got, as I thought, about where I left the boss and Haines, I heard a kind of growling and rustling, as if there was pigs huntin' after acorns. Holloa, says I to myself, what's this? I'll jist peep in the brush and see what it is. So I turns in out of the track, and by gosh! if there wasn't the boss behind one tree, and old Haines behind another, each *dodging a bear*. Holloa! says I, this is a fix! What's to be done now? So I hides behind a thick ivy bush, and looks on a spell;—but I had to laugh. There stood the boss behind a tree, with his legs one side and his head t'other, and whenever the bear would make a pass at him round one way, he dodged round the other; while old Haines kept his head a-going from one side to the other, and danced round and back jist as if he weighed one stone in place of eighteen.

"Curse me!" said old Haines to the boss, when his bear kept still a moment, and gin him a chance to breathe—"if this work keeps on much longer, if I don't have to give up. I can't stand it, by all that's holy. Holler, 'Squire, for I can't, and see if you can't bring that — boy back."

"I can't holla, Haines, I can't," said boss, "the animal is so infernally bent on grabbing my leg. Good Lord, he liked to have had me that time! Try, Haines, yourself!—do, there's a good fellow! That animal after you aint a *she* one, but mine is, I know, by its being so infernal artful. Ugh! you bitch!" said the boss, shaking his fist at the one as was after him, as she stood on her hind legs, grabbing at him round the tree, with her head half way round, to see exactly where he was.

"Can't we change trees?" asked Haines, "for I've got tired running round one way, and the cursed brute won't alter the track."

"Hey! hollo! hey!" sung out the boss for me, "ho, hoop, ha," and by gosh, while he turned up his eyes as if to holla louder, the bear give him a dig with her paw in the seat of his pantaloons, and carried away drawers and all. "Oh!" said the boss, and he put one hand behind to feel what damage was done, and darted round t'other side quicker. "Curse me if I keep this position much longer,

Haines! I'll take the path and make a run for it! This is playing bo-peep with a vengeance! It's altogether too exciting to be pleasant; a pretty position for the editor of the 'Advocate and Journal' to be placed in—a dodging bears round chestnut-trees! curse me if I can stand it any longer."

But Haines hadn't any time to attend to what the boss was saying, for t'other bear kept him on the move, so that he was all eyes, and no care for anything else; and the two kept dodging and twisting, and heading off each other with great alertness and perseverance.

"I wish I had a slight drop of something," said the boss to himself, for there was no use talking to Haines; he hadn't time to answer. "I think I could keep this up somewhat longer, but without something strengthening I must knock under, that's a fact. No editor of flesh and blood could do it, and what's more, curse me if I do!" He went on getting wrathful. "Look here, Haines! I tell you what, this can't last much longer without coming to some pass or other."

"I, too, Katey," replied Haines; "but may I never taste anything stronger than water if I don't think we've come to a pretty considerable pass already. Here I am scouting round this infernal tree, first on one side then t'other, dodging here and there, headed off and chased round, making myself a cursed jenny-spinner, dry as —, and as hot as thunder, and you yelling out to me to get you out of jist sich a fix as I am in myself. Curse the bitch, why don't you—ah! why don't you meamerise her!"

But it wasn't any use for them to get wrathful: the bears didn't give them time to get in a passion, for it takes the boss and Haines ten minutes to fire up strong when they talk politics; and as they were just at that time, they didn't get a minute even to think.

Well, after I had looked out for about fifteen minutes or so, and seed the boss begin to get desperately frightened, and looking all fired-tired, thinks I, I heard a gun back north some time ago; I guess I'll try and hunt up that fellow, and get him to come and shoot one of these varmints, so as to get our boss out of the scrape. So back I went, and in half an hour I found old Bullet poking around among a parcel of gorse and furze, looking after a partridge that he had killed when I heard his gun go off. As soon as I told him how matters stood with the boss and Haines, he loaded right up, and started away like a fire-engine under a full head of steam, and made tracks straight a-head, without steering clear of anything.

Bullet drove on so fast, that when we came up to where the old 'uns were, I was so all-fired blowed that I hadn't wind enough left to laugh. There they was, just as I had left them, dodging and sliding round, and the bears growling and snapping like all natur. Old Haines had got so warm that he had pulled off his cravat, coat, and waistcoat, and had unbuttoned his shirt at the neck and wristbands, awaiting a chance to duck his head and get that off too. I verily believe that, fat as he is, he did think of climbing the tree, just to vary the amusement. As for the boss, he was jerking his head from one side to the other, just like that Dutch figure on cousin Sally's mantel-piece; and I do believe if he had kept on for about an hour more, he wouldn't have had a hair left on his scalp. He's a little bald on top as it is.

As soon as we got near enough I hollered out to old Haines, so as he might know there was somebody nigh at hand; and as soon as ever he

seed Bullet with his gun, didn't the old fellow look glad, and for fear Bullet would want to poke fun at him, and keep him dodging a little longer, you ought to have heard him try to petition and pray. But it wouldn't do; if ever he learned how, he'd forgot I reckon, though he never had any schooling in that line.

"Oh, Bullet," says he, "if you ever heer'd minster Damenhall tell about the next world, and you have a look to be saved, and—just think about my da'ter to hum, and the old woman, though you needn't lay any great stress on her in particular. You know, Bullet, we don't know where we may go to. Oh! Lord, look down on Bullet—I mean the 'Squire and I—and give us grace—(why don't you fire, you cursed fool? Do, that's a good fellow)—and the Squire will ever pray. May we live so as to look forward—(Bullet, I'll give you a pint of apple-jack the very minute I get back to the Major's, if you'll only fire quick)—and may our hearts be bound up with grace—(why, in the name of —, don't you blow this brute's brains out, and be cursed to you? I'll lick you like thunder, I will!). For all our past sins be merciful—(I'll let you off that quarter you owe me, Bullet)—that we may live a godly, righteous, and sober—or at least moderate—life; preserve us, oh Lord."

I don't know whether the old fellow could have gone on any longer, but I hadn't a chance to know, for Bullet, who had got into thick cover, drew upon the varmint, and put a ball clean through its head. The other one scampered off as soon as he heard the report, and was hunted up next day, and killed by Bill Winkle.

The very moment the boss and Haines found themselves clear, down they both dropped, clean gone. The boss fainted, and so would old Haines have done, but he couldn't; and besides, he was so busily engaged in cursing Bullet, and calling for a drink of something, he hadn't time. We had a bad time bringing the boss to, and he appeared a good deal flighty when we got him so as he could walk home. As for Haines, he swore he'd set two niggers to rubbing him down with ile the very minute he got hum, or else he'd be as stiff as a spavined horse next day.

When we arrived in town we all went to the Major's, but we couldn't keep the boss long, for he took on dreadfully. Some said he was crazy, some said he was wild drunk,—the Major said that he thought perhaps the fright had slightly turned his brain; whereupon old Haines, who was getting near about considerably tight, said as how that couldn't be, because the boss had stood the wear, tear, and racket, when the fellow came on from York to dun the boss for a bill of paper as he owed to one in that city, and said he, "if he could stand such a cursing as that was, burn my skin if all the bears this side of the York line, and west of the Rocky mountains, would be able to shake one single nerve in his whole body!"

However, be the cause what it may, the boss is clean gone,—stark mad,—and the schoolmaster has had to take his place.

THE PRAISE OF SMOKING,

BY H. J. WHITLING.

What it is to be a German?—The art of Thinking fully exemplified.—The sad effects of eating an Apple!

READER, I am a German! Lest, however, you should not happen to know what it is to be a German, and I, in consequence, become misunderstood, the term must be explained. To be a German, then, is, first and foremost, to be a *smoker*—in other words a *thinker*—necessarily therefore a *philosopher*—which, being again interpreted, only means much more of a *dreamer* than a *doer*. Mind! I do not consider this last-named characteristic, taken *per se*, as by any means either uncommon, or peculiar to the Germans; on the contrary, I believe that most people in the world are far more given to *dreaming* than *doing*—to *thought* rather than to *action*. This, however, like everything else, has its good side. Indolence—call it, if you will, inactivity—is the grand Pacific Ocean of life, into whose stagnant abyss the good and the bad oftentimes alike fall and have their end. It is a sort of moral Dead Sea, wherein, if the most salutary things produce no benefit, the most pernicious, on the other hand, produce no evil. The fact is, there are thousands, nay, perhaps millions, who want energy, for one who wants motive; and dreamy sloth, take my word for it, has prevented the active operation of as many vices in some minds, as of virtues in others. In this respect the Germans are the first people in the world—at least so they say—and I'm sure they think so. But the distinction can only be arrived at by the gentle gradations I have already pointed out; the whole, however, being based upon smoke—for I am fully persuaded that the marked inferiority of the rest of the world arises solely from their inability to smoke as the Germans do. Since the days of Hume and Porson in England, and a few other equally glorious exceptions elsewhere, it has ever been considered indisputable that smoking induces thought, and thought philosophy, and philosophy that dreamy state of mind or intellect which elevates its possessor far above the Clouds of Aristophanes, or the seventh heaven of Mahomet, or even the dwelling-place of Him who is exalted far above either.

Not that merely blowing clouds of smoke will ever make a nation great. It is only to be regarded as an important element in their greatness! The Turk, to whose prophet I have just now so respectfully alluded, he also smokes. But how unlike the German! It is of no pure inhaling. He, like his celestial brother of the moon, puts opium into his pipe and smokes that, and then fancies he is *thinking*. But they are self-deceivers both. Their dreams are mere torporific illusions, and, until very lately, as testified by one or two recent treaties, of no use whatever to themselves, or to anybody else.

The Indian, it is true, enjoyed the weed long before the German; but though he notoriously grew the best tobacco, he never seems to have had anything else worth thinking about, till he began to negotiate with the pale-faced stranger, who so abominably hounded him with brandy, that since that time he has never been able to think about anything at all, except perhaps "the bones of his fathers," for which

uncivilized remains the more enlightened portion of the world naturally entertain not the slightest regard.

Then the Dutch! I had almost forgotten them. They smoke also. But, ye gods! does it inspire them with "thought expansive" like the Germans? No. Here the natural and reasonably to be expected transition is at once broken; the sequence signally and entirely fails. In vain do we seek in their heads the anticipated influence.

To be, however, a *smoker, thinker, philosopher, dreamer*, at one and the same time—this, this it is to be a German! And, doubtless, this powerful combination it is that so wonderfully distinguishes the German above all other nations of the world. For my own part, however, I sometimes fear that I am *not* a true German, for I find myself failing in many of those outward and visible signs by which he may generally be distinguished. For instance, I cannot hate and despise the Jew—an acknowledged Christian duty of every German. I cannot eat peas with a knife, or pick my teeth with a fork; neither can I handle either of those useful instruments as the bandit handles his dagger, or *Le petit tambour* his drumstick! Then for the moral qualifications. I cannot philosophise, though I have often tried; and as to dreaming, I dream but very, very little, and then, mostly, after an over-late or over-loaded supper of sauer kraut and sausages! I have, however, studied, a little, the art of smoking—everything is *studied* in Germany. I am rather given to observation; and, at times, I verily believe I have caught myself thinking in a way not altogether discreditable to my country. Therefore, there is, perhaps, a rational ground of hope that, in my case, philosophising and dreaming will, in due time, be respectively attained.

Meanwhile, it is something to be able to think. This you must allow. And yet I declare—although as one of "a nation of thinkers" I must, of course, value the inborn prerogative—I often ask myself whether thought is for mankind, a benefit or misfortune? All continental governments—and they certainly ought to know best—unite in affirming the latter; and, considering the consequences its exercise has brought upon themselves, they are no doubt right in doing all they can to prevent the use of anything so dangerous.

The question may indeed be asked as regards mankind in general—what good comes of all their thinking? They break their own heads with problems, and occasion the breaking of other people's heads with brickbats, but still the world goes on its own way. In my opinion, therefore, he who does not think at all, or, thinking, thinks about nothing, has much the best of it. He is contented with himself and the world, and the world is contented with him. He is not disturbed by the past, the present he does not understand, and for the future! what is it to him? But look for a moment on the man who can perform no act himself, or witness the performance of any act by others,—who can touch nothing, taste nothing, handle nothing; or see anything touched, tasted, or handled, without trying its merits and character at the bar of that secret police agent, reflection—such a one not only plagues himself perpetually, but often embitters the life of his neighbours. He who is addicted to this kind or habit is liable to have his mind sent wandering and his thoughts troubled even by the most trivial circumstance. For instance, he is perhaps eating a biscuit or a halfpenny roll, and straightway he begins to think of corn tillage, the plough, the flail, and the windmill. The windmill

naturally brings to mind Don Quixote and Cervantes, from which the transition flows easily on to Spanish literature and the Spanish Inquisition. This is the melancholy result of mere ordinary thinking when uncontrolled. Some extraordinary thinkers, however, there are, whose vagaries in this way often bring them unawares upon subjects of still sadder contemplation.

One of these perhaps bursts a button-hole, or tears the skirt of his coat, and he instantly begins to think upon all things tearable, tearing, and torn; on German dynasties and German long suffering, which are now not only among the most *tearable* things, but actually *beginning to tear*, and then on poor *torn* Germany, whose lamentable rents a parcel of diplomatic tailors are now vainly endeavouring to patch together again. For myself, however, good reader, I am only as yet a very poor and imperfect smoker, and, as a natural consequence, a very poor and imperfect thinker.

Three days ago I received a present of some apples from a Jew in Fürth. On opening the basket to emancipate the well-secured prisoners, I was naturally led to think of Jewish emancipation, and of the consummate impudence of the Bavarian Upper Chamber in its barefaced appeal to England, forsooth, as an example for withholding it! This aptitude for misstatement, where prejudice is concerned, speedily brought to my recollection the too hastily made assertion of one portion of the English press, that "the only talent the Jew possesses is that of getting money." I was sorry to read this, and especially in a newspaper for whose opinions on other matters I confess entertaining the highest regard. I do not deny that ever since the memorable period when they borrowed those jewels and ear-rings of the Egyptians,—a sort of state loan, which, like many other state loans, Austrian, Spanish, Greek, and Mexican, was never returned,—the Jews have been very cunning dealers in gold and silver. But then they have other talents beside, talents that no napkin I ever yet saw would be large enough to conceal.

It is not necessary, thought I, while unpacking the rosy-cheeked Borstolörfer, to search the records of bygone days for testimony in favour of these our elder brethren (the *Jews*, I mean, not the apples), for though now in error and unbelief, *they are our brethren still*. The facts are before us, written out in characters brilliant and ineffaceable.

Who composed "Il Barbiere?"

Rossini—

A Jew!

Who is there that admires not the heart-stirring music of the "Hugonots" and the "Prophet?" The composer is

Meyerbeer—

A Jew!

Who has not been spell-bound by the sorcery of "Die Jüdin?" By

Halevy—

A Jew!

Who that, at Munich, has stood before the weeping Königs-paare, whose harps hang silently on the willows by the waters of Babylon, but has confessed the hand of a master in that all but matchless picture? The artist is

Bendemann—

A Jew!

Who has not heard of the able and free-spoken apostle of liberty?

Boerne—

A Jew!

Who has not been enchanted with the beautiful fictions of lyric poetry, and charmed with the graceful melodies, so to speak, of one of Israel's sweetest singers?

Heine—

A Jew!

Who has not listened in breathless ecstasy to the melting music of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream?" Who has not wept with "Elijah," prayed with "Paul," and triumphed with "Stephen?" Do you ask who created those wondrous harmonies?

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy! who, alas! that I must so write it, *was*—

A Jew!

These, however, are not the only reflections to which the basket of apples gave rise. The same day, after dinner, while eating one of them, I could not help thinking of the important part an apple has played in the world's history. I first thought of the German imperial apple (Reich's äpfel), whose golden exterior was only filled with bitter ashes, the fruit of deadened hopes from the Lake Asphaltes. Then came thoughts of that of Paris, an apple of discord which caused the loss of a queen, the fall of Troy, Homer's "Iliad," and consequently the plague and punishment of many a school-boy. I thought, too, of the apples of the Hesperides and the apples of Paradise, and then began to consider in what condition the world would probably have found itself if Eve (instead of the tree of knowledge) had eaten the fruit of the tree of life. Mankind would have wanted no apothecary, no medical man, no surgeon, no churchyard, and no life assurance companies; Morrison's pills, the water-cure, homeopathy, and allopathy, would have been alike unheard of; and the violent strife whether it be better to put one's fellow-creatures under the sword with too much or too little medicine, would have been unknown. There would have been no "Plutarch's Lives", nor any necrologists; no mourning relatives, no laughing heirs, no necessity for the daily cares and anxieties to sustain life. Even the German schoolmasters could have *lived*, and the Silesian weavers and the wretched Irish would not have *starved*. The breed of fine long-tailed black Flemish horses would probably have become extinct in England, for there would have been no funerals, no fashion in burials, no waste of means in parading the dead, no hearse, no solemn-faced rascal of an undertaker, and no still more rascally undertaker's bill; and, moreover, the venomous tongues of envy and slander would nowhere have had an opportunity of saying aught in detraction of the handful of dust that lies mouldering at their feet; we should have had no dishonest guardians, no heirs-apparent, no crown princes, no "Letters from the Dead;" there would have been no Desdemona slain through jealousy, no Romeo poisoned through love, and no mawkish bread-and-butter-cutting lady-lover, shooting himself, like Werther, from a puling sickening mixture of passion and foolery (the only exception I should be disposed to regret). Indeed, although the world might still have been a stage, we should at all events have had no tragedy, which would, however, have been a great impediment as well to poetical justice as to the poets themselves, who, long before the end of a five act piece, are not unfrequently much puzzled to know how comfortably to dispose of their creations. All would have been comedy, and we should have had no coward on the face of the earth, seeing that the display of courage would not have endangered life; we should have

had no military, and, as Cobden would say, consequently no wars, and consequently no war-offices, and consequently no such thing as military honour, and consequently no duels; and it is a question whether Berthold Schwartz would ever have discovered gunpowder; we should all have been undying ones; Cato's soliloquy would not have been written, and "To be or not to be" a question that would never have been spoken.

Thus would it have gone in the world if the first of all women had not yielded to temptation, and put forth her hand to that very pleasant-looking, but very equivocal fruit of the tree called knowledge. But she took it, and did eat, and now death in a thousand forms assails us. We die of *ennui* and impatience of having too much to do, and of doing nothing. We die in infancy, youth, manhood, and in old age. We die of cold and of heat—of anger, passion, and disappointed love: of hunger and thirst; of taking too much, and of taking too little; of a redundancy of bile, as well as of a deficiency of money. In a word, we are now poor dying mortals, swept away, some of us, by every passing breeze, and men and their doings are alike transitory. Yet is this thought not altogether without its consolation. If all things be mortal, then it necessarily follows that the Schleswig-Holstein question cannot endure for ever; neither the blockade of the Piræus; nor Russian intrigue in Greece and India; nor the betrayal and enslavement of Hungary; nor the crusade against freedom in the Caucasus; nor the present maps of Poland; nor the present condition of Ireland; nor the great plague-spot of the American Republic; nor the kingly compact against the liberty and unity of Germany. Then amongst mankind: the great corn-law agitator (to the protectionists' unspeakable comfort) is not immortal in the flesh any more than the Austrian midnight, or *mitternacht* (I never can spell that name) in the *spirit*! Nor Bombastes, the mighty king of the North, nor the weak representative of the imperial long-headed-dynasty of the South. Windischgracz and the star-bedizened hangman, *Haynau*, and other cold-blooded slaves of cruel despots. The *floggers of women*, and the wholesale and treacherous *assassins* of noble-minded men, will not cumber the ground for ever! Only their names and deeds will stand out-written—immortalized in that dread history for whose blood-stained pages they themselves have supplied the materials.

But hold, my fancy! whither wilt thou run? Said I not rightly that thinking will oftentimes embitter the hours of life? Ay, even to the shaming of one's "humanity." To be sure the fruitful text was, in this case, one full of fatality, and that which first introduced sin and sorrow into the world, could hardly be expected to afford any very pleasant matter of after contemplation. 'Tis enough! and the sad hue thus cast upon the hour, disinclines me to any further effort in this branch of intellectual industry. Gather from it what comfort ye may—for it has its good side—but let it serve as a warning to show to what sad lengths any man may be carried, who gives thought the rein, even while eating an *apple*!

LITERATURE.

The Life-Book of a Labourer; or, the Curate, with his Trials, Sorrows, Checks, and Triumphs. By Erskine Neale, M.A. 2nd. edition. Bentley: London. 1850.

The public were perfectly in the right in not suffering this amusing little work to die out with a first impression; yet, good as the first was, the second edition is better, through a very careful revision, and several new narratives in the place of others of an ephemeral interest. The result, however, of these is, that the title of the book gives no adequate indication of its contents; for, instead of detailing the drudgery and ill-paid toils of a pallid and ever-ailing curate, it is filled with numerous anecdotes and interesting stories of various public characters. "The fastidious Parish," and "The rough Clergyman," glance, indeed, at a curate's trials; but such are not the things that weigh down the curate's physical strength to the earth, or that depress and grieve and vex his soul.

One of the most curious of the tales is that of Nelson's widow and Nelson's daughter. According to this, Pettigrew's "*Memoirs of Viscount Nelson*" are, as regards *them*, little else than apocryphal. Nelson's widow resided for many years after her husband's death at a watering-place in Devonshire, and was very intimate with a relative of the author, with whom he then resided. He knew her, in consequence, intimately, and he describes her to be as opposite as possible to what the biographers of Lord Nelson, one and all, have represented her. They report her as cold, heartless, without affection, jealous, irritable, and ill-tempered; Mr. Neale, on the other hand, asserts that she was gentleness itself—warm-hearted, self-denying, and of boundless generosity. Nothing, however, can be more opposed to each other than the respective statements of Messrs. Neale and Pettigrew, on the subject of Nelson's daughter. Mrs. Ward herself considers Mr. Pettigrew wholly in error in what he has said respecting her; and in refutation of what he has written, on the supposition that she was Lady Hamilton's daughter, she refers, or rather Mr. Neale refers, to a correspondence which she held with Mr. Hazlewood, who was the confidential adviser of Lord Nelson, and the depository of all his secrets; and who positively asserts that he perfectly well knew who her mother was, and who she now is, but that having pledged himself never to reveal the secret, he could do no more than assure her, that, although Lord Nelson was her father, Lady Hamilton was not her mother. But we must refer to Mr. Neale's book for the details.

"The Ghost Story" describes a very common incident in the Devonshire seaside villages a few years since; and the "Church Commission Story," or something very like to it, we can fully understand, from what we know of Leicestershire, to have actually happened. "The Bothered Baronets," and "The Clergyman Alchemist," are less probable; but, after all, nothing that is imagined ever equals in strangeness that which has happened. There is a moral in the story of Dr. Hawker and Mrs. Jordan, which, however, we are not sure the author intended his tale to convey; it would be eminently useful, nevertheless, to not a few of the clergy of Dr. Hawker's school, who are ever ex-

posing themselves, by their vanity and restlessness, to the risk of being hoaxed in a like manner, and who will leave, as Dr. Hawker did, their own parish, and the people over whom they are alone appointed to minister to and to preach, and travel six hundred miles, as he did, in the vain-glorious hope of making a titled proselyte to their opinions. But there are very many that may be instructed by the "Life Book of a Labourer;" many to whom the reading of "Arnsby" would do good, and equally "The Grave of Byron," and "Laud's Church Yard." The tales are brief, but they are of great interest, and their moral is excellent.

Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century. By Julia Kavanagh. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

In spite of her Salic Law, France has, perhaps, been more under the dominion of women than any other nation. No doubt, both good and evil have resulted from this: which has predominated forms no part of our inquiry. Miss Kavanagh, whose beautiful *novelette*, "Madeleine," would predispose us to welcome any new production from her pen, has chosen for her present theme the influence of women near indeed to us, but widely different in character. She may not have been quite so successful in her new subject, which has necessarily been a task of compilation, while it follows in the wake of several publications that have recently treated of the same period of French history; but it possesses attractions for most readers, for there are few who have not a liking for French memoirs, more especially when they respect the many remarkable persons of the gentler sex who have held such sway in circles whether political, literary, or social.

It was not easy to give an account of the women of France, many of whom have at once adorned and disgraced their country, without offending correct taste; but in this Miss Kavanagh has shown a just discretion, for not only is there nothing in the work before us to which the most fastidious could take exception, but no undue homage is paid to talent, rank, or beauty, at the expense of virtue.

Many materials exist for the extension of the work, and we hope Miss Kavanagh may be encouraged to pursue the subject. The present volumes, which are graced with eight fairly executed engravings, contain sketches, among others, of Madame du Maine, the Countess Verrue, Madame de Lambert, the Nun Tencin, Madame de Prie, Madame de Ferriol, Mademoiselle Aissé, Madame de la Popelinière, Madame de Mailly, Mesdames de Vintimille, De Chateauroux, Du Chatelet, D'Epinay, Du Deffand, De Pompadour, Du Marchais, Du Barry; of Marie-Antoinette, the Maréchale of Luxembourg, Madame de Beaumont, Madame Necker, Madame de Genlis, Madame de Montesson, Madame de Staël, Madame Roland, and Charlotte Corday.

Here is an assemblage of beauty, wit, and female heroism, perhaps not to be surpassed in the world! Well might our author remark, that women such as these "ruled society, as women of the world; the empire of letters, as patronesses of the fine arts; the state, as favourites and advisers of kings. They gave the tone to feeling, philosophy, and thought. Their caprice made wars, and signed treaties of peace. They hastened the fall of a monarchy, and the outbreak of the greatest revolution of modern times."



THE LADDER: GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER IV.

Full of Miscellaneous Business.

It must not be supposed that because Mr. Rawlings accompanied his daughter occasionally to the Opera, and other fashionable convocations, he was giving way to the temptations of high life, and neglecting the primary concern of money-making. On the contrary, it helped him to make more money than ever. The scheme of a great career in London includes a vast deal of hard work in the way of publicity. Mr. Rawlings was alive to that important necessity. His private opinion of Italian music, and the poetry of motion, would not have justified the expenditure of much time or money upon either; but the outlay was amply remunerative as a puff collusive. To be seen in all places where people of wealth and consideration showed themselves, and to have his name, like his railways, quoted in the newspapers, was a part of the machinery by which he worked. Whoever would thrive out of the common course—be his speciality Politics or Pills, Solids or Bubbles—must advertise himself with indefatigable industry. Half the secret of success is notoriety. What do the Million know of the exact merits of Moses or the Magic Strop? Nothing at all; only that they knock up against them at every corner, can't look at a dead wall without being invited to "try" them, or walk the streets without having their greatness thrust into their hands. And so Moses and the Magic Strop heap up pyramids of cash, while many Strops and Moseses are born to starve unadvertised, and waste their genius in the obscure by-streets and blind allies of the bewildering metropolis.

Mr. Rawlings had an object in view beyond that of enhancing his position as the Lion of the Share-market. He aimed also at getting the Lion's share for his daughters in a market of another kind. His ambition, as it is in the nature of ambition to do, soared above his prosperity. He had risen with his opportunities, and was equal to them. He saw coronets and stars and

badges glittering round him, and eagerly wooing his favour. He saw that Money-Power is greater than Titular-Power, and can move at its will the wires of the conventional pageant. And the more familiar he became with the Patrician world, which at a distance looks so grand and authoritative, the more he felt how weak and foolish it grows when it comes crawling round the feet of Moloch. And Richard Rawlings resolved to turn this folly and weakness to the profit side of his ledger under the head of high alliances for his daughters.

As yet he took little thought of Clara's settlement. She was making conquests by the score, and was untouched by any of them, and the safer course was to leave her for a time to herself. The case was different with Margaret, whose sensibility and plastic nature exposed her to a hundred dangers from which Clara was exempt. It was not enough merely to protect Margaret against the hazard of choosing for herself, but to give her the advantages of his own experience by choosing for her—that grave function which some fathers think they can discharge successfully without much reference to their daughters' inclinations. He accordingly noted all her actions with the keenest scrutiny, and soon discovered that there was an old childish regard existing between her and Henry Winston, which, under favourable circumstances, might ripen into an attachment, a consummation at which his prudence took serious alarm. While he determined, therefore, that she should not be thrown in the way of a young man who was cast on the world without a profession, and who had no better prospects than the limited competence of an obscure private gentleman, he omitted no convenient occasion of asking Lord Charles Eton to his house. But Rose Winston had just been invited by the ladies to spend a few weeks with them in Park Place, so that, in spite of all precautions to the contrary, Henry was in the house almost every day, although seldom at the hours when Mr. Rawlings was at home.

The numerous occupations of the member for Yarlton left him little leisure for the details of the domestic plans he had laid down. But he confided in the weight of his authority, and in the marked encouragement he gave to Lord Charles, who frequently dined with him, and was seldom at such times interfered with by the presence of Henry Winston. How that little comedy went forward in the drawing-room during the mornings while Mr. Rawlings was engaged with railway boards and committees of the House of Commons, and in the evenings when Lord Charles, whose attentions to Margaret speedily became conspicuous to the whole family, may be better understood than described. At present our business is with Mr. Rawlings, who is seated in his small library, busily engrossed over a heap of letters.

Dismissing them one after another, with rapidity, he comes to one which must contain something pleasant, for he reads it with a smile, and sets it apart from the rest. It runs as follows :

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Yarlton, 16th Sept.

" I HAVE a little favour to ask of you, which I hope you will excuse in a humble and admiring constituent, and old acquaintance, notwithstanding the discrepancy in our situations in life. In fact, I have often thought of writing to you, but, knowing that you have the affairs of the nation on your shoulders, I waited for a suitable opportunity. But you know, my dear sir, that at my age a man can't wait for the grass to grow, and business is not as favourable to me as it used to be, there are so many new lights and pretenders setting up in my line. The railroads have produced a complete metamorphosis in the vital statistics of this country, and if they have done good in some respects, they have done unaccountable mischief in others, and brought such shoals of competitors into Yarlton that the old inhabitants are entirely swamped. In my profession there are no less than three strange doctors, and four general practitioners, all within eight months; so that you may judge what physic is come to in Yarlton. I have made a calculation of the contingencies arising out of this deplorable state of things, and find, upon a close estimate that if all the inhabitants that are able to pay, were to fall sick for three months out of the twelve, and if every married woman under five-and-forty (for I don't much count on them after that) were to give a pledge of affection to her husband once a year, the net proceeds wouldn't average 150*l.* per annum, all round, to the medical men of the town. You may rely upon the accuracy of my figures, and you have my authority to make the appalling statement to the House of Commons. If I might take such a liberty with you, I would say that our legislators are sadly in want of such facts as these.

" Now, without some particular mark of distinction, a man in my walk (although 'Established thirty-five years' is staring them in the face over the door) has no chance against such odds, and it occurred to me that you could do me a great service very easily with your overwhelming interest. It is a delicate thing to write to you about, considering how deeply you are concerned in the railroads, but there are calamities, my dear sir, which no human power can avert; and certainly nobody could have foreseen that the railroads would have been attended with such loss of life, such frightful carnage, I may say, as we read of every day in the newspapers. This, of course, can't be obviated, I suppose; but I think it would give some confidence to the public if each line were placed under the care of a well-known medical practitioner, and it is to seek such an appointment that I have made this intrusion on your valuable time. It would set me at once above the heads of all these interlopers if I could put up over my window, 'Surgeon to the Great London and Yarlton Railway;' and I have a strong expectation that it would induce numbers to travel on the line that are at present deterred from doing so.

"Will you, my dear sir, turn this in your mind. I am sure the public would be for ever your debtor, not to speak of the obligation to me. I know it would be an arduous post at my time of life, but I do not shrink from my duty; and I should never have the happiness of attending on the mangled limbs of any of the unfortunate passengers without a feeling of satisfaction, that would bring its own reward.

"May I venture to ask after Mrs. Rawlings and the young ladies? I hope they are in the enjoyment of good-health—man's greatest blessing here below. That's my maxim with all my patients—it has been my load-star through life. Honesty, my dear sir, I always say is the best policy; and, although the times are as bad as they can be, my constant study is to keep my friends out of the doctor's hands. Hoping for an early response,

"I remain, &c.

Richard Rawlings, Esq.

"L. POGEY."

Poor Pogeys were evidently going down in the world as fast as Mr. Rawlings was rising in it; and his Utopian ideas about railroad conservation were not likely to break his fall. What could Mr. Rawlings do with this once round and merry philosopher, who had unfortunately survived the age of medical credulity, and been flung at last upon the hard times of iron facts and scientific progress? Pogeys had made a grand sweep of popularity in the golden era which preceded the fatal Apothecaries' Act; but since that time a new generation had sprung up, the Yarlton population, even to the believers in cauls and tar-water, had become more enlightened; younger men had pushed him from his stool, and the Widow Waters, and other gossips, who had acted as a faithful chorus to his uncertificated genius, were gathered to their grandmothers in the churchyard. To lift Pogeys up again to his former professional altitude, would have been as impossible as for Pogeys to reanimate the victims of the railroad. But Mr. Rawlings did all he could, which was to write a brief letter of regret to Pogeys, informing him that there was no such appointment at his disposal, but that if he could suggest any other that might be available, influence should be used to procure it.

And this letter went down to Yarlton, and being written off-hand by a man in the full tide of prosperity to one at the last ebb of fortune, seemed very dreary and heartless to its recipient, and set him thinking gloomily enough about the strange reverses and odd ups and downs of the world. The little parlour at the back of the dispensary looked dimmer and more desolate than ever that night; and its solitary tenant sat over that letter in a mood of dismal cogitation, reading it again and again, and trying to extract from the turn of its scanty words, and even from the hasty curves of the handwriting, some gleams of lurking kindness. Pogeys was constitutionally an optimist; but he had been latterly hoping so hard against hope that his vivacity in

that way was nearly extinguished, and it was a long time before he was able to see how he could make use of Rawlings' vague offer. How he did make use of it will appear by and by. In the meanwhile we must return to the library in Park Place.

On the day in question there was to be a general meeting of the shareholders of the London and Yarlton Railway, on which occasion a turbulent discussion was expected touching the financial management. In large bodies there are always some discontented spirits to be found, who are not satisfied with the flattering totals of a balance-sheet, but will insist upon suspecting that there must be some mystification in scientific summaries of accounts which they are not able to understand, and who, in the face of a flourishing dividend, will clamour for explanations which it is not always convenient for committees to supply. Mr. Rawlings had encountered many such under-currents of obstinate resistance, but his masterly control of difficulties enabled him to ride over them in triumph. It was remarked that every line with which he connected himself was up at a great premium; and as this uniform success invariably ensued upon his measures, it was naturally regarded as a test of the soundness of his judgment. Certainly such wonderful results could have been accomplished only by a singularly sagacious policy, or by some necromancy in the art of drawing up balance-sheets. The bulk of the public could not believe in such magic as this, and referred it all to the ability of Mr. Rawlings; but a captious minority, who had no faith even in the gains they pocketed, pretended to think that there must be a mystery somewhere, although they could not find it out.

At the head of this minority was Sir Peter Jinks, the bank director. Sir Peter was a man of considerable wealth, amassed as a merchant in the city of London. He belonged to that section of the mercantile community which stands as proudly and ostentatiously on the integrity and respectability of its transactions, as the aristocrat upon his quarterings. His position was in the fullest sense legitimate. No man could pick out a stain in his life. Sir Peter represented one of the great commercial cities in Parliament, and was a leading man in the House on all questions of trade and political economy. He set his face at the beginning against the railway mania, and predicted that it would end in a convulsion. By nature a hard, just man, the habits of a counting-house, where business was conducted on the strictest principles, had rendered him distrustful of all speculations and speculators. He had witnessed many commercial panics, had watched over many contractions and expansions of the circulating medium, and had arrived at certain conclusions which made him an uncompromising opponent to every agitation in the money market that threatened to disturb the regular course of business. From the outset of Richard Rawlings' parliamentary career, as a railway magnate, he had vigilantly observed his proceedings, taking upon himself, as a public duty, the task of tracing the rise,

progress, and end of what he regarded as a national delusion. In order that he might be the better enabled to pursue his investigations, he purchased shares in the Yarlton line and its dependencies, and narrowly scrutinized the manner in which the Committee discharged their functions. It was clear to him that they were mere puppets in the hands of the chairman; but so consummate was the skill with which the affairs of the company were managed, that, although he suspected the honesty of every item in the accounts, with all his experience and acuteness he could not detect a single flaw. Yet his doubts were not to be satisfied by a dexterous exhibition of figures, and he continued to hang on the track of Richard Rawlings like a blood-hound.

The eyes of this mercantile lynx had gleamed sometimes so piercingly upon Rawlings as to awaken him to the necessity of caution. But he had no suspicion of the full extent of Sir Peter's design. He only saw in him a shrewd man of business, who scrutinized the affairs of the line because he was personally interested in them, but who, as yet, had said very little openly about them. His reserve, however, did not deceive Richard Rawlings. That sagacious observer was always on his guard against men who, like himself, never take their spring till they are sure of their object.

A few more letters were opened and despatched, when Crikey Snaggs came into the library, and announced Mr. Michael Costigan.

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Rawlings.

Before Mr. Michael Costigan makes his appearance, we must say two or three words about him.

You had only to look at him, or hear him speak, to be assured that Ireland had the honour of giving him birth. He had the mellifluous brogue which is native to the neighbourhood of Limerick, a place where his ancestors flourished in stone castles long before the flood. The Costigans, descended from a line of kings, were rich in royal blood, but unfortunately in nothing else; and the present representative of that regal race was reduced to the necessity of living upon his wits. The railway mania brought up to the surface many gentlemen whose talents must otherwise have been buried in obscurity; and amongst them Mr. Michael, or as he was jocularly called, Mr. Mick Costigan, shone out conspicuously.

He belonged to no profession whatever. He scorned professions. He existed entirely under "skyeey influences," which spurned routine employment or business drudgery. But put him to any meteoric achievement, lying out of the ordinary system, and he carried everything before him. Being wholly irresponsible to himself, or to anybody else, he was the best man in the world for all kinds of eccentric negotiations and social forlorn hopes.

It would be difficult to convey to the uninitiated the exact nature of his connection with the great railway movement; but as the

railways entered largely into the history of the time, and Mr Costigan represented a new class of industry they called into existence, we must endeavour to describe his multifarious occupations.

Mr. Costigan had a large parliamentary acquaintance, selected chiefly out of that loose squadron of Irish members that used to skirmish so briskly on the outskirts of party questions. The grand thing in concocting the prospectus of a new railway was to get up a committee of apparent responsibility; and as the "promoters" were mostly scampish attorneys, who had no connections amongst reputable people, the services of Mr. Costigan, who always walked about with a list in his pocket of intimate friends, having what he called "handles" to their names, were inestimable. He could make out a committee in a twinkling; such a committee, too, of M.Ps., baronets, and honourables as came upon the innocent public like a blast of trumpets. To be sure it was only a nominal committee after all, the few names that had any substance attached to them being used without authority, and the rest being little more than the labels of wasted patrimonies, fit only to make tails for kites. But like a gaudy sign over an ill-furnished hostelry, it answered the temporary purpose of attracting flocks of customers. For the services thus rendered, Mr. Costigan was generally placed on the committee himself, with a batch of shares at his disposal, the payment for which was slurred over by a little private management. Sometimes when a bill was in progress he acted as a sort of flying parliamentary agent, an anomalous employment which we should despair of rendering intelligible by the most minute account of the sundry and complex intrigues it involved. At other times he was engaged in "rigging" the market. This ingenious process consisted of putting out upon the Stock Exchange a quantity of shares in an incipient line, and buying them up himself at a large premium, so as to secure a dazzling quotation in the next day's papers, a bait which the *gobe-mouches* were sure to swallow. Then he was of great value in the committees, for, although he never troubled his head about practical details, and knew nothing of local statistics or any of the other problems of geography and finance comprehended in a railway scheme, he had a gift of speech that bore down all opposition. Whenever a stormy meeting of shareholders was anticipated, Mr. Costigan was the whipper-in, with a leash of followers at his back and a bundle of proxies under his arm, prepared to beat down the clamour with a terrorizing majority. Such were the agencies by which the railway bubble was blown till it burst. The greatest statesmen have made use of worse instruments on weightier occasions, and Mr. Rawlings did not hesitate to avail himself of the many-sided dexterity of Mr. Michael Costigan.

When the door of the library opened, the visitor came in with a great noise and bustle. That was his way; and his large and ungainly figure gave additional impetus to his vigorous

bearing. He had a wild shock head, with hair scattered and starting out at cross angles, bushy whiskers, and a broad face gleaming with an expression of headlong bacchanalian gaiety. His dress was so loose, that it was a wonder how it kept together upon him. Everything he wore seemed detached, and ready to fly off:—his neck-handkerchief streamed over his shoulders in a tie that looked as if it were dropping out; his coat was thrown open, and stood away from his body; his waistcoat wandered over his chest, restrained from total separation by only a single button; and his great trousers were crumpled all round his legs, with the flaps of the pockets hanging down at the sides. The daring negligence of his dress was the type of his character.

"It's done!" he said, as he roared into the room; "you may snap your fingers at them—done as clean as a whistle."

"Sit down, Mr. Costigan," replied Rawlings; "and tell me quietly what you have done?"

"Done!" responded Mr. Costigan; "got a hundred and fifty proxies complete in my hat—*verbum sap.* You don't understand Latin? No matter. We'll dispense with the Latin, and stick to the aboriginal vernacular. Jinks is a cantankerous ould reptile, and a mighty onpleasant object to look at."

"Is he coming to the meeting?"

"Of course he is—but I've made a hole in his pipes that'll spoil his music. The minit' he pops up his wizened abortion of a dirty baked face, I've my body-guard ready to give him a shillaloo. We won't let him speak a word—that's the short cut to get rid of him."

"No, no, we mustn't do that. We must hear him, and answer him. Are we sure of a majority?"

"Are you sure it's pelting rain? Majority! Only order out your coach, and let us be off."

"What's the time?"

"I can't exactly answer for the punctuality of my kettle—somehow or other it's always out of order; but I've a sort of superstitious suspicion that we're late."

"Now understand, Mr. Costigan—the business of the meeting is simply to carry the resolutions of the Committee. The less discussion the better; and no uproar or hostility to Sir Peter."

"Not the least taste in life. Let him fire away and more power to him!"

The meeting was to be held in the great room of the Freemason's Tavern, and thither Mr. Rawlings, accompanied by his robustious ally, hastened at a spanking pace. In the little ante-chamber where the Committee assembled for preliminary arrangements, the murmur of the crowd could be distinctly heard, and surging above the general buzz might be detected the ominous coughs and haws! of Mr. Costigan's adherents, who were evidently preparing their lungs for the approaching conflict. At

length the Committee made their appearance, and Mr. Rawlings, in dumb show, was voted into the chair. You could see at once, from the aspect of the meeting, that there was angry work before them.

The business was opened in a few curt words, by which the shareholders were informed that the meeting was convened to receive the report and re-elect the Committee. The report was then read in due form, and when it was put to the vote, Sir Peter rose, and began with "Before the Report is put to the vote, I beg—" he had scarcely delivered himself of half the sentence when an indescribable clamour broke out at the lower end of the room. Mr. Rawlings immediately interposed, and requested a hearing for Sir Peter; but he succeeded only in obtaining a hearing for himself, the row increasing when Sir Peter rose for the second time.

Mr. Costigan's body-guard were clearly over-doing their instructions, and the moment was come for that gentleman to bring his influence into play. Starting up, and running his hands through his hair, as if it were not horrent enough already, he addressed them with a stentorian humour that elicited rounds of laughter. "Readin' and writin'," he said, "was a wonderful invention, but spakin' had the whip-hand o' them. Now, we've had the readin' and writin', let us have a little spakin'. Let the gentleman spake—maybe he has a trifle of a report of his own—he's a Bank Director, and you know there are quare reports sometimes from the Bank," finishing with a rolling wink of his eye, which drew down fresh demonstrations of applause from his adherents.

Sir Peter having obtained a brief silence proceeded to state his objections to the report. He said that he acted entirely on public grounds—that he did not impugn the integrity or capacity of the Committee or of his honourable friend, the Chairman; but that he wished for some information concerning certain items in the balance-sheet. There was a large reserve of shares unaccounted for. What did the Committee do with them? He saw names on the Committee of gentlemen who were never heard of in the mercantile world before—he wouldn't specify—but he would ask were they all properly qualified? [At this question, Dingle twisted his bamboo between his legs.] How was the dividend created? Where did it come from? It was impossible to get at it by any ordinary process. Was it a fact or a fiction? Did it come from profits, or was it only taken out of one pocket and put into another? Then there were negotiations of enormous magnitude with other lines. Who authorized them? Who conducted them? Had any member or members of the Committee a personal interest in these transactions?

These observations and interrogatories were delivered amidst many interruptions; but when Sir Peter touched upon the personal interest of the Committee, it was no longer possible to restrain the zeal of Mr. Costigan's body-guard, who saluted Sir

Peter with such a storm of hisses that he was compelled to sit down. Several members of the Committee rose at once, but Mr. Costigan was again on his legs, and was heard above them all.

"What's the question?" demanded Mr. Costigan. "I told you you'd have a quare report from the Bank, and now you've had it can you make head or tail of it? I tell you what it is, if you were as strong as Samson, and as ould as Methuselah, and had as many curls in your wig as there are waves in the sea, I defy you to unravel what the gentleman means. The Irish is beautiful language, gentlemen,—a powerful, prismatic language, and as full of words as an egg is of meat; but you have one word in your language that beats all the other words hollow, and that word is—*rigmarole*. Now, gentlemen, *rigmarole* may do very well in the Bank parlour—but this isn't the Bank parlour; this is an open meeting of free-born Saxons who are not to be mystified by that kind of jargon. What was it all about? He'd be a clever fellow that'd tell you that. All I could make out was that the hon. gentleman wants to know where the dividend comes from. Where does he think it comes from? Of course, I suppose he thinks it comes from the sky. Well, I've no objection to that. It's a celestial shower entirely, and it has my good wishes that it may continue to rain upon us till there isn't a drop left. If the gentleman's afraid of the wet, let him put up his umbrella, or get out o' the way. Question, Mr. Chairman! What's the question?"

This oration utterly overwhelmed the Bank Director. The small party that supported him cried out in vain for a hearing; Mr. Costigan had effectually put an end to the possibility of any further speech-making on that side. Mr. Rawlings, chagrined at the ludicrous turn given to the debate, and anxious to sustain the formality of the proceedings, begged to say a few words; he was ready to give any explanations required—the accounts were printed, and in the hands of the shareholders—the Committee had arduous and difficult duties to discharge—but it was impracticable on such occasions to go into every insignificant item of expenditure—some confidence must be reposed in the discretion of the Committee, or no man would undertake such onerous labours—for his part he had worked day and night, and all the recompense he asked was the continuance of their confidence—was it not enough that their affairs were prosperous?—a large dividend was the best test of ability and prudence in the management—he gave his honourable friend full credit for the excellence of his intentions, and he wished they had the advantages of his experience and high character in the Committee; but he felt at the same time that it would be a flagrant injustice to the gentlemen who had served them with such zeal, not to re-elect them—he was aware of only two questions before the meeting—the adoption of the Report and the re-election of the Committee, and, without trespassing further on their patience, he would at once put them to the vote.

This clear and satisfactory statement was received with loud acclamations; whereupon Sir Peter Jinks' minority made another effort to protest against the proceedings, and intermittent exclamations of "Subterfuge!" "Packed meeting!" and other charges of unfairness assailed the ears of the Committee. The confusion became general—everybody was standing up and shouting—the body of the room presented a scene of indescribable uproar, in the midst of which a brief pantomime was enacted on the platform, the purport of which was revealed only to the newspaper reporters, who informed the public the next morning that the resolutions were carried by acclamation, and that the unanimous thanks of the meeting were voted to Richard Rawlings, Esq., M.P., for his able conduct in the chair, and for the valuable services he had rendered to the company in the management of their affairs.

CHAPTER V.

Touching a chord that all men have played upon in their time.

THERE was nothing in the meeting of shareholders, boisterous as it was, to disturb the imperturbable placidity of Mr. Rawlings. He was accustomed to such scenes, and went through them without turning a hair. Having effectually carried his object, he could afford to regard with indifference the opposition of Sir Peter Jinks. Nor did it appear to make any difference between that honourable gentleman and himself; for the moment after the meeting broke up, happening to jostle together in the room, they shook hands in the most friendly manner, and made mutual protestations of the great personal esteem in which they held each other, a sentiment in no way compromised by the criminatory position the shareholder had taken up towards the chairman. Upon such points the ethics of public life are worthy of attention. It is quite compatible with a deep sense of the integrity of an individual to charge him with a delinquency in his public capacity; that is to say, a man who is privately the soul of honour, may commit with impunity sundry public transgressions from which, as a mere gentleman, socially considered, he would shrink with virtuous indignation. The doctrine is somewhat obscure; but it is very convenient in the transaction of official business.

It happened to be Wednesday, and as there was no house sitting, Mr. Rawlings drove direct home, bringing back Mr. Michael Costigan in his carriage. Mr. Costigan was not on intimate terms with the family, but, being useful to Mr. Rawlings, he had sometimes been asked to stay for dinner, when they happened not to have any company they were particular about. On this occasion the young ladies were out driving with the Baroness de Poudoubleu, and Mrs. Rawlings expected them home to dinner at seven. They had gone to some French milliner's, to whom the baroness had recommended them, and

it was probable, Mrs. Rawlings thought, the baroness might remain and dine with them. But there was nobody else expected, and Mr. Rawlings, not holding the presence of the Poudrebleu in much awe or reverence, kept Mr. Costigan to dinner, just as he was, in his flying coat and dishevelled cravat.

Presently the carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Rawlings and his railway familiar, who were closeted in the library at the end of the hall, could hear ringing voices, and pattering feet up the stone stair-case to the drawing-room. Soon afterwards came a loud knocking, and fresh arrivals; and in a few minutes a servant announced dinner.

Upon entering the drawing-room, Mr. Rawlings was surprised to find the party augmented by three persons in addition to the baroness, who, having made up her mind to dine, had contrived to telegraph her intention through the medium of a note in pencil to her son, directing him to come for her just before seven o'clock, so that Mrs. Rawlings could not help asking him to stay; and as he brought his friend Mr. Trainer with him, there was no alternative but to invite him too. The third person was Henry Winston, who happened to meet the ladies by the most extraordinary accident in the world at the door of the French milliner's, and of course accompanied them back. Good natured Mrs. Rawlings could not avoid asking them all, with a thousand apologies for a family dinner, which was turned into a pleasant compliment by the baroness, who declared that an impromptu dinner was the most delightful of all things. For her part, there was no house she was so happy in, if they would only let her take them just as they were without any ceremony. And so to dinner they adjourned, as unceremoniously as she could desire, Mr. Rawlings taking charge of the baroness, and Henry Winston securing the hand of Margaret, while Mr. Costigan gave his arm to Mrs. Rawlings, leaving Clara and Rose to Mr. Trainer and Mr. Bulkeley Smirke.

They were all very lively during dinner, which was to be mainly ascribed to the vagrant humours of Mr. Michael Costigan, and the grim witticisms of Mr. Trainer. We should observe of Mr. Trainer that he was a cadaverous-looking man, with a perpetual gloom on his face, which gave a peculiar effect to the funny things he said. He never moved a muscle while other people were breaking their sides; and having a literary reputation which loomed upon the world from a heap of anonymous labours, the particulars of which were known only to his confidential friends, everybody felt it necessary to laugh at his jokes, under an impression that there must be something in them.

There was much merriment about a new novel, which Mr. Trainer slyly turned into ridicule by absurd panegyrics. This brought the baroness's book upon the *tapis*, Mr. Trainer contriving, as he generally did, some excuse for alluding to it.

"Ah! that poor book of mine!" exclaimed the baroness; "I often wonder I had the courage to publish it. Wherever

I go, I hear of nothing else. One would suppose an author was a hippogriff, or some such monster, one is so stared at and plagued."

"That depends, ma'am," observed Mr. Costigan. "A friend of mine wrote a book that nobody ever heard of, and the poor devil is consequently obliged to blow his own trumpet; and upon my honour and word it's mighty hard work for a gentleman to be always advertising his genius in company."

"But it saves him advertisements in the newspapers," said Mr. Trainer; "cheap fame."

"Dog chape," returned Mr. Costigan; "will your ladyship confer your lustre on me, by taking a glass of champagne with me?"

The baroness had the sweetest smile in nature, and never smiled so sweetly as when she wished to appear gracious to people of inferior breeding. Now Mr. Costigan, wild as he was in appearance, was not quite a new specimen of humanity to the baroness. She had met many Costigans abroad, floating about the German baths; and having had occasion to put their peculiar qualities to the test, she was by no means indisposed to treat this particular Costigan with civility—especially as he was a friend of Mr. Rawlings. Accordingly, she took champagne with him, throwing such an expression of mischievous tenderness into her eyes as to quicken Mr. Costigan's susceptible pulses in an alarming degree. From that moment his glee mantled up wonderfully, and he drank wine in turn with everybody at the table.

"The worst of it is," observed the baroness, "that one never gets a sincere opinion. People always think it necessary to praise one's writings. I should like, just for the novelty of the thing, to hear a little objection from somebody that has really read the work."

"What's the name of the book?" whispered Mr. Costigan to Mrs. Rawlings.

"Well—I forget—something about the Revolution."

"That's enough," returned Costigan. "Objection, your ladyship?" he continued aloud, addressing the baroness; "it's easy for you to say objection. I ought to know something about revolutions, for I'm a sort of a revolution myself; and I'm curious to know what anybody has to say against your ladyship's unanswerable treatise on the subject. Let them say it—I'm ready to answer them."

"Ah! Mr. Costigan," replied the Baroness, with another bewildering smile, "you gentlemen are always so flattering. What I want is to hear the opinion of some of the ladies. Women, you know, write to the hearts of women—as to the men, I don't believe they have such things." This delicate inuendo drove Mr. Costigan to take refuge in a decanter of sherry, from which he poured out a glass which he mentally telegraphed to her "ladyship."

"Who has read it?" inquired Mr. Trainer.

"I have," cried Rose Winston.

"Now then," said Mr. Trainer, "for an honest opinion."

Rose blushed all over, and wanted to escape, but she was stormed by a general demand for her criticism, and she went on.

"Well, the book is very clever, of course. I know nothing about that. But shall I tell you exactly what I think?"

"Of all things," replied the Baroness.

"Don't spare it," cried Mr. Trainer; "authors, like kings, seldom hear the truth from their friends."

"Then, first of all," observed Rose, clearing her merry voice, "my opinion is that I wish the Baroness had not made Agatha marry that horrid Count."

"Not marry the Count?" exclaimed Costigan; "and who would you have her marry?"

"Her own true lover, François, to be sure," was the reply.

"That's natural enough in a young lady," observed Costigan; "but as a political critic, I must say that it was more consistent with a revolution that she should marry the Count. It was a deep touch, that!"

"And to leave her lover because he was poor, for one she didn't care about, merely because he had a fine title," replied Rose, bridling up indignantly.

Harry Winston had listened to this latter part of the conversation rather uneasily. He was sitting next Margaret, and when Rose spoke of leaving the poor lover for a man with a fine title, he inadvertently looked at Margaret—these young people are always so ready to turn everything to their own account! Their eyes met, and were full of a piteous intelligence which did not stand in need of words to make it perfectly clear.

"But the sequel," cried Costigan, "does not that settle the business to your satisfaction?"

"I think it makes it worse," answered Rose; "the Count commits suicide, which, I am sure, nobody was sorry for, and Agatha goes into a convent."

"And where would you have her go?" demanded Costigan, coming to the charge again.

"I would not have her go anywhere," said Rose; "but the moment the Count was dead, I would have made her marry poor François."

This courageous criticism met the entire approval of all the young people present, and Mr. Costigan's protest on the ground of political expediency was outvoted by a handsome majority. Even the Baroness admitted that so far as sentiment was concerned Rose was right; and Mr. Trainer thought it was the highest compliment to the book that Miss Winston should feel as much interest in the characters as if they were all real; adding that, in his opinion, it was the most profound novel of the day, an opinion in which Mr. Costigan loudly concurred.

Soon afterwards the ladies rose to retire. The movement was

marked by some little silent diplomacy. Henry Winston contrived to squeeze Margaret's hand as she fidgetted out of her chair, continuing, with his head apparently turned in another direction, to follow her with his eyes till she was out of sight. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke was not unobservant of these proceedings, and, being in a very sullen humour, pretended a perfect indifference to the ladies, dusting his waistcoat with his napkin as they passed, and with the other hand twirling his miniature moustache. Mr. Costigan upon the first intimation of the break-up had rushed to the door, and there he stood making magnificent genuflections, topping the climax of his aboriginal gallantry when the Baroness came sweeping by with an air of sweetness, that made him throw his coat nearly off his shoulders as he returned, full of triumph, to the table.

"Come, boys," cried Mr. Costigan, already betraying the excitement of the wine he had taken during dinner, "fill your glasses for a toast. May I give a toast, my noble hero?"

"Anything you please, Mr. Costigan," replied Richard Rawlings.

"No skylights or heeltaps," exclaimed Costigan, standing up with oratorical pomp, and looking round to see that every glass was full; "Sir,—there are moments when the human heart is agitated by emotions—don't laugh, young man, you'll know better when you grow older.—We've enjoyed, sir, at your hospitable board this day an intellectual faste that'll be remembered by our great grandchildren, to whom we will feel it our duty to communicate the rich trate. A grateful posterity, sir, will hold the day in reverence, and every mother's son o' them will emulate your example, and consider himself bound to give a dinner on the occasion. But I appale to every one o' you, in your concave and convex connections with the world at large, as husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, lovers, and cousin germans, what would this intellectual trate have been without the presense of lovely woman? The eye of woman, sir, is the glowing refulgence that lights up the transparency of human life. Is there a heart amongst you that doesn't respond to my appale? Sir, the extent of our obligations to that sex is unknown. From the cradle to the grave—I spake advisedly—woman is with us everywhere. We are born of woman, and when we die we go back to her arms, for aren't we then put to sleep in our Mother Earth? Everything that's beautiful and grand and glorious is of the female gender. Isn't Liberty a woman? Isn't Britannia a woman? and when does she look so like a real divinity as when she's leaning on her anchor, and shaking hands across the green waters with her sister Hibernia? Ar'n't the Muses and the Graces women to a man? And the only bull in the fine ancient ould heathen mythology was making Love a little boy. If we had had the making of the gods and goddesses in Ireland, maybe we wouldn't put petticoats upon Cupid, and convert him into a girl! If Love isn't a woman, the devil's in the dice!

A bumper, boys, for woman, upstanding, with one foot on your

chairs, and three times three, and all the honours! Immaculate, immutable woman! Take the fire from me—The ladies, sir, that have left us, and may they never leave us again, and my blessing be on them wherever they go. One—two—three—hurrah! bathershin!—one—two—three, &c., &c., &c.”

To give greater energy and effect to his motions as fogleman to the “fire,” Mr. Costigan leaped upon his chair, and, planting one foot upon the table, brandished his glass violently in the air. Mr. Rawlings had some difficulty in subduing his enthusiasm, and prevailing upon him to resume his seat. The fact was he had indulged too freely, and having got it into his head that he had made a splendid impression on the Baroness, his hilarious nature was thrown into a condition of ungovernable excitement.

Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, whose face looked like a piece of white satin, happened to be seated exactly opposite to him; and he sipped his wine with so sickly a hesitation, and betrayed so visible a horror of Mr. Costigan, that the riotous Milesian fell foul of him all at once with that rich dare-devil banter which has so much whimsicality and sunshine in it that its victim doesn't exactly know whether he ought to be vexed or pleased—to laugh at his tormentor or knock him down. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke took it all as a very grave offence, and made two or three attempts to say something stringent and dignified, which only laid him the more bare to the unmerciful raillery of the brawny humorist. Henry Winston took advantage of a roaring broadside from Mr. Costigan to make his escape to the drawing-room, whither we will follow him.

The ladies were scattered about; the Baroness on an ottoman with Clara—Mrs. Rawlings indulging her ruminations in an easy chair, comparing, probably, the points of difference between Park Lane and the old inn in Gracechurch Street—and Rose Winston and Margaret (they had always been confidential) in deep discourse in a corner. Henry was not two minutes in the room when he was at their side.

And now for the secrets.

Rose was going to be married! Going is a long word in such matters, when the momentous action itself is as yet dependent on circumstances; but young hearts are apt to make it very short. She was engaged to a clergyman in the country, just ordained, and only waiting for a curacy to enable him to make himself the happiest man in the universe. There was little fortune at either side, except a trifling annuity which the good old Mr. Winston was willing to allow them to eke out their income; but there was a great deal of love, and that was all the riches they cared for. True to its core was the heart of Rose Winston, who already longed for her month in town to be out, that she might return again to the tranquil country; and what with fervent talk about the hedge-rows, and the fields and green solitary places, and peeps into her daily love-letters, she and Margaret never felt themselves so happy as when they got away from the crowd, and gave

free vent to their feelings. Margaret had her secret, too, and Rose quickly detected it. In such intimacies it is impossible to hide the first troubles of the heart, and trouble was already casting its shadows over the heart of Margaret. Rose was her *confidante*, and, although her own brother was the person most deeply interested, Rose, up to this moment, had never betrayed her trust even to him. The heroism of a purely-minded girl is proof against the world.

There was no alternative but to confess to Rose what her penetration, rendered keen by sympathy, had already discovered. And Margaret did confess unreservedly. Strong antagonisms, and the pressure of circumstances, had brought her love to flower so rapidly that she trembled to acknowledge even to herself how suddenly the feeling had become developed, and how completely it had taken possession of her. Had things gone on in the ordinary way it might have lingered long before it came to maturity, as fruits ripen slowly and seasonably in the sun that are quickened out of season in the hot-house. And so it was with Margaret Rawlings.

In the last month or two, the visits of Lord Charles Eton had become more and more frequent; and his object was now too obvious to be mistaken. At first, Margaret did not see this—it made no impression on her. She liked Lord Charles, and received his attentions simply because they pleased her while she was yet free to be pleased. She was the last to see what others saw plainly. The first thing that awakened her suspicion was the marked coolness that had grown up between Henry and Lord Charles. She attributed it in the beginning to waywardness and caprice, or hardly thought of seeking a cause for it, till it showed itself in so many unmistakeable shapes in her presence as to force upon her the full conviction of the truth. Having once taken alarm, the most insignificant trifles became intelligible, and threw a flood of light upon her position. And now she discovered what she had hardly observed before—the fretted spirit and haggard looks of Henry Winston, the canker that was feeding on his life, the unsettled mind, the alternate fits of morbid despondency and reckless indifference to the future. And now, too, she discovered the feeling of which she had hitherto been unconscious, and which had laid its tender roots in her heart long ago in her happy childhood.

From that moment a restraint was over all her actions. The assiduities of Lord Charles became irksome and painful; but she was afraid to betray her dread of them, under the growing conviction that they were encouraged by her father. The fear of bringing matters to issue made her equally reserved and timid in her conduct to Henry Winston. And thus she was obliged to endure, without seeming to observe it, the daily sight of his silent agonies, to see his life wasting away under her eyes, without daring to stretch forth her hand to save him.

We are afraid that Rose Winston, who was so profoundly.

happy herself, and who was so anxious to put an end to Margaret's misery, had a wicked design in her head when she spoke out so boldly at dinner. Her courageous vindication of the rights of true love, through a story so strangely applicable to the situation of her friend, looked very like a stratagem to take Henry and Margaret by surprise. She had her own notions on the subject, highly coloured, of course, by her own position, and she thought it was the height of folly and cruelty in this pair of suffering lovers to hide their feelings from each other any longer. It was on this very point she was talking to Margaret when Henry joined them.

"What, Harry!" she cried; "pray, sir, who sent for you? I hope you don't imagine we couldn't amuse ourselves without you?"

This savage little speech was spoken with a playful significance, which Henry, who, with the pressure of Margaret's hand tingling at the tips of his fingers, was in the right mood to interpret exactly as it was meant. So, drawing a chair close to them, he asked them what mischief they were plotting.

"Suppose you try and guess," said Rose.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps you were discussing that difficult question you started at dinner upon the Baroness's book. Very difficult, and yet, to me, very easy."

"Not so bad a guess," said Rose, slyly pressing Margaret's arm; "is it, Margaret?"

"I should like to hear Margaret's opinion upon it," said Henry.

"So should I," observed Rose.

"But I can't give an opinion," said Margaret, "for I have only just begun the book. You must wait till I have read it."

"That's only an excuse," said Rose; "now, Harry, state the case, and make her pronounce judgment."

"The case," said Henry, "is simple. I will put it in a few words. There is a lady who has a devoted lover—one who has known her long, from their youth upwards; he has neither rank nor riches to offer her—nothing but his love. Changes take place in their lives—new scenes, new temptations, and the poor lover is doomed to find a rival in the person of a man of title, whose wealth and station overshadow him. What should the lady do?" Henry faltered a little.

"How can I answer such a question?" said Margaret. "So much depends on circumstances."

"No, Margaret," cried Henry eagerly; "nothing on circumstances—all upon the heart alone. If she loved him, as he believed she did—happier for him he were dead if it were otherwise!—should she not risk all, forsake all, to reward his devotion? How would *you* act in such a case?"

"I? I can't tell—I can't imagine myself in such a position."

"Think, Margaret—if the life of one who loved you were in your hands, how would you decide?"

"While you are thinking, Meg," cried Rose, breaking away from them, "I have something to say to Clara—I shall come back in a minute."

In vain Margaret looked beseechingly at Rose to stay where she was. The lovers were alone.

"Every moment is precious, Margaret. It is my doom you must pronounce—we have each of us long foreseen this moment, and now it is come,—do not turn from me. I cannot live another day through the tortures I am suffering. One word will console and strengthen me. Speak it and save me!"

"Henry—not now. Spare me for the present—give me a little time."

"You know not the misery to which your reserve condemns me. Have pity upon me; utter the one word 'hope,' and I will be patient. From the days of our childhood, you have been the idol of my heart. Even at college I could think of nothing else, and he who has thrust himself between us knows it—he knows it, and, with his superiority of birth and influence, he would mercilessly betray and destroy his friend. But he shall answer for it."

"No, no, Henry, for my sake—promise me that you will not commit any rash act."

"I will promise you anything—God knows, I love you too well, too deeply, to alarm you by a threat—I did not mean that—but the struggle is fearful—it is killing me. I could bear it all, and worse a thousand times over, if I were sure—yet why should I doubt? There is no truth in the world, if your eyes have not confessed a feeling which I only ask you to put into words to make me happy. Why do you listen to me, if you do not love me? Speak, Margaret—in mercy to me—speak one word."

"Be satisfied, Henry; you have nothing to fear from Lord Charles Eton."

"Then why is he here so constantly? I may be secure as yet, but who can answer for the future, if opportunity be given to him to persevere?"

"I can. Will you rely upon my word? Promise me to take no notice of his visits, and I will be frank with you."

"I swear it solemnly."

"He is a friend of my father's. It is my father's pleasure that he should come here. I cannot help it, but I will not disguise from you that his visits have made me unhappy since I have seen what you have suffered. I have seen it, Henry, and been silent. I have felt it, and tried to save you all the pain I could. But what can I do? You do not suffer alone."

"Thank you, from my soul, Margaret, for that sweet word. Go on,—let me hear your voice again,—it falls like music on my heart,—why, what a fool I am! Speak again,—I am in heaven!"

"Be patient, dear Henry. There—there."

"I will trust all to you, Margaret. You are wiser and calmer than I am. Only give me a pledge that you will be mine, for I know they will try to separate us. What can I rely upon,—poor, without a profession, against a man who has your father on his side, and rank and power?"

"Your best reliance is on the truth of her you love. Do you believe that all these years, through which we have grown up together, have left no sacred memories in my heart? Do you suspect that I am dazzled by this hollow life? If you do, you wrong me. What pledge more do you require? You must not give way to fancies,—we are both placed in a difficult position,—let us trust to time. Can I say more? Should I say so much if I were not interested in your happiness—if—if—my own did not depend on it? See—they are coming. Patience—patience, dear Henry."

At that moment the drawing-room door opened, and the first person that made his appearance was Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, looking slightly flushed, followed by Mr. Rawlings and the rest of the gentlemen. Henry had just time to snatch up Margaret's hand, and impress a burning kiss upon it, in a flutter of agitation, which could hardly have escaped notice, had it not been that all eyes were attracted by the noisy entry of Mr. Michael Costigan.

The jovial Milesian, labouring under the double inspiration of wine and beauty, had no sooner found his way into the room, than with a rather zizzag and tempestuous movement, he made his way direct to the table where the Baroness was seated.

"I have the honour to announce to your ladyship," he began, "that during your absence, ma'am, we drank the 'Ladies,' with all the honours of war. The ladies, and no surrender. 'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!' We embraced the whole sex in one comprehensive sentiment."

"Will you take coffee, Mr. Costigan," said Mr. Rawlings, trying to get him away from the table.

"No, sir! Coffee? It would be a gross insult to your claret. I have a veneration for your claret. I hold the name of Sneyd in reverence, and if you insist upon my finishing the night with you, it isn't with coffee you'll put me off."

Wheeling round again to the table, and nearly upsetting a salver which a servant behind him was handing round, he discovered that the Baroness had left her seat, and retreated to another part of the room.

"The bird's flown! I hope we haven't frightened the ladies. It's a curious fact in my career that the ladies have always been remarkably partial to me, and if I am called upon to explain the reason of it, I should say it's because I'm remarkably partial to the ladies myself. What are we going to do? Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you, my gay young sprisan?" he cried, catching Mr. Bulkeley Smirke by both shoulders, and sinking together with him into a chair.

There was a slight stir of alarm at the other end of the room, and Mr. Rawlings, apprehensive that this rough play might end in a quarrel, came to the assistance of Mr. Smirke, who was endeavouring to extricate himself violently from the powerful grasp of the Irishman; but there was no great need of his interposition. Mr. Costigan was only in a mood of rampant fun, very perilous, to be sure, when practised upon people who were not disposed to put up with it, but harmless enough if it were allowed to have its own way. The danger consisted in crossing Mr. Costigan's humour, and Mr. Rawlings was sufficiently aware of the peculiarities of his friend, to know how to deal with him at such moments. Getting rid of Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, who was not sorry to make his escape, he drew Mr. Costigan into a corner, and then gradually succeeded in coaxing him out of the room.

The party soon afterwards began to disperse. Henry was the first to go. His heart was brimfull, and his last look into the eyes of Margaret sent him off with a delicious sensation that totally revolutionized his whole being. The gloom of months had cleared off and vanished. His pulse beat wildly, and he took the stairs at a bound, longing to be alone, that he might indulge his imagination in a reverie over his new-born happiness.

The first object that presented itself when he got into the street was Mr. Michael Costigan, leaning in a posture of profound cogitation against the rails. Henry did not perceive him till he knocked up against him.

"Mr. Costigan!" he exclaimed.

Spinning round with an indescribable leer on his mouth, and twining one hand into Henry's arm, while he held the rails with the other, Mr. Costigan replied—"Hush!—that ould Rawlings is a humbug, to turn people out at this hour of the night upon a cup of dirty coffee!—coffee!—he asked me to take coffee!—very well. Remember that—coffee! Will you stick to me now? What countryman are you? Devil a matter. Will you stick to me?"

"Certainly. Which way are you going?"

"Going? Going back again, as a matter of course. Justice for Ireland, and confusion to coffee. Coffee! think of that! A Costigan drinking coffee at this hour of the night! Stick to me now, and we'll knock up ould Rawlings for a glass of punch."

Mr. Costigan, suiting the action to the word, proceeded to carry his proposal into effect, by making a desperate lurch at the handle of the bell. Henry Winston caught his arm, and succeeded, with difficulty, in drawing him away from the door.

"Not for the world. My dear sir, it would be no use. If you want punch, we can easily get it as we go along. Come."

Costigan yielded to his remonstrances reluctantly, and continued muttering "coffee!" all the way down Park Lane into Piccadilly. He evidently regarded the coffee as a sort of personal insult.

As they walked towards the Haymarket, he made many dead stops, diversified occasionally by asking the passers-by if they'd like a little coffee. Then he wandered into a rambling dissertation on the character of Mr. Rawlings, during which the name of Lord Charles Eton struck upon the ear of his companion.

"Lord Charles Eton!" exclaimed Henry Winston, "what of him?"

"Why, he's one of them, that's all."

"I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

"Where's the place we're to get the punch?"

"Oh! we're just coming to it. What do you mean by saying that Lord Charles Eton is one of them?"

"What are you bothering me about? Isn't he going to be married to one of the daughters?"

"How do you know this?"

"How do I know it? The devil a step farther I'll travel with you till I get a glass of punch."

"Well, then, here—this place will do—in—in!"

They had arrived at the door of a tavern in the Haymarket, and Henry hurried the thirsty Milesian through the passage into the public room. The glare of numerous gas-burners suspended from the walls and the ceiling smote his eyes fiercely as he entered; but Mr. Costigan strode into the white light with the unblinking gaze of an eagle, and standing in the middle of the room, with his coat streaming off his shoulders, his handkerchief hanging loose, and his arms akimbo, called out, "Waiter!" with a power of lungs that made sundry people who were scattered about at the tables start in their seats, and turn round to look at him. Harry, who was unaccustomed to these scenes, felt considerably abashed, and, not a little ashamed of being seen in such company, took refuge in an obscure corner, and beckoned Costigan to follow him.

"Materials!" cried out Costigan to the waiter, as a slim young man danced up to the table, and began to brush it with the tip of his napkin. "Don't mind the table, but bring up materials for two."

"Sir!" said the waiter, opening his eyes very wide.

"It's a remarkable fact that you don't understand your own language. Whisky, sugar, and hot water. Do you understand that? And mind that it's hot—screeching hot, or I'll make a public example of you, you thief!"

Henry Winston was all eagerness to learn what Costigan had to communicate about Lord Charles, but it was idle to renew the conversation till the "materials" were served. The few minutes that intervened before the waiter returned seemed a century. Now then! thought Henry.

"You couldn't oblige us with a cup of coffee, could you?" inquired Costigan.

"Certainly, sir. Coffee for two?"

"Make yourself scarce, you villain!" cried Costigan, whose

joke, although it was now apparent to the waiter, sent that respectable young man away looking very oddly out of his literal faculties at the strange humorist.

The topic was at length brought round again.

"Well," said Costigan, "my authority for it is ould Rawlings himself; he didn't swear me to secrecy, and if you want my private opinion on the matter, I think he's taking his dealing trick out of his lordship."

"Mr. Rawlings himself! For heaven's sake what did he say to you?"

In answer to this question, Mr. Costigan entered into an elaborate account of some conversations Mr. Rawlings had had with him on the subject, but it was so embroidered with whimsical parentheses and metaphorical figures, that Henry Winston was considerably perplexed to pick out the substance of it, which amounted to this: that Mr. Rawlings had set him to find out what were Lord Charles' expectations; that, although Lord Charles had not formally proposed for Margaret, Mr. Rawlings was in daily expectation of a proposal, and had made up his mind to accept him; that he had not communicated his intention to his daughter, and did not mean to speak to her about it till the whole affair was settled.

This intelligence produced a terrible effect upon Henry Winston. The vision of happiness he had been going home so exultingly to contemplate was dispersed, and heavy clouds had set in in its place. His agitation did not escape the scrutiny of Mr. Costigan, who at all times had a ready sympathy for the distresses of lovers, but chiefly in his cups.

"Now, make me your friend," said Costigan, "and I'll stand to you like a man. I see it all. You love the young creature yourself. Now just answer me one question. Does she return your passion?"

Henry was humiliated at that moment by a consciousness of shame and debasement that a feeling so sacred, which he had hitherto concealed in the recesses of his heart, should become a topic of conversation in such a place and with such a man. He shrank from it, as from the touch of contagion. But Costigan, spotted all over as he was with the leprosy of drink, had, nevertheless, a lurking refinement in his nature upon this one solitary subject of love, and seemed to understand at once the scruples of his young companion.

"This is not the place or the time to talk about it," said Costigan in a half-whisper; "keep up your heart, and we'll speak about it again. But, mind what I tell you, don't betray yourself to ould Rawlings. He's a bitter flint. Money's the god of his idolatry, and he'd sacrifice his daughter's affections every day in the week and twice of a Sunday to gratify his ambition. My darling boy, depend upon Mick Costigan. There's few men of my day has seen more duels and abductions, and if I don't put you in the way to circumvent the parental despotism, it's

mighty odd, that's all! Waiter, have you any more whiskey in the house? because if you have, there's a couple of gentlemen here would be after troubling you for ditto repeated."

"The bar's closed, sir," said the waiter.

"Then open it again," returned Costigan.

"Impossible, sir; my mistress has taken the key up to bed."

"Does she go to bed with the key? 'locked in beauty's arms!' Well, you needn't disturb your mistress, but if you'd just waken the key, I dare say it'd come down and do us a friendly turn."

"Can't be done, sir. The bar is closed, sir."

"To the devil with the bar!" roared Costigan, leaping up out of his seat, and advancing upon the waiter in full sail, with pennants flying, and his face flushed to the roots of his hair. The few persons who yet remained in the tavern, got up out of their seats, anticipating a row, and the waiter fled to the end of the room. Costigan opened upon the company with a brilliant appeal to the liberty of the subject, against the insolence of publicans who were licensed only for the public accommodation. Henry was in no disposition to embark in the controversy, and, glad of an excuse to make his escape, quietly stole after the waiter, paid the bill, and passed out into the street.

CHAPTER VI.

In which the Plaintiff in this suit enters a declaration.

As wretches in a storm nestle together for warmth and shelter, so lovers cling closer to each other in difficulties. The discovery of Mr. Rawlings' design extracted from Margaret and Henry the most intense declarations of mutual devotion. A cruel father may tear true hearts asunder; but, as we very often see upon the stage, they will take the earliest opportunity of rushing into an embrace. And thus Henry and Margaret may be said to have stood, metaphorically, entwined in each other's arms, awaiting the impending descent of parental despotism. What could they do? They had not a single adviser in the world except Rose, and she was so frightened and bewildered as to be incapable of counselling them. Henry thought of asking the advice of Mr. Costigan; but a vivid recollection of the *tableau* in which he left that gentleman figuring in the tavern, restrained him. Margaret had a notion of consulting her mother; but, upon a little reflection, she was afraid that her mother's interference might do more harm than good. It may appear strange that she did not confide her situation to Clara. This is one of the mysteries of affection which will be perfectly intelligible to all sisters who love each other as these two did. There was nothing on earth she would have concealed from Clara. But there was peril in this business, and she resolved not to impli-

cate her darling in it. She knew Clara's generous nature, and dreaded the consequences of involving her in an act of disobedience to her father. She, therefore, resolved, in the unselfishness of her love to bear her sorrow alone, trusting from day to day that some lucky accident might deliver her from it.

In the mean while Lord Charles Eton was calmly maturing his purpose. He liked Margaret for her own sake; but he was a prudent man, and looked also to her fortune. There was little enthusiasm in his character, and that little had been shaped and controlled to practical uses by a strict course of discipline. As a statesman, he had the impassive temperament of William Pitt, to whom the world never gave credit for any capacity of love or tenderness. But it could hardly be predicated of Lord Charles Eton that, like William Pitt, he should ever be caught, in an unguarded moment of passionate gallantry, drinking out of a lady's shoe. Lord Charles was always in his part, as the actors say.

Ambition was the mistress to whom his lordship really paid his addresses, and he selected Margaret to be the priestess at the shrine. A younger son, he was stinted in fortune. He had expectations from his uncle; but they were only expectations, and wealth was indispensable to the career that lay before him. He was not in a position to marry for love; and love was not exactly the position for which he was disposed to marry. He was like hundreds and tens of hundreds of men, who assure you they could never bring themselves to marry *for* money, but who, nevertheless, can never prevail upon themselves to marry *without* it; excellent men, who neither create happiness for their wives, nor heap misery upon them, but plunge them into a cold solution of domestic respectability, in which both are neutralized. How many ladies are there who live in this tranquil way, apparently possessing everything to make life very comfortable and agreeable, and looking quite placid on the surface, while their hearts are perishing.

It was within a few weeks of the close of the session. Members were already making their preparations for the Christmas festivities; and several invitations, which he had not made up his mind to answer, lay upon Lord Charles Eton's table. He paced his library with the aspect of a man who was revolving a grave subject in his thoughts; and, after many pauses, he flung himself into his chair. There was still some hesitation. He was traversing all the points of the question before he committed himself to paper. Then came the decision, slowly but distinctly, resolving itself into a short note, deliberately written, and pondered over for a few moments before it was sealed. When it was finished, his lordship rose and rang the bell.

Fletcher glided into the room.

"Take this note," said Lord Charles, "to Mr. Rawlings. You need not wait for an answer. Is my uncle at home?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room, my lord."

"That will do. Go immediately with the note."

Fletcher glided out.

A few more strides up and down the room showed that there yet remained a source of uneasiness behind. The moment was now come upon the issue of which he had staked his future course. He proceeded to the drawing-room, and was just in time to intercept his uncle, who was going down to his club.

"My dear uncle," said Lord Charles, "will you give me ten minutes before you go out?"

Lord William could perceive that there was something more than usual in his nephew's manner, and—little dreaming of the nature of the communication—he laid down his hat, and taking a chair opposite to him, said, "Well, Charles, I am at your service: what is it?"

"In the first place," said Lord Charles, "I wish to say that I am bound to your lordship by so many obligations, independently of my respect for your judgment, that I could not think of taking any great step in life without first consulting you."

"Precisely what I should have expected. Your brother is a frivolous, empty jackdaw—a fool, sir, who has no more notion of what is due to his position as the representative of one of the most ancient houses in the kingdom, than if he were the son of a dancing master. I look to you to sustain our name. You have begun well—persevere, and the highest distinctions are within your grasp."

"The course upon which I have embarked is arduous and difficult," observed Lord Charles.

"No doubt of it; but the greater the difficulty, the greater the glory."

"A public man, uncle, has many difficulties to contend against besides those of party warfare. I feel this strongly, and it has latterly given me much serious consideration."

"I don't clearly see the drift of the observation."

"I will explain myself. No man can aspire to a high position in England, without the command of adequate resources. It is the vice of our system. The power of our aristocracy does not reside simply in a tradition—it is preserved and fortified by wealth."

"M—m—ha! Go on!"

"The great leaders of our political parties have not acquired this ascendancy by talent alone. They are backed by the means of collecting their forces round them, and of impressing themselves upon their age by a constant appeal to its material sympathies. The man who distinguishes himself in public life, and who is doomed to an obscure struggle in private, is always a mark for distrust and sarcasm. Not alone is his actual influence doubtful and contracted, but the purity of his motives is suspected. If he is on the popular side, he is a disappointed man; if he is

with the government, he is looking for a place. Personal independence alone secures the public man against imputations, and enables him to achieve great objects."

"Well—and you have been applying this remarkable discovery to your own case."

"Exactly. My fortune is so disproportionate to the views which, under your sanction, I have ventured to entertain, that I assure you I am much disheartened at the contemplation of my prospects. As it is, I should absolutely despair, if it were not for the advantages I derive from your liberality."

"It occurs to me, Charles, that you have stumbled upon a palpable absurdity. What has a man who is working in the public service to do with an extravagant establishment? Besides, that is a thing neither you nor I can afford. Now, I am willing to help you to the utmost; my own personal expenses are nothing; and as far as my fortune goes it is pretty well expended upon this house and Datchley, both of which are always at your service. But if you mean that you expect me to make a settlement upon you, I frankly tell you I will do nothing of the kind. While I live, I will preserve in my own hands the power of keeping the old family pictures in their frames at all events."

"My dear uncle, you entirely mistake me. I never thought of such a thing. I have already pressed too heavily upon you; and my desire was to consult you on a step which might enable me rather to relieve you of the pressure than increase it."

"And that step is—"

"Marriage."

Lord William looked at him hesitatingly for a few minutes, and then went on—"Marriage! that is a step indeed, Charles. Well, sir."

"I thought it more prudent not to trouble you on the subject until I had weighed it maturely in my own mind; and I hope you will have no reason to think I have decided rashly."

"I hope not. You say you have decided."

"Well—I mean—"

"Let me understand clearly what it is you mean. If you have decided, why do you trouble me on the subject?"

"No—that is—I have not committed myself—but I confess my reason and my inclination are made up, and it was upon that I wished to have the benefit of your lordship's advice."

"H—m! and if my advice shouldn't happen to jump with your reason and inclination, I suppose you are prepared to throw it overboard?"

"Your lordship is too generous to make conditions with me beforehand."

"Why, it seems, it is you who make conditions. But we are wasting time. Pray proceed."

"I am well aware of your lordship's strong opinions on the subject of family alliances; but there are considerations which

may sometimes be permitted to overrule our scruples on the score of birth."

"I know of none, sir. I read of such things in trashy novels, but I never knew them hold good in real life. I see plainly what's coming. You have fallen in love, and disgraced your family."

"You wrong me much—disgrace there can be none. Be patient, and hear me."

Lord William had leaped out of his seat, and was walking up and down the room, pushing the chairs out of his way, in a state of high excitement.

"Patient! I *am* patient. Go on!"

"The lady in whom I am anxious to interest your lordship, is accomplished and beautiful, and would dignify any station to which she might be called."

"Of course! She's a paragon,—spare your raptures and come to the point."

"Circumstanced as I am, I candidly acknowledge that I should have felt it my duty to struggle against the feeling she has inspired, were it not that—that—the union is highly desirable on prudential grounds."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to descend to particulars."

"Then, in plain words, uncle, the lady has a large fortune."

"A fortune. Who is she?"

"The youngest daughter of Mr. Rawlings, the member for Yarlton."

"The railway man? And you come to me to ask my advice. I'll give it you in one word—"

"Pause, my dear uncle, before you pronounce your verdict. Consider my situation. Mr. Rawlings has the command of enormous wealth; he is one of the richest commoners in England. I admit at once that his origin is obscure, but I never heard a breath against his reputation; he is shrewd, clever, and practical. I have met people of the highest rank at his house. Reflect upon these circumstances, and do not decide hastily upon a measure involving my future happiness and success in public life."

"Have you done! Now listen to me. I have heard *you* patiently. The daughter of this railway jobber has a large fortune. Well? Granted. There are fifty as good bakers at this moment in the smoke of Manchester or Liverpool, who would average you a hundred thousand pounds, and would walk bare-foot up to London for the chance of becoming Lady Charles Eton. Do you hold your station so cheap as to sell yourself in such a market as that? are there no women in the aristocracy whose alliance would bring you wealth and influence, that you must fling yourself away upon a—it chokes me to think of it. I tell you at once, that such a degradation would put an end to our intercourse for ever!"

“No—no—my dear uncle—”

“Don’t call me your dear uncle. I have been your best friend—made you what you are—and this is the return I receive. My house is open to you—I was fool enough to make you my heir. I calculated proudly upon seeing the honour of our ancient house transmitted with credit to posterity through you—dear uncle! I am no longer your uncle. What! marry the daughter of a railway gambler, picked up, probably, in the train, proposed for in a refreshment room, and the banns published at all the stations for the glorification of the chairman and directors. I shouldn’t be half so outraged if you married a common girl out of the opera.”

“You must allow me to say that this is prejudice. See Mr. Rawlings, and judge for yourself.”

“See him? Look here, sir,” cried Lord William, seizing Lord Charles by the arm, and taking him round the room; “these are the portraits of some of the ancestors of our family. There is not a stain upon their lives. That is Reginald, who served before Rouen, and, covered with honourable wounds, was knighted on the field. That is my namesake, Sir William Eton, who held a garrison against the Parliament till they were reduced to live upon their horses, and then cut his way through the besiegers. This is the portrait of a Chancellor, who refused to sanction a tyrannical decree of the king’s, and expiated his patriotism on the scaffold. You have heard their histories over and over again. You are familiar with their glories—and now, sir, will you dare to stand in the midst of these worthies of your house, and disgrace the proud name you inherit by a disreputable marriage?”

“I will do nothing, my lord,” replied Lord Charles, “that I should not be justified in doing by the examples before me. I look round as proudly as your lordship on this gallery of worthies, and I see amongst them one who is distinguished above the rest as the founder of our house. In this picture, my lord—which I know your lordship treasures more than all the generals and judges in the family—we have a representation of the first interview between Marmaduke Eton and Grace Hunsdon.”

“M—m! There were no railways in those days!”

“I have heard your lordship tell that story a hundred times—I have seen your eyes glisten, and grow moist—you cannot deny it!—at the relation of that pastoral episode in the history of the Eton peerage.”

“Charles, that was five hundred years ago. The world has undergone some revolutions since that time.”

“I have heard you say that Marmaduke was the greatest hero of them all, because he had the courage to lift a peasant girl he loved to his own rank, and to endure poverty and scorn and hardship for her sake—”

“Pish! What has this to do with it?”

"And I have heard you a hundred times declare that you were prouder of the poor peasant girl than of all the marchionesses, and countesses, and maids of honour, with whom the members of our family have intermarried from that day to the present."

"Well—I admit it."

"Uncle, if you honour Marmaduke for marrying the woman he loved, upon what principle of justice can you condemn me for imitating so illustrious a precedent?"

"Love? You didn't say anything about love before!"

"You didn't allow me time. But it is so, uncle. I love Margaret Rawlings."

"Bah! The story of Grace Hunsdon is a legend of the old times. She was lovely, innocent—just as you see her there in that picture—they wrote ballads on her beauty—Marmaduke's devotion to her was a touch of knightly romance that I honour him for—he married her for love—love, sir; she was a peasant, and hadn't a farthing in the world. It was a pure love match."

"But, surely, the accident of having a fortune—"

"Throws suspicion upon it. People will say you married her for her money."

"They will do me an injustice. It was not her fortune attracted me; I cannot see why it should repel me."

"I wish she was a beggar, I should like it better."

"I wish you knew her, and you would like her for her own sake. To be sure we are not in an age of romance, uncle; but the human heart is just as susceptible in the nineteenth century as it was in the fourteenth. Why should not Margaret Rawlings shed as sweet a lustre on her station as Grace Hunsdon?"

"Answer me one question, Charles. Do you love this girl? Don't suffer yourself to be dazzled by her fortune, but answer me sincerely. Suppose she hadn't a penny, would you marry her?"

"Would you think a marriage under such circumstances prudent?"

"What business is it of yours what I should think? Young fellows in love don't care what anybody thinks."

"Then I answer at once—Yes."

"You would marry her without my consent—run away with her—and, like old Marmaduke, sacrifice everything for her?"

"It is a hard question, but I answer again, Yes."

"Give me your hand, Charles. I didn't think there was this sort of heroism in you. You would desert me for this girl? I don't believe a word of it. You would come to me first, as you have done, and ask my consent—and you should have it. You could have run away with her if you pleased. Why didn't you? There—if you love her, marry her: but I make one stipulation. I will receive your wife, but hold no intercourse with her family. A man may marry a woman if he loves her—but he is not

bound to marry her father and mother, and a brood of low relations."

"Your great kindness, my dear uncle—"

"You owe me no kindness. If you are resolved upon this business, let us talk of it again after dinner."

And Lord William hurried off to his club, leaving his nephew to reflect upon the conquest of the first obstacle that lay in the path to the attainment of his object. The next step was to make a formal proposal to Mr. Rawlings, for which he had partly prepared that gentleman by the note he had previously despatched to him.

When Lord Charles arrived at Park Place, he found Mr. Rawlings waiting in his library to receive him. The interview was short, and conducted with the utmost frankness on both sides.

"My note of this morning, said Lord Charles, "in some measure anticipated the object of this visit."

"I fancy," replied Mr. Rawlings, smiling, "I am not wholly ignorant of your object; and beg you will speak unreservedly."

"Then I will be perfectly frank. From what you have seen of me, Mr. Rawlings, I trust I may lay some claim to your confidence."

"I know no man, Lord Charles, better entitled to the respect and confidence of his friends."

"I have a suit to urge that deeply affects my happiness, and this gratifying expression of your good opinion encourages me to hope for your sanction. I confess I approach the subject with hesitation; but as I believe my attentions to your daughter have not escaped observation—"

"I have observed them," said Mr. Rawlings.

"And as you did not discourage them, I flatter myself that you will not disapprove of my desire to form an alliance with your family."

"Your candour, Lord Charles, would be ill-repaid by the slightest reserve on my part. I have for some time observed the marked distinction with which you have treated my daughter; and if I entertained any objection to it I should certainly have spoken to you on the subject. So far as my own feelings are concerned, therefore, I needn't say that I am prepared to give the most friendly consideration to any communication you have to make."

"You are very kind. The truth is, I feel that your daughter is worthy of a higher station than I can offer her. Younger sons, Mr. Rawlings, are not the favourites of fortune. I assure you I reflected upon this very seriously before I could make up my mind how to act. But the wisest amongst us are not always governed by their reason in such matters. Will you pardon me for speaking so plainly?"

"I consider your frankness highly creditable to you."

"My own fortune, is small—but I have some expectations

from my uncle; and I should not have presumed to propose for your daughter if I had not obtained his approval."

"Then you have already consulted Lord William?"

"He gave me his full consent this morning."

"You have acted prudently in making your uncle acquainted with your intention; for I freely acknowledge his assent removes the principal difficulty I should have felt in entertaining your proposal. As to fortune, we will talk of that more at leisure. It is disagreeable to mix up pecuniary arrangements with matters of feeling; and it will be time enough to enter upon such questions when we see our way a little more clearly on other points."

"In your hands I feel secure that such arrangements will be made with a strict regard to the interests and happiness of all parties, and I shall say no more about them. In the meantime I may be permitted to hope that—"

"We seem to have forgotten," said Mr. Rawlings, interrupting him, "that there is a third person concerned in this affair. My consent is all very well, but we must consult the feelings of my daughter. Have you spoken to her?"

"Not formally—not in direct terms—"

"Have you any reason to think that the proposal would be acceptable to her?"

"I may, perhaps, deceive myself in the interpretation I put upon her manner, but I believe she is not ignorant of my feelings, or indifferent to them."

"I cannot undertake to coerce my daughter's inclinations; let me assure you, however, that if I find her not indisposed to receive your addresses, you shall have a warm advocate in her father. I do not know, for the present, what more I can say to satisfy your feelings."

"I may consider myself then at liberty to speak to her?"

"No. That would be injudicious, and might involve us in a difficulty. I will take upon myself to communicate the honour you design for her. It will come with some weight and authority from me, and as I have never experienced from my dear girl a single act of disobedience—I think—Lord Charles—I hope—indeed, I have very little doubt that I may promise you her consent."

With this satisfactory disposal of his daughter, Mr. Rawlings shook hands cordially with Lord Charles Eton, who took his leave, overflowing with delight at the result of the interview.

THE ARCHITECT IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE, IN NORWAY.

BY H. J. WHITLING,

AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF NUREMBERG."

I WOULD wager my head to a China orange that the reader has never been to Norway; and, were it possible, a still longer odds, that if he have travelled so far, he has not seen a tenth part of the interesting objects to which I am about to direct his attention. Monuments are they both of history and art: national monuments, which till lately, want of information, want of taste, and ignorance combined with the silent, but certain ravages of time have tended to mutilate, and in some cases almost to destroy.

There is undoubtedly no study either more instructive, or worthier of a thinking being—and such I am persuaded the reader is—than the history of the human race. This history, however, does not merely consist in a barren enumeration of places, or countries, or of the people that inhabit them; neither in the perpetually recurring wars, sufferings, or crimes which rapine and ambition have entailed upon them, but rather in the more tranquil picture of manners, religion, arts, sciences, and monuments still existing illustrative of the same.

The culture of the arts and sciences was for many years neglected, if not abandoned in Norway, and I am inclined to think the reason was that under the Danish rule Norway was regarded as a sort of colony, and, like many other colonies, governed principally for the benefit and advantage of the mother country, and its mother enriched herself with the spoil of Norwegian remains, antiquities, and archives. Since the time, however, that Norway was united to Sweden, the study of science and literature has again revived in the latter, antiquarian researches have been resumed, and the result of all these labours has been in the highest degree interesting and satisfactory.

The recent progress of historical study in Norway, is principally due to the University of Christiania, which possesses in all branches of learning, professors of the highest merit; also to the Antiquarian Society of Bergen, which counts amongst its members several men of distinguished attainments; and last, though not least, to the Trondhjem Scientific Society, which, although professedly more particularly occupied with the natural sciences, by no means neglects national history.

At the head of all distinguished historians and antiquarians of latter times may be cited Holberg, who is justly styled by some "the father of Norwegio-Danish literature." He is the author of many valuable works, both archæological and historical, and it is curious to observe how, with his profound erudition, he combines a comic vein of dramatic humour that has gained for him the appellation of the Northern Moliere. Ström's historical description of Norway, and Falsen's history of that country, under Harald Haarfager and his descendants, are highly esteemed productions, and a topographical and statistical description of Norway by Kraft, of which a new edition is on the point of making its appearance, con-

tains a most interesting account of the various monuments of antiquity scattered at no distant intervals over the Norwegian soil.

A learned orientalist, and professor at the University of Christiana, named Holmboe, wrote some time ago in Latin and Swedish, an interesting description of some ancient ornaments of dress, coins, and utensils of the eighth and ninth centuries, discovered in 1834 and 1840. They consist of a valuable collection of coins of the Caliphs, Scandinavian amulets, bracelets, and rings; together with cups, lamps, drinking vessels, &c. Among the ornaments are a beautiful necklace of massive gold, a collar twisted like a rope, and a most superb fibula, cut in relief, with arabesque ornaments, which was worn on the breast. Another professor of the same university has been long engaged in copying, from time to time, various old records and manuscripts of the ancient Norwegian laws, now in the library of Copenhagen. His labours are destined to complete a collection which is in course of publication, at the expense of the government.

It may naturally be inquired why the government does not now enforce in Norway the protective measures adopted in Denmark and Sweden for the preservation of its valuable historical remains? But this would unfortunately be no easy task. Then the country itself. It is far less explored than either Sweden or Denmark. This is owing to the peculiar nature of its territory. Norway is densely interspersed with thick forests and rocks, the abode of the wolf and the bear, and its difficulties are greatly increased by its numerous rivers, torrents, fiords, and arms of the sea, which render many parts of it almost impracticable.

In Norway, still more than in Sweden, the face of nature calls up recollections of antiquity. The aspect of its scenery is in perfect accordance with the history and mythology of the North; and to the eye of one acquainted with Scandinavian legends, it assumes a character animated and poetical in the highest degree. The ruins of the various revolutions of the earth present a series of pictures both manifold and imposing, and from which northern cosmogony appears to have drawn, if not actually borrowed, its grand scenes of conflict and desolation. Whilst listening to the hoarse roaring of the distant torrents, and the mysterious noises borne upward from the valleys; or contemplating by the light of the aurora borealis, the massive rocks of granite, each crowned with its groups of black fir trees, it is easy to conceive the magical effect such inspiring scenery must have produced upon many a human mind in the dark ages of a still darker paganism.

Although, as I have said, Norway has been deprived of some of her monuments of art, she has shown to the world that she has neither lost her recollections or her national spirit. For ages and ages have her children preserved, engraven on their hearts and memories, the simple manners and customs of their primitive ancestors. Perhaps in no part of Europe are local traditions, legends, and popular customs and usages cherished and upheld so warmly and truthfully as in the central provinces of Norway, and the celebrated island of Iceland; and certainly in no other country do we find so many traits of primitive national feeling and character. There the ancient Scandinavian idiom has retained much of its original character, and it may not be generally known that in this old dialect there still exists a great number of Sanscrit words, so

many that I have been informed one of the Christiana professors has collected between three and four hundred words that are common to both languages. In the midst of modern civilization, the Norwegian peasant retains traits of character and ancient customs which seem to be rooted in the soil of his country as deeply as the old rocks. The songs and ballads which resound in his valleys have a peculiarly wild and plaintive melody, and are unlike the music of any other country. The sports and games of the people resemble in many respects, those of the Greeks; and their national dress is, with little exception, the same as that worn eight centuries ago.

During some years past archæological researches have excited the interest and intellect of many warm and able friends of science in Norway. The discoveries made already have afforded the best ground of hope that others of a still more important nature are forthcoming. The environs of the ancient city of Tónsberg, the places adjacent to Trondhjem, Bergen, and Christiana, all the northern coast with its intricate groups of islands and islets—Norland and Heligoland—all celebrated in the wild legends of the North by the heroes to whom they have given birth, must doubtless contain many yet undiscovered vestiges of bygone times. The fertile provinces of Gulbrandsdalen—which, to the Norwegian revives recollections of the heroic deeds of their ancestors—also offers a rich field for antiquarian research.

Norway, though containing a great number of fortified castles, possesses perhaps fewer ancient religious monuments than any other of the Northern States. She is, however, rich in the possession of a certain species of architectural antiquity not to be found in any other country. This consists of ancient wooden temples, formed of thick masts or beams, placed vertically one against another, and ornamented with carvings in wood. These curious and highly interesting monuments are yet but imperfectly known, and deserve the careful attention and investigation of architects, archæologists, and artists. Several of them are to be found in the province of Tellemarken, and in the valleys of Bergen; but some of the most remarkable are Hitterdal, Burghund, and Urnes. That of Burghund is situated amongst the wild and picturesque rocks of the province of Vindall, and at a distance looks a huge broken and dismembered scaffolding. As you approach it the design unfolds itself; you perceive it to be a temple; its roof shows something like a bold cornice surmounted at intervals by strongly carved dragons, whose peculiar position and form impart to the building the character of a Chinese pagoda. On a close examination, however, the art, not to say science, displayed in its construction, as well as the taste and admirable execution of its ornaments, are truly extraordinary, and mark it as one of the most interesting examples extant of its period, purposes, and manner of erection.

Whether these edifices were originally erected for Christian worship or the rites of paganism, is a question perhaps more easy to ask than to answer. But whatever be their age (for there are too many conflicting opinions amongst the Norsemen for me to pretend to quote them) or their origin they bear a stern stamp of rugged antiquity and a peculiar local character that must be felt and cannot be mistaken. Some architects will say they in some respects exhibit an affinity to the Roman and Byzantine styles of architec-

ture ; true, and in others they totally differ from both. The ornaments of the capitals of the doors and porticos are in a style belonging peculiarly to the North ; in others you may trace forms belonging to the South ; but when we consider the regular and beautiful language that nation possessed, together with its lofty conceptions and brilliant poetry, it is surely not too much to presume that it had a taste, a style of architecture, and a plastic art entirely its own.

The sculptured ornaments of these temples consist principally of arabesques, formed of serpents, dragons, and various fanciful animals, evidently borrowed from the Northern mythology. Among the nations of Indian and Germanic origin the dragon was an emblem of vigilance and power. Perhaps the interwindings of the serpent are allusions to the great serpent, Midgard, who in Scandinavian mythology is represented as encircling the earth in its coils. The dragon and the serpent were, moreover, favourite objects amongst the people of most ancient nations, by whom they were employed both as symbols and attributes, and sometimes as mere ornaments ; but by no people were they held in higher favour than by the Scandinavians. They were represented in painting, or in sculpture, on their arms, on their flags, and on their vessels. The twining of the serpent is affixed, like the national seal on all their works of art, on Runic stones, sculptures in wood, household utensils, and ornaments of the toilette. The arabesques, formed of serpents, dragons, &c., are remarkable for their irregular combinations and the obvious pains taken to deprive them of all symmetry. Those which the traveller may observe to adorn the old country churches in Norway are conspicuous for the rich intricacy of their design and the beautiful taste and finish of their execution.

These curious structures, with their pyramidal roofs and tapering pinnacles, leave little room to doubt that the nations of the north participated largely in the Ogival and Byzantine modifications introduced into Roman architecture. The first idea of the Gothic architectural ornament is observable in those serpentine twistings, the intricate net-work, and the intersection of animal and vegetable ramifications which cover the cornices and pillars.

Amongst the old stone churches in Norway, the most remarkable is the cathedral of Trondhjem, formerly Nidaros, a town built on the Nid about the year 987. In Catholic times it was the see of a celebrated archbishop. The beautiful basilica, to which, for the space of several centuries, pilgrims resorted from all parts of the north, was built of ollar stones. A great part of it was destroyed by fire in 1719: the choir, the only part saved, presents a most imposing aspect. The rest of the edifice is of modern construction. In this cathedral the kings of Norway are crowned ; it is consecrated to St. Olaf, who even to this day enjoys a great odour of sanctity among the Norwegians. A little monument is erected to his memory on the field of the battle of Stiklestad, where he fell, a victim to his zeal in converting, or attempting to convert, his subjects to Christianity. Charles John, who neglected no opportunity of rendering homage to the historical recollections cherished by his subjects, visited the spot a few years ago on the anniversary of the death of Olaf. On that same day the king of Sweden and Norway inaugurated, not far from the spot, a monument of still greater

importance, namely,—the road made in Jemtland, across the Norwegian Alps, and extending for the space of ten leagues through thick forests and over rugged heights, bordered on either side by deep and savage precipices. The obstacles which opposed the execution of this most gigantic undertaking can only be conceived by those who have seen the wild and stupendous scenery of that part of Norway. Those who have only wandered through woods of small extent, and adjacent, or nearly so, to the abodes of men, can form no conception of the silence and solitude which pervade such scenery amidst the greater forests. The former are full of song birds, in whose very aspect there is gladness, and in whose notes there is no touch of melancholy; and, moreover, being, as they are, associated with gardens and lawns, and even with our very parlour windows, mirthful, rather than gloomy images are awakened by their presence. But no such sounds, no such images, no such associations as these belong to the great forests of the North. There no little birds twitter from spray to spray; the rustling amongst the bushes indicates the presence of no familiar animal, but of something wild and solitary; something with which common every-day life has no association.

The road above-mentioned opens an important communication between Sweden and Norway, and cannot fail to rivet, indeed, it has already rivetted, the bond of union between the two countries, and established between them relations favourable not only to commerce, but likewise to the arts.

Next to the old cathedral of Trondhjem the most remarkable is that of Stavanger, which is deservedly celebrated. In Bergen there are also two ancient and beautiful churches. Historians mention several old religious edifices both of wood and stone, but few traces of them now remain. Peringskiöld speaks of a temple which was erected at Vakshala in the earliest times of the diffusion of Christianity, and one built in some other place, the name of which I do not now remember, about the year 987. Sigurd, on his return from Palestine, where he undertook a crusade, at the head of a troop of Norwegians, built a church at Kongal about the year 1120. The church of Hlade (an awkward name to pronounce), half a league from Trondhjem, is built on the ruins of a celebrated pagan temple, which was destroyed by Olaf Trygvesson, an ardent propagator of the Christian faith.

Besides these religious monuments, Norway possesses also other edifices of wood, which (according to tradition) belong to the remotest periods of its history. There are several old buildings, now used as magazines, called *stabu* or *stolpebod*, which are raised on thick piles, and are adorned with fragments of sculpture in the same taste as those of the churches. In some private dwelling-houses the walls are formed of trunks of trees ranged closely one against another, and ornamented with carvings of the same material, a style which might well be introduced into rustic buildings in England, and I am assured with the best effect. Some of these houses at Tonsberg and other parts of Norway are very ancient and remarkable. In the Amt of Trondhjem there is a curious old farm-house, which is recorded to have been built in the year 1011, and afterwards became the residence of Olaf II. In the parish of Sogndal, near Bergen, there is a small house which dates in the tenth century.

On the cornice above the doorway are carved the figures of two armed knights; and within the house, on a tablet fixed in the wall, there are two men's heads, with caps similar to those at Novogorod, on the bronze gate of St. Sophia, which are said to have been taken from a church at Sigtuna.

The skill attained by the Norwegians in the art of carving in wood was naturally applied also to their naval architecture, for which they have in all ages been renowned. The maritime expeditions of the ancient nations of the north gave the signal for the great exploratory voyages of modern times, and bear evidence of the importance of their navies. Tradition acquaints us that their numerous vessels varied in form and extent, according to their destination. They had light barks for river navigation, which on land were conveyed from place to place on men's shoulders; and they had also ships strongly built, well fitted out, and adapted to stormy seas and long and perilous voyages. Their vessels of war frequently carried horses and carriages, and even wooden towers, with sheltered platforms, on which were posted the archers and slingers.

The serpent vessels (*Snekkar*) and the dragon vessels (*Drakar*) were artistically ornamented with carved work. These vessels, models of which are still to be seen, remind one of a species of Indian boat, of a long and narrow form, called the *Baoulya*, which has at its prow a dragon's head, and at the stern the tail of a serpent. The *Drakar* of Olaf Trygvesson is cited in records of the tenth century, as the giant of Scandinavian vessels. It was said to be the finest ever seen for its vast bulk, as well as for the beauty of its decorations. As early as the ninth century, the vessels of Harald Haarfager excited admiration; they were adorned with large gilt figures. One of the scalds, describing the great naval battle of Haarfars-Fiord (in which the jarls were leagued against the founder of the Danish monarchy), exclaims, "Hearken, and I will relate the direful battle of the Gulf of Hafur, between he of the illustrious descent and Kiotve the rich! They come, they come from the East, in the winged ships, eager for the slaughter, their mouths gaping for blood, and their sides covered with the carved shields."

The Norwegians excelled not only in the art of carving in wood, but also in that of embroidery, which, indeed, was held in high honour in all the northern nations. The Scandinavian warrior found a glorious reward in seeing his exploits recorded in tapestry, especially if wrought by female hands. In a church at Bilden, a town in Adeland, there is a very ancient piece of tapestry, five feet and a half long. It represents a knight armed with a lance, a man surrounded by various animals, emblems, and symbols; the whole set in a frame-work of fine arabesque ornaments.

About sixty years ago there existed near the territory of Sole, in the bailiwick of Stavanger, a curious remnant of Norwegian antiquity. This was a Thingkreds, or circle for the assembly of a judicial court. Those who were old enough at the time to remember it, declare it to have been one of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity contained in the three kingdoms. It is now, however, buried beneath a mass of sand. According to the description given of it by the Governor of Fine, it was upwards of two hundred feet in circumference, and was composed of twenty-four stones of an oblong form, each four feet high. Between each of these dark

oblong stones, were ranged three small round white ones, a sort of ornamenting anciently much used here. In the middle of the circle stood a large square table of stone, before which were also placed two white stones, intended as seats for the judges. The space between the table and the boundary of the circle was divided into eight equal parts, by lines of small stones, commencing with the angles and the middle of each of the four sides of the table, and terminating at the stones of the circumference. A beautiful symbol of the extent and equal diffusion of justice to all within the province of their jurisdiction. The extent of this monument, the regularity and care observed in its construction, render it more curious than any other of the *Thingreds* whose existence is known. It is earnestly hoped it will ere long be again entirely exhumed.

It is supposed that this was the circle in which the renowned and powerful erling, Skalgson, used occasionally to assemble his principal subjects. That jarl, so celebrated in Norwegian history, flourished at the close of the tenth and commencement of the eleventh centuries. His residence was in a strong castle in the *gaard* of Sole, and he married a sister of King Olaf's, who presented to him a great extent of territory, which both by sword and diplomacy he seems to have known well how to preserve. This noble, when any other jarl came to visit him, assembled at his court between eighty and ninety nobles, and upwards of three hundred vassals, and he had no less than twenty rowers on each side of his boat.

The assemblies called *Thingks*, or *Things*, were always held in the open air. Their sites were generally circular, though sometimes of oval form. The assemblies were held for judicial trials. In these circles, however, marriages were also celebrated, and even markets sometimes held. The *Thing* was by turns an exchange and court of law. The reader will no doubt bear in mind, that the National Representative Assembly of Norway bears to this day the name of *Storting*.

Besides those which I have mentioned, there are many other places, now almost, if not altogether, uninhabited, and respecting which history is silent, which would doubtless, if explored, produce fruitful results. For example, in the Luroe Islands, situated on the coast of Norland, there are four large tumular mounds, which denote that the islands were formerly places of importance, since sepulchres of those dimensions were only assigned to rich and powerful individuals. Some objects of antiquity, much decayed, were found on digging into one of these mounds. Monuments of this kind are tolerably numerous in Norway, and the excavation of them has already led to discoveries both interesting and valuable. There are two in the island of Stegen, where there is also an obelisk about fourteen feet in height, and bearing a Runic inscription. Several of this latter kind exist in the bailiwick of Bergen. At a place called Balestrand, about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, there are two sepulchral mounds, which are said to cover the remains of King Bale. On the shore of Framnes, celebrated by the poet Tegner, and said to have been the abode of Frithiof, the hero of the poem, there is another tumular mound, which is understood to be the grave of Torsten-Vikingsson. There were also discovered at the isle of Karm, various ornaments of dress, made of gold and silver, and in the bank of Christiana are deposited several curious

collars, necklaces, and bracelets, of the purest and most massive gold, and of great value, some of which were found also at Karmoe, and the rest at another place, the name of which I cannot now recollect.

Norway contains, as I have already said, a great number of fortified castles, more or less ancient. The one at Christiana, called Aggerhuus, now used as a place of naval stores, is of an interesting character. There was formerly a strong fort, called after its builder, Sverresborg, one of the most renowned illustrious kings of Norway, but of this nothing now remains save some vestiges of the walls, and a deep well cut in the rock. The old royal castle of Bergen, built in the eleventh century, and now converted into a government magazine, still preserves a little of its ancient architecture. All that remains of the ancient citadel of Tonsberg, formerly so renowned, is a huge *plateau* of bluish-coloured granite, which overlooks the town. The oldest monument extant, at all events in this part of the country, is the tomb of Bion, son of Harold I. It bears the simple inscription, *Farman's Hange* (a navigator's tomb).

These are a few of the results which have been for years past recording of the zeal, taste, and activity, which actuates the Norwegians in regard to northern antiquities, and the concurrence of so much learning and research, has already had a powerful effect in contributing to the promotion of archæological discovery there. Cabinets of the most curious and interesting antiquities are formed in several, indeed, in all the principal towns, and their treasures are augmenting every year. The most extensive collection is to be found in the Museum at Christiana, where the objects of one kind and another amount to between two and three thousand.

In all such researches, however, in Norway, some difficulties, great and peculiar, have to be overcome. Highly interesting as the country is to the naturalist, the antiquarian, and the architect; no slight amount of courage, personal activity, and self-denial are requisite. Therefore, it is, that although it abounds in curious historical remains, and in scenery more romantic and sublime than is to be found in any other of the European countries, it is so rarely visited by the traveller. His back once turned upon Christiana with the intention of exploring the interior, and he must trust to his own devices, and bid adieu to every English comfort, a privation which but few are willing to undergo. Want of comfort is complained of in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; but in Norway it is fearfully aggravated. Through extensive tracts of the interior of the country, where interesting objects abound, there are no inns at all, no roads passable, except on the bridle, often no beds, and not only bad cookery, but what is much worse, *nothing to cook!* Nevertheless, if you can dispense with common comforts, have time, money, a sound constitution, and a good pair of obedient legs at your disposal, then I advise you to leave England for a while, and make a tour in Norway. You will not be unrewarded. What though she has no pictures, no galleries of sculpture, no classical monuments, no fields of modern glory? She has abundant relics of the days of old, there are her historical remains, and shadowy traditions, her heart-stirring mementos and memorials of her Scandinavian ancestors, her fantastic rocks, her bright fiords, her dim mountains, her mighty and silent forests; these, these, are her glories, and all who love and can enjoy such scenes, will visit Old Norway.

THE CIRCASSIAN PRIEST-WARRIOR AND HIS WHITE HORSE.

A TRUE TALE OF THE DAGHESTAN.

THE Russian camp lay at the foot
Of a bold and lofty hill,
Where many a noble tree had root,
And babbled many a rill ;
And the rill's laughter and the shade—
The melody and shade combin'd—
Men of most gentle feelings made,
But of unbending mind.

On that hill's side, concealed by trees,
Slumber'd Circassia's might,
Awaiting till the war-horse neighs
His welcome to the light.
The first grey light broke forth at length,
And with it rose the Invader's strength.

Now, if the Vulture, reasoning bird,
Foretelling blood and scenting strife,
Had not among the hill-clouds stirr'd,
One would have said that human life,
Save that of shepherds tending flocks,
Breathed not among yon silent rocks.

What Spectre, gliding tow'ards the rays
Of rising sun, meets Russian gaze,
And is it fright, amaze, or awe,
Distends each eye and hangs each jaw ?

A Horse, as snow on mountain height,
His master clothed all, too, in white,
Moved slowly up the mountain's side,
Arching his neck in conscious pride.
And though the cannon pointed stood,
Charged with its slumb'ring lava flood,
The rider gave no spur nor stroke,
Nor did he touch the rein which lay
Upon the horse's neck—who yoke
Of spur nor rein did e'er obey.

His master's voice he knew—the horse,
And by it checked or strain'd his course.
But even no voice was needed now,
For when he reach'd the mountain's
brow,

He halted while his master spread
His arms full wide, threw back his head,
And pour'd to Allah forth a pray'r—
Or seem'd to pray—for Russian ear
Even in that pure atmosphere,
The name of Allah 'lone could hear.

The sound, whose purport is to name
God's name—it is an awful sound,
No matter from what lips it came,
Or in what form 'tis found—
Jehovah ! Allah ! God alike,
Must Christian heart with terror strike.
For ignorant as may be man,
Or with perverted learning stored,
There is, within the soul's wide span,
A deep unutterable word,

A music, and a hymn,
Which any voice of love that breaks,
From pious spirit gently wakes,
Like slumb'ring Cherubim.

And "Allah, Allah, Allah !" rose
More thrilling still for Russian foes
By Russian eyes unseen !
Behind a thick wood's screen,
Circassia's dreadful horsemen were
Bowed to the earth, and drinking there
Enthusiasm grand from pray'r,
Ready to spring as soldier fir'd,
When soldier is a Priest inspir'd.
Aye, o'er that host the sacred name
Of Allah rolled, a scorching flame,
That thrilled into the heart's deep core,
And swelled it like a heaving ocean
Visited by Tempest's roar.

Invader ! such sublime emotion
Bodes thee no good—so do not mock
The sacred sound which fills each rock.

"Yon Priest must fall, and by his blood
Damp the affrighted army's zeal,
Who dream his body's proof and good
'Gainst flying ball or flashing steel."

A gun was pointed—match applied—
The ball leaped forth ; the smoke spread
wide,
And cleared away as the echo died,
And "Allah ! Allah ! Allah !" rose
From lips that never quiver'd :
Nor changed the White Priest's grand
repose ;
The White Horse never shiver'd.

The cannoneer, now trembling, blushed,
For he rarely missed his aim,
While his commander forward rushed,
With words of bitter blame.

"There is no mark to guide the eye,"
Falter'd the chidden man ;
"Yon thing of white is as the sky—
No difference can I scan !"
"Let charge the gun with *mitraille*
show'r,
And Allah will be heard no more."

And the gun was charged, and fixed, and
fired ;
Full fifty bullets flew.
The smoke hung long, the men admired
How the cannon burst not through.
And the startled echoes thundered,
And more again all wondered—
As died away the echoes' roar—
The name of Allah rose once more.

And "Allah ! Allah ! Allah !" rose,
While horse and rider look'd repose,
As statues on the mountain raised,
Round whom the *mitraille* idly blazed,
And rent and tore the earth around ;
But nothing shook except the ground,
Still the untroubled lip ne'er quivered,
Still that white altar-horse ne'er shivered.

"Wait his return," the captain cried ;
"The mountain's side a mark supplies,
"And range in line some twenty guns :
"Fire one by one, as back he runs ;
"With *mitraille* loaded be each gun—
"For him who kills a grade is won !"

But back the White Horse ran not—
no !

His pace was gentle, grand, and slow ;
His rider on the holy skies,
In meditation fix'd his eyes.
The enemy, with murderous plan,
Knew not which to most admire,
The grand White Steed, the grander
man,
When lo ! the signal—"Fire !"

"Unscath'd ! unscath'd ! now mark the
race !"

The laughing soldiers cried :
The White Horse quickens not his pace,
The Priest spurs not his side.

"Ha ! mark his figure on the rock !"
A second gun is ringing,
The rock itself is springing,
As from a mine's low shock,
Its splinters flying in the air,
And round the Priest and steed is there
Of balls and stones an atmosphere.

What, not one stain upon his side !
The whited robe remains undyed—
No bloody rain upon the path—
Surprise subdues the soldier's wrath.
"Give him a chance for life, one chance ;
(Now, hear the chance the captain
gave)

Let every gun be fired at once—
At random, too—and he, the brave,
If he escape, will have to tell
A prodigy—a miracle—
Or meet the bloodiest grave
That ever closed o'er human corse,
O'er rider brave, or gallant horse."

And away, and away, like thunder
weather,

Full twenty cannon blaze together ;
Forth the volcano vomits wide.
The men who fired them spring aside,
As back the cannons wheeled.

Then came a solemn pause ;
One would have thought the moun-
tain reeled,
As a crater opes its jaws.

PARIS.

But the smoke and sulphur clearing,
Down the mountain's side, unfearing,
Phantom-like glided horse and man,
As though they had no danger ran.

"Hurrah ! hurrah !" the soldiers cheer,
And clap their hands in wild delight.
Circassia's Priest, who scorn'd to fear,
Bears the applause of Muscovite.
But, soldiers, load your guns once more ;
Load them if ye have time,
For ears did hear your cannons roar,
To whom it is as sweet bells chime,
Inviting to a battle feast.
Dark eyes did see the *mitraille* driven,
With murderous intent,
'Gainst the High Priest, to whom was
given
Protection by offended Heaven,
From you on murder bent.
Haste, sacrilegious Russian, haste,
For behold, their forest-screen they form,
With the ominous sounds of a gathering
storm.

Promptly—swiftly—fatally burst,
That storm by Patriot-piety nursed ;
Down it swept the mountain's side ;
Fast o'er the plain it pour'd,
An avalanche—a deluge wide,
O'er the invader roared.
A White Horse, like a foaming wave,
Dashed forward 'mongst the foremost
brave,
And swift as is the silver light,
He arrowy clear'd his way,
And cut the mass as clouds a ray.
Or meteor piercing night.
Aimed at him now was many a lance ;
No spear could stop his fiery prance,
Oft would he seize it with his mouth,
With snort and fierce tempestuous froth,
While swift the rider would cut down
The lanceman rash, and then dash on
Amongst advancing hosts, or flying,
Marking his path with foemen dying.

Now the morning after, when
The grey light kiss'd the mountain,
And down it, like a fountain,
Freshly, clearly ran—oh, then
The Priest and White Horse rose,
So white they scarce threw shade ;
But now no sacrilegious blows
At man nor horse are made.

The eyes profane that yester glared,
Hung'ring for that sacred life,
Were quench'd in yester's fatal strife,
And void of meaning stared.

No lip could mock—no Russian ear
Thanksgiving unto Allah hear,
"To Allah, the deliverer !"
The mountain look'd unchanged, the
plain is red ;
Peaceful be the fallen invaders' bed.

J. F. C.

A BITTER MISTAKE;

OR,

A SHORT TALE OF A POCKET.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

LUKE VELLUM was a respectable law-stationer (we mustn't be too particular in fixing his whereabouts, for this *is* a true story, therefore taking a wide range we will say) in the city of London. He kept a one-horse-four-wheel, as well as a little cottage-*ornée*, which for the reason above-stated, we will call "The Retreat," situate, lying, and being, as the lawyers say, at Balham Hill, in the county of Surrey. He achieved his respectability by adhering to one golden rule, which was simply—attending to his own concerns; for it is believed, that he was never known to meddle with things he didn't understand, except in the instance about to be related; and so thoroughly had his engrossing business engrossed the whole of his attention, that he had no notion how the world wagged, except as connected with skins of parchment.

Day after day did Luke drive his little under-tax pony-chaise from "The Retreat" to his little grubby-looking shop in the city, until he had consumed that precious portion of a man's existence which commences where juvenility ends, and senility begins. Poor Vellum, however, became a baby at three score, and, in his second childhood, he indulged in a whim, which was, that at "The Retreat," at Balham Hill aforesaid, in a certain eighteen-gallon copper, in a certain little back wash-house, he, the said Luke Vellum, might covertly, and with malice aforethought, commit divers treasonable acts and practices against the peace and welfare of Barclay and Perkins (to wit) by brewing his own beer.

"Wasn't there an eighteen-gallon copper in the wash-house?" said he triumphantly, one morning at breakfast, "Wasn't there an eighteen-gallon copper doing nothing?" said he.

Now it was a noticeable fact in the domestic economy of the Vellums, that this very question of brewing was about the only one upon which there happened to be no difference of opinion. Upon every other subject Mrs. V., who prided herself upon being "a strong-minded woman," was not only at variance with her husband, but with everybody else; and what with the strength of her mind, and the strength of her lungs, she managed, somehow, to throw the blame upon poor Luke, if anything happened to go wrong at "The Retreat." For reasons then which will presently appear, she aided and abetted Vellum in his treason against the brewers; nay, she not only at once freely admitted that the said eighteen-gallon copper was doing nothing, but in the kindest manner enumerated the various tubs, round and oblong, together with divers and sundry earthenware pots and pans, glazed and otherwise, which she generously consented to divert from their domestic uses and convert into coolers and mash-tuns at a minute's notice.

Thus strengthened by the approbation of his better half, Vellum went on working himself up to the "brewing point," by demanding

"If they hadn't all been nearly poisoned by the wash from the 'Pig and Whistle?'"

"And the 'Three Jolly Gardeners?'" said Mrs. V.

"And the 'Tippling Philosopher,'" added her husband.

"And I'm sure," rejoined the lady, "I may safely lay our attack of cholera at the doors of those good-for-nothing people who sent us their bilious fluids from 'The India Arms.'"

Here Mrs. Vellum, at the recollection of the nauseous draughts just mentioned, screwed up her face as though she meant to cry—but she didn't—it was only a preliminary to suggesting that they must begin in a small way, just to bring their hands in; "though for the matter of that," she added superciliously, "there can be no more mystery in brewing, than in making tea—only people will make such a fuss about it. It's only pouring boiling water on malt and hops, instead of sugar and Souchong, and the thing's done."

"By jingo!" exclaimed Vellum, striking the table to give emphasis to his words, "you've so simplified the question, that I'll order the malt and hops this very day."

Now came the discussion as to quantity. However, it was soon decided by the strength of mind of Mrs. V., that Luke should not lock up any large amount of capital in the purchase of malt; and it was ultimately arranged that the investment should not exceed a bushel; but as to the hops, that *was* a poser which almost defied the wide range of Mrs. Vellum's grasp of mind.

And here, perhaps, it may be mentioned, *entre nous*, that it was doubtful whether the Vellums had a clear notion why hops were used in brewing. The sequel will prove that they were ignorant whether the article was sold by weight or measure. Even all that the "strong minded wife of Luke knew about the matter was, that it was something to put in the beer. However, the natural impetuosity of the lady soon overthrew such a trifling impediment as a doubt, so she affirmed in her off-hand way, that as many as would fill Luke's great-coat pocket, would be sufficient for their present purpose. It having occurred to her penetrating intellect, that, through the agency of that capacious receptacle, tea, sugar, soap, and even candles, had occasionally been conveyed from town to "The Retreat," she therefore could not conceive why it might not serve as a measure for the hops. With poor Vellum, to hear was to obey, and catching the phrenzy of the moment from his better half, he boldly dispatched a note to Messrs. Bitterwort, for as many hops as would fill a large pocket.

Well, we confess we are not up to the art and mystery of brewing—indeed it seems to be a secret known but to few; for although everybody brags of an acquaintance with the prettiest girl in the world, or perhaps has the best gun, or the best horse in the world, or rejoices in a walking-stick that is universally admitted to be a better walking-stick than anybody else's walking-stick—yet, somehow, the tone is always lowered when we talk about our "home-brewed."

The beverage is generally introduced with a sneaking sort of an apology—such as, the tap is not so fresh as it might be—or the malt was chitted—or the yeast wouldn't rise—or else the thunder is blamed in some way or other. The potation is never up to the mark. Stay, we are wrong; we once tasted some home-brewed, and the twang of the relish still haunts our fancy. But the host lived at the top of a hill, a long winding, breezy hill, every inch of ground gained, was so

much loss of sinew ; but the ascent won, a foaming tankard of "home-brewed" was a draught fit for Bacchus. We have often wondered since whether the exercise had anything to do with the excellence of the ale. By the bye, pedestrians speak highly of the beer at Highgate.

But we are rambling, and it is time to return to Luke Vellum, and if the reader pleases, we will find him at "The Retreat," with the handle of the bell of the garden-gate in his hand. He had been in the city the whole day, attending to his "concern," and as it had been very rainy, he was literally *ringing* wet.

Perhaps of the numerous small evils of life, not one ruffles a man's temper sooner than being kept in the rain, after having either knocked or rung at his own door. This justifiable state of irritation is apt to be increased on finding that something has gone wrong during one's absence: so that when Luke, who had been allowed to perform "peal the third," entered his garden, and found the smooth, well-kept gravel walk furrowed with two unsightly ruts, he was warranted in asking the servant, in a tone a little at variance with his usual courtesy—what the devil it all meant?

"Oh! if you please, sir," said the girl, "there's a great package come."

"Great package!" echoed Vellum; "when did it arrive?"

"About five o'clock, sir, and missus is in *such* a way; two men brought it in a horse and cart."

Poor Luke had a sickening foreboding of misfortune when he heard that Mrs. V. was in such a way; he knew full well what that meant. However, he endeavoured to get as much information as he could, to prepare for the storm which he knew was raging, by asking, as he proceeded towards the house, whom the package was for?

"It's for you, I b'lieve," replied the maid; "leastways missus says it's something to do with the brewing."

"Something to do with the brewing! What can the fool mean? It can't be the hops? It can't be the malt?" were sentences he muttered internally. Before he had time to ask any more questions, he was rasping the dirt off his shoes at his own scraper, during which operation he had leisure to notice that the front-door was half wrenched from its hinges; the hall lamp was smashed, the paper was torn from the walls of the passage; in short, the house appeared to have been trying to perform that remarkable feat of turning itself out of the windows.

He was not permitted to remain long in ignorance, for the appearance of Mrs. Vellum in the passage not only prognosticated that she was about to give him some information, but also, from certain signs with which Luke was too familiar, "a bit of her mind" into the bargain.

"So, Mr. Vellum," she commenced, "a pretty blunder you've made! Ah! you may stare at that hall lamp, but that's only a tithe of the mischief you've caused by your stupidity."

"I!" said the astonished husband.

"Yes, you, sir!" and noticing that Luke was half discomfited by her sudden attack, she followed it up by requesting him, with a sort of savage politeness, "just to have the kindness to step into *her* parlour, and he would find the front of the grand upright stove in, and the large pier-glass smashed into a thousand bits."

Well flesh and blood couldn't stand this any longer, at least Vellum's flesh and blood couldn't, so, plucking up a spirit, he desired to be informed if Mrs. V. was mad, and if she wasn't, perhaps she'd have the goodness to explain what the devil all this confusion meant?

"No, Mr. Vellum, we are not mad," said the lady, bridling up, speaking for herself and the maid, adding, with a toss of her head, "though you must be, I should think."

"What for?" said Luke. "For God's sake explain!"

"What for?" replied the wife; "what for?" and finding that an explanation at that moment would not suit her tactics, she allowed her "strong mind" to evaporate itself in a burst of feeling, saying, as she wrung her hands, "Oh, Luke, Luke! what have you been, and gone, and done?"

Luke expressed a wish to know what he "had been, and gone, and done?"

"Well, look in the parlour then," said Mrs. V., "and don't stand gaping there like an idiot—don't."

Poor Vellum obeyed mechanically, and found matters just as his wife had said. The peagreen silk fluting of the rosewood grand upright was torn down, exposing the long spider-shanked keys, tipped with buff, and large pieces of the pier-glass were lying about the floor. The round table was turned up and poked away in a corner to make room for a huge unwieldy object, in shape something like a bolster, but large enough for Gog and Magog to repose on.

"That's the hops!" said Mrs. Vellum, in her bitterest tones.

"The hops!" said Vellum, aghast.

"Yes, the hops!" repeated the lady; "and the porters who brought it, said it must be kept dry."

"Why, in the name of goodness, didn't you put it in the wash-house then?"

"It was too big," tartly replied the wife.

"Then you ought to have tried the kitchen."

"So we did; but as it would have been necessary to take down the side of the house, we desisted. In fact," she continued, finding the time had arrived for her explanation, "no door but the front-door would admit your great blunder, and though I kept telling the men for goodness gracious sake not to graze the walls or knock the furniture about, yet the uncouth brutes would go on cramming it into the passage, which it jammed up so tight that nobody could pass. Well, in the course of time, after we had all pulled and strained our lives out, we got it up to the parlour door, where one of those brutes of porters (eh! how I hate all the men!) who was walking backwards under the burden, stumbled over an ottoman, and pitched himself into the pier-glass, and this great bulky thing, into the grand upright!"

"But, my God!" gasped Luke, overpowered at the tremendous mistake somebody had made, "I never ordered such a quantity of hops as this!"

"Yes you did," quickly replied Mrs. Vellum, determined to lay the whole blame upon her husband, "for the men brought with them your very clever note."

"Well?" said Luke.

"In which," continued the lady, with tantalising minuteness, "you requested Messrs. Bitterwort to send you as many hops as would fill a large pocket."

"Just so," said Luke, thinking of his greatcoat pocket, and wondering how the deuce he could be blamed for all that had happened.

"And this," said Mrs. Vellum, pointing to the huge object on the floor, "this is a large pocket; one of the largest, as the porters said, Messrs. Bitterwort had in their warehouse;" and by way of silencing all further inquiry on the subject, "here," said the lady, placing a paper in the hand of her petrified husband, "here is their little bill!"

Luke slowly opened it and read as follows:—

LUKE VELLUM, Esq.

To Messrs. Bitterwort & Co.

To a large <i>Pocket</i> of best East Kent Browns,	£	s.	d.
2 cwt. 2 qrs. & 14 lbs., at 7l. 7s.	20	4	3

We have not heard how the ale turned out, but we should say, from past recollection, it must have been *bitter*.

TO THE ROYAL PAVILION AT BRIGHTON.

THING of past renown!

Once light Folly's centre!
Wherefore com'st not down,
In thy fall a *Mentor*?

Like a cap-and-balls,
Brighton long hath worn thee!
Ransom'd from thy spells,
Doth she not now scorn thee?

Having bought, out-right,
Can't she make a *clearance*?
Won't she doff thee, quite—
Sick of thine appearance!

Can she cling to thee,
As a "dear vexation"?
Is the saving plea
"Old association"?

Pet of Sultan George!
Child of his or *Nash's*!
In the Mem'ry's forge
How thine image flashes!

Oh! those *former* looks,
Full of bright vain glory!—
Now, the dingy rooks
Seem to crack thy story!

Where is he, whose praise
Glowed from "lips of coral"?
He that ruled those days?
Gone—to point a moral!

Where's each starry guest—
Lords, and dukes, and colonels?
Majesty's a *jest*,
Stripped of its *externals*!

Players of a *part*,

Where are *they*—the creatures
With the aching heart,
And the smiling features?

Mute are now thy walls!
Fled, thy gay frequenters!
And within those halls
Not a lackey enters!

Damps have chilled thee through;
Yea! thy frame grows rotten.
What, then, should'st thou do?
Die—and be forgotten!

Or, if modern skill
Vamp thy crazy *corpus*,
Live! but, ere *Time* kill,
Live to better purpose!

For a pamper'd few
Be no "state Pavilion"—
But diffuse, as *dew*,
Pleasure to the million!

Fling thy portals wide!
Ope thy bosom, kindly!
Greet the *human tide*
Handsomely—benignly!

'Twixt the *great* and *small*
Set no poor partition!
Meet the claims of *all*
With a "free admission"!

So shalt thou promote
Honest joys—not orgies!
So shall men thee quote
"England's own"—not "George's!"

G. D.

FOREST INCIDENTS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CANADA.

BY S. D. HUYGHUE,

AUTHOR OF "THE NOMADES OF THE WEST."

AGAIN, as in the autumn, the dun leaves appeared upon the ground, but they were now covered with a gauze-like tissue, formed of the webs of some insect or other, which seemed to have accumulated upon them on the subsidence of the snow. The history of this curious fabric was to me as great a mystery as that of the so-called snow-flea, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; but it soon disappeared, as innumerable embryo leaves and flowers broke through the vegetable deposit, and expanded in the breath of spring.

It was with a sort of rapture that I launched my canoe for the first time, upon the beautiful lake which heretofore I had traversed only on snow-shoes, and beheld, as a motionless plain, for so many previous months. But this was now converted into an arena of thrilling life. The water danced in the balmy breeze, and sparkled in the sunbeams, flocks of aquatic birds skimmed over it with a cleaving whir, and settled down in a long rippling trail upon its breast; the suskquash swam whining past the sedgy shallows, and played among the *chevaux de frise* of snags along the margin; the loon screamed nervously and loud from mid-channel, and, ever and anon, a dull roar reached the ear from the rapids at the discharge.

A good general idea of Isheganelshagek is conveyed in its name—a compound word exemplifying the polysynthetic character of the Indian languages, as it signifies—"a lake, with high land on one side and lowland on the other." When, upon gaining the midst of the bright expanse, I rested my paddle, and took a survey of the surrounding purlieus, I immediately recognised this distinguishing feature, for the lake was encircled by a fringed zone of firs and pines, which, gradually deepening, arose right and left to the summit of a height in the rear of the dépôt. At the upper end of the sheet was an inlet; this, the continuation of the north-west branch of the St. John, was broad and unbroken for some miles, where it wound through a sweet wilderness of verdure; and near the further shore, directly opposite the station, I discovered an islet which reminded me at once, of that described in "The Prisoner of Chillon." I almost fancied that the poet's soul, in some of its aerial excursions, must have alit awhile upon its emerald crest, so precisely similar was the sketch there drawn; for it was—"a small green isle,—scarce broader than a dungeon floor—and in it there were three tall trees, and young flowers growing."

This was a favourite resort of mine, and many a time, later in the season, have I debarked upon its shred of rock to gather wild roses—those most fragile and beautiful of flowers; and to loiter under the shade of the three picturesque pines which gave it the appearance of a plumed coronet floating on the silvery tide. The crumbling remains of crotch-poles were yet visible, where Indians had encamped upon it some years before; these tokens of preoccupation caught the quick eye of a young Huron girl, who accompanied me on one occasion—reader, you need not smile—while rambling through the thickets in

search of berries and flowers, and it pleased me to find that the charming little retreat had been chosen, even as a temporary sojourn, by my good friends, the red-skins.

The tranquillity of the lake, which was nearly two miles in length, being seldom ruffled except by a passing breeze, the vivid reflection of the shores, with that of the Sugar Loaf, three miles to the north-eastward, piercing far beneath all, in a blue inverted cone—was almost an inseparable feature in the view, causing a sort of two-fold landscape, which divided the attention of the observer. It seemed, when you looked into its mirror-like depths, as if the earth were inverted and flat, and you were gazing from the bottom of the lake towards the sky. It was a bewitching delusion, and I loved to encourage it as I leant over the canoe and observed the clouds and birds soaring past, at an immeasurable distance in the azure firmament *below*, and traced in the pellucid medium, each limb and leaf of the encircling trees, even more distinctly than in the objects themselves.

And that conical mountain which, environed by the dark-green forest, rose lonely and majestic as the sovereign of this sylvan realm—what a vision of solemn beauty was recalled by its aerial outline! As I traced it in the glassy wave I bethought me of the day when, in mid-winter, following Sappil's track, I tramped after the handsome Tenobcote, on snow-shoes, to its summits. Ah! the scene that burst around me then, amply compensated for the toil of clambering up its steepest side. I could have believed myself suddenly transferred to a more exalted theatre of being; indeed, for some moments, I felt really oppressed by the unexpected grandeur of the spectacle.

The wild forest lay beneath me in its repose, stern, silent, and wide. Grove after grove, ridge after ridge, it spread away in a multitude of waving lines and shades, from the deep green of the pines to the grey of the leafless hard woods, and the blue of the circular horizon. Midway, in many a curve, the mantle of wilderness was broken by irregular patches of white, where a lake or river lay mapped out on its sombre field in a plain of glittering snow; while at different points in the vicinity of the Sugar Loaf (the centre of this vast panorama) huge spurs projected their bristling crests, like so many colossal ramparts, grim and black with shade.

But the crowning elements of all were two azure mountains which towered in isolated grandeur, at two distinct points above the woods, with a bold and simple outline; you might have fancied them, as they projected their shadows on the groves of that silent landscape, to be the pyramids of an extinct world. Sappil knew them, and repeated their Indian names with a kind of awe. These I have forgotten; but I often behold the originals in my dreams, looming again over the noble solitude. Few, none perhaps, except the red-man, ever scanned them from that height, before the explorations for the Boundary, and many a tree will drop and moulder on their steep, and many a winter whiten over them, no doubt, ere another pale-face offers up his soul-homage upon that mountain's brow.

It was at the close of day that the Indian lake revealed its choicest charms, when every sound grew hushed, and like a plate of burnished gold, the sun fell behind the western height, and threw it half in shade. Then you could watch the radiance creep gradually up the dark belt of forest on the opposite shore, hang upon it for an instant, like a gorgeous fringe, tip the summits of the loftier pines with fire,

rest lingering at last on the brow of the Sugar Loaf, in a coronal of light; and, finally, when all else was shrouded in twilight, flush up the sky and water with a tinge of the softest rose. Then, too, could you behold the mists gather around, in a fine gauzy veil, and wrap this little world in its folds through which the plaintive Night glanced down to view her starry eyes in the glass of Isheganelshagok.

A favourite amusement of mine was to glide stealthily along in the cool of the evening, among the labyrinth of dead trees on the skirts of the lake, and watch the muskquash at play. It was curious to see a pair of these beaver-rats diverting themselves in some quiet nook, embayed by the limbs of a stranded dryad, now sitting erect and munching fresh roots extracted from the bottom of the lake, and now leaping playfully over each other, with a pup-like whine; or paddling to and fro in the miniature lagoon, and scoring it in rippling trails. Aha! the gambols are suddenly arrested: the eye of one of the swimmer's has caught sight of an unwelcome visage among the network of dead branches, and, with a sharp whack of his tail upon the surface, he gives the alarm, and, like a flash, both have disappeared.

Sometimes I would take my gun and paddle up the lake into a sort of *cul-de-sac*, or inner lake, near its extremity, where, keeping under cover of the alder thickets that covered its marshy confines, and imitating their cry, by lapping the upper lip over the under, and drawing them inward—an Indian practice—I could shoot these animals at discretion. On one occasion, however, I drew one wounded from the water, and the agony of the poor thing was so human-like, that I relinquished the sport. Yet it must not be supposed that I hunted them merely for that; the fact is, I was now compelled to eat salt provision; or, rather, bread and rice, with, occasionally, a little ham, for I never could overcome my repugnance to Lumberman's pork; and by dint of experimentalizing on everything that came in my way, I had discovered that the flesh of the musk-rat, if properly boiled, yielded an excellent food. These excursions, therefore, bore an immediate reference to the larder, and were not the less agreeable for combining excitement with utility.

To render the muskquash eatable, the Indians boil it without the head; exchanging the water twice or thrice in the process. This deprives it entirely of its offensive, musky smell, and, to my taste, converts it into a dish superior both in quality and flavour to that furnished by any other animal of the forest; and I can lay claim to a little experience in that way, having gone through the list from, I won't say snakes, but certainly frogs, squirrels, and porcupines, up to bears and buffaloes: not being troubled naturally with any gastronomical antipathies to a name, or, indeed, often at liberty to make a selection while essaying a new applicant for culinary honours.

Once, being hard pushed for a dinner, I had serious designs upon a tortoise, but the slow-lived creature looked terribly lanky, and trudged along so meekly besides, that it did not seem gentlemanly to eat him: and I consoled myself with a mess of boiled fern sprouts—fiddle-heads—and a dessert of dried apples, split and strung American fashion; no bad diet on a pinch, let me tell you; but it was only vegetable, after all.

On the 21st of May, a Milicete Indian came in to the station from the Metawaquam, a confluent of the north-west branch, a distance of fourteen miles, to procure a little tobacco. He had killed fifteen

moose during the late season, and he spoke French fluently and with more dignity than a Canadian.

There was a glorious pine-tree within a few feet of the landing-place ; one of the ancients of the forest, with cones half a foot long, and a trunk " fit to be the mast of some great admiral." This was a favourite resort of mine, and afterwards I had a rustic seat fixed round its base, where I used to sit with my calumet in the twilight, and enjoy the play of light, the melody of colour, which seemed to vibrate between earth and heaven, at that most hallowed hour. Now the day was oppressively hot, and seated on the roots of the shady pine, we were " smoking peace together," as the natives say ; when, all at once, the Milicete peered into the ground at his feet, and drew my attention to the spot. A humble-bee was striving with all its might to penetrate the surface, and had half-buried itself already in the fibrous mould. The Indian took a twig and drew the insect back carefully, but though repeatedly disturbed, it still persisted in its purpose of self-interment, and choosing a fresh place each time, commenced digging as hard as ever with its head and legs.

" What for, now, you think he work so, and no have afraid, brother?" asked the Indian, in broken English ; throwing away the twig and folding his arms.

This was a puzzling question, and I endeavoured to parry it as I well as I could, by hinting the well known habit of the animal of forming its cells in the ground.

" Sartin, me know that too," he rejoined ; " but what for he begin when trees have only little leaves—very young leaves ; why he no scare ? "

I was silent.

" This way why," said the Milicete, with emphasis ; " suppose, now, God say to him, ' little bee, look sharp. If you no make wigwam in the ground very quick, sartin you freeze ! ' There's cold weather coming, brother."

The man said this with such an air of grave decision, that I could not argue the point ; nevertheless, there was such a seeming stability in the aspect of the spring, everything around was so bright and flourishing, that I strove in vain to reconcile to myself the possibility of a relapse, such as the Milicete predicted. Fallacious security. When I looked out of the window, next morning, the ground was covered with snow ! We had taken a sudden stride back into winter, and for three days the earth lay palsied in its cold embrace. The fluttering and buzzing population that filled the woods with so much vivid life, were swept away in a night, and the icy hand of death was laid upon the budding world with a ruthlessness that made you shudder : the reign of solitude and desolation was renewed.

Then I thought of the provident bee, secure in its warm cave, and of the wise instinct that had apprised it of what human intelligence could not foresee.

Such are the extraordinary vicissitudes of climate in British America, which render agriculture, at the very best, a precarious occupation, even with the finest soil in the world. But on this occasion, the general advancement of vegetation was such as to make the phenomenon in question actually appalling. Infant, frolic, Nature, seemed to be suddenly struck dead, and laid out before us in a shroud. Neither was this attributable to locality, merely, for I once saw sleighing on the 15th of May, in the streets of St. John, situated on

the coast of the Bay of Fundy. But what with raw unsettled winters, foggy summers, and rain every third day throughout the year, *that* is the last place in the universe where an Englishman, in search of a climate, would establish his household gods.

There were, as already mentioned, between three and four acres cleared at the Depot Station. This ground, under the rigid system of economy pursued throughout the Boundary operations, was not allowed to remain idle: and, as soon as the freshets had drained off sufficient to render the transport possible, divers horses laden with sacks of seed potatoes, wended their way in, over our mountain road, and a party of Canadians from the Line were employed in burning off the brush, gathering up the stones, and loosening the soil with mattocks and spades, preparatory to the grand experiment of testing the fertility of Isheganelshagek. At the same time, I had a small space between my cottage and the Depot freed entirely of stumps and roots, and sown with lettuce, turnip, cabbage, and a variety of other seeds, appropriate to a kitchen garden, which were some of them nursed into activity by being planted in a compost bed. These smaller plantations, together with the approaches, were then enclosed with a rustic fence, which gave an air of embellishment to this oasis in the wild. Moreover, I ran a lattice railing along the front of my house, and in the narrow space between planted a quantity of nasturtions and lupines, with but a meagre hope, it must be confessed, of their ever coming to maturity.

During our leisure hours, also, we beautified the *depôt* by the addition of a flight of log steps to its terraced platform, and a row of peeled spruce columns along the front, under the projecting entablature; the whole facing being chipped smooth with the broad axe. As this was of a clear white, it contrasted strongly with the foliage of a clump of birches that overshadowed it, and looked not unlike the marble *façade* of a Tuscan temple glistening through the vistas of the woods.

I had two men to superintend the cultivation; one an old north-west man, with a skin like shrivelled leather, called Adam, and the other Bruno, a tall, blooming stripling from Maskinonge, more conversant with gardening than wood-craft. These, with Hasson, an Irish cooper and storeman, Charron, the courier, and my cook, canoe man and valet, Stanislas Roy, made up the *depôt* complement; and it must be admitted that in whatever other respect the station was deficient it abounded in euphonic appellations.

On the 30th of May, about one o'clock P.M., the sky being cloudless, but covered with a thin haze, that singular phenomenon, the parhelion, was visible. Four distinct halos appeared about the sun, three of which were projected northward from its disk, and the two outermost imperfect, and forming an arc on a line due north and south, intersecting the luminary. These circles, each greater than the other, appeared in pale light, and occupied an extensive area in the sky overhead, on which they were described with the precision of a mathematical diagram. The wind was blowing strong from the southward, at the time, and the spectacle lasted about fifteen minutes, when it faded gradually away.

The wind then increased to a violent storm accompanied with rain. The lake was converted into a sheet of foam over which clouds of spray were whirled like drifting snow, while the woods fairly roared with the tempest. I never witnessed a scene of more terrific grandeur. The trees bent with a splintering impetus, the tops of the pines lashed

to and fro, like ostrich feathers, in the rushing torrent of the wind, and one huge giant that looked from its crest at least one hundred and fifty feet down upon the log huts, toppled and fell; crushing some half dozen first, like so many straws, as it measured its length upon the ground.

We rushed out of our houses like maniacs, warned by the quivering of the ground. The trees stood many of them with their branches almost touching the cabin roofs in their rear. Could we tell at what instant one of these might share the fate of the pine and cleave the frail shell beneath? I sickened as I thought of the risk I had run for so many previous months; any winter's night a single blast might have severed the hair and let fall the exterminating glave. The reflection scarcely seized upon the mind when one of these very firs snapped like a pipe shank, half way up its hollow stem, and fell sprawling into my cabbage bed; while the same gust uprooted two birch trees by the *dépôt*, hurling one against it, and the other athwart the crotch of a third, splitting it, clean as an axe, down to the very ground; and all this time the dark forest shrieked and howled, and heaved like an angry ocean, surging in to overwhelm us. There was also a continued snapping and crashing sound, which, with frequent shocks underfoot, like those of an earthquake, proclaimed the devastation going on far and near, while the air was thick with branches and shreds of foliage whirled on the wings of the storm.

Towards night the wind abated somewhat, though the rain poured down in torrents, and with little cessation for two days. But drenched as we were, this mattered little, and there was work to be done. With one spontaneous impulse the men seized their axes, selected each his mark, and such a clatter of chopping as soon was heard would have ravished a squatter's ear. We were fully bent upon securing to ourselves a safe night's rest, for the future, and before dark, every tree in dangerous proximity to our quarters, was levelled to the ground. Without this precaution, I could no more have slept again within those log walls than I could have been guilty of any other act bordering remotely upon suicide.

It is truly wonderful that so few casualties occur, considering the constant risks of this nature to which people are exposed in the woods, together with the impossibility of insuring oneself from the chance falling of a trunk in the dense forest, where the growth is so crowded that the trees seem stifled and competing with each other for a breath of upper air. Besides which, at least one-third of the resinous class—the pines and spruces—are either hollow or unsound, and no human foresight can determine the instant when they may exchange the perpendicular for the horizontal, and annihilate everything within their reach. Furthermore, it is an invariable rule, in choosing a camping-ground, especially in winter, to look out for a chimney, that is, a tall tree, generally dead, against which to plant the fire, as this insures a draft, and prevents it from smoking, an indispensable of comfort sufficiently obvious to all who have visited a wigwam, or bivouacked under a canopy of leaves.

Thus, amid such a complication of hazards, how so many escape death or mutilation would appear to belong to the category of knotty speculations which baffle our philosophy.

THE DUKE OF KENT.*

ENGLAND's present Queen has secured to all who are more immediately connected with her a far greater measure of public attention and respect than they could ever have had without her. So estimable and excellent as she is, in all the relations of life, as queen and woman, as wife and mother, there is nothing that especially concerns her that her people do not take a concern in; there is no one for whom she has affection and esteem that is not esteemed by her subjects for her sake. Pre-eminently an English lady—English in all her thoughts and habits—in her taste and domestic virtues, she has most especially and singularly endeared herself to the English people, who think more highly of her, and feel a far greater interest in her than circumstances ever call upon them to express by words, or to prove by deeds. She reigns in our hearts—we glory in her—we rejoice over her, and delight to think of her as not less distinguished for her talents than her station—as eminent for her clear good sense as for her virtues, for her strength of mind and firmness of principle, equally as for her compassion to the needy, and her attachments to the good.

The father of such a woman must of very necessity have a large share of the public attention brought directly upon him. The excellences of the daughter's character will lead to more than usual inquiries of the character of her parent. His premature and almost accidental death suddenly left the succession to the throne open to her; his passionate fondness for her, his endearments to her, caused him in a fatal hour to neglect himself,—otherwise Edward the Seventh would have followed upon William the Fourth. One patriotic king would have succeeded to the inheritance of another, and the reign of the seventh Edward was not likely to be less distinguished than that of his illustrious daughter for those alterations and improvements in the foundation and machinery of the Constitution which have made it dearer than ever to the people, have given them a greater interest in it, have greatly increased their attachment to it, and have furnished them with the strongest motives for upholding and defending it.

It has been the object of Mr. Neale to make the character of the Duke of Kent somewhat better known to the millions of this land than it hitherto has been. That the Duke was an ill-used man has been long known; but none seemed willing to say from whom the ill-usage sprang. It is but thirty years since the Duke died, and in the publication of letters and correspondence of so late a period, the names of general this, and colonel that, must of necessity be left blank, or their families would be injured and pained by the exposure of their fathers' meanness and wickedness. But it is impossible to speak the truth of the Duke of Kent, without speaking very disagreeable truths of others—if a defendant will act the part of a knave, it is his own fault that he compels a plaintiff to bring him into court, and to make his delinquencies known; and what the Duke did not in this public way do for himself, Mr. Neale has in some little measure done for him, and amply sufficient

* The Life of Field-Marshal His Royal Highness Edward Duke of Kent. By the Rev. Erakine Neale. Bentley: London. 1850.

grounds had Mr. Neale for doing it, and very thankful are we that he has done it.

A more truly interesting volume we could not name—our sympathies go with the writer, and with every page our esteem increases for his subject. Certainly the Duke had hard measure dealt to him by his father in the first instance, and by his brothers afterwards. We cannot now cite instances, but there the facts are, facts incontestible, though all but incredible; and yet the Duke of Kent was the only one of all the sons of George III. who received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament for actual services in the field. We are well aware that it will scarcely be believed by many, as possible, that the fourth son of George III. should at the age of twenty-two be without any other means at his command than the allowance made to him by his father of one guinea and a half per week; but the volume is filled with similar instances of neglect and ill-will. But the Duke suffered much from ill-fortune, as well as from ill-will—for a scarcely parallel instance could be found in which, within ten years, a general officer lost by shipwreck and privateers the whole of his seven successively expensive equipments. To a man with always straitened means these repeated losses brought with them great troubles and great sorrows.

What volumes does the simple story of Macdonald give of the Duke's good sense and kind feelings, and what testimonies to his praise are contained in the letter and its contents from that gallant soldier Lieut.-Governor Sir John Harvey. Well might the envious be jealous of such a man; well might those who fattened upon plunder and unmerited pensions and malversations dislike such a man to rule over them: indeed, a faithful history of the Duke's life could not but lay open to the light many strange scenes—much malignancy and profligacy and meanness in characters that seemed very fair in their day, and that were exceedingly well reported of at the Horse Guards.

But the volume abounds with humorous and most entertaining anecdotes. That of the Duke and the officer who buried his *queue* exceeds in humour anything ever reported by Judge Haliburton himself; and the conversation of the Duke with Sir Harry Fearnought, as he is here prudently called, is far too good and characteristic of the man to be otherwise than strictly and literally true both in manner and expression.

No longer, however, after this, will the Duke of Kent remain in the comparative obscurity he has hitherto done. Mr. Neale has broken ground, and has opened a field of inquiry that he will be found labouring earnestly in through years to come, for there is much truth yet to be told, and much that may be told, without compromising families or exposing individuals. The paltry, abject, sordid wretches whose sole thought and wish was to do the dirtiest work of the foulest Sybarite court, may be passed by altogether despised and unnoticed; if alive they are utterly insensible to all shame, and if dead they have had their reward; but in the forthcoming lives of the Prime Ministers of England we may expect some curious revelations; and if the truth is told, and it agrees with Mr. Neale's statements, Lord Sidmouth will appear as much wanting in humanity as in veracity.

But the matter cannot rest here; the inquiry is opened, and in England we rarely cease to inquire concerning persons or subjects in which we take an interest, until our questions are answered, and the mysteries

are removed. The time was when to speak well of the Duke of Kent was certain exclusion from the Court, and a certain bar to promotion in the service; but that time has passed away, and the Horse Guards and the Palace will never again be closed against those who thought and spoke favourably of the fourth son of George III.

That the Duke of Kent will rise greatly in the estimation of his countrymen from this publication there can be no question; nor will a doubt remain that he was a grievously abused man—that he was deeply injured by those, who of all men then living ought the most earnestly and faithfully to have protected and befriended him; the causes are obscure—the motives can only be conjectured; but certain it is, that great injustice was done to him, and high time it now is that justice should be done to the memory of a man to whom we are indebted for the very best sovereign that ever sat on the throne of England; and particularly well-timed we consider this most successful attempt to be to do justice to his memory before the generation contemporary with the Duke had wholly passed away. Mr. Neale had advisers of a widely different opinion, but fortunately he acted from the promptings of his own better judgment, and has thus arrested the many pens that would soon have been employed in writing out the old slanders, and misrepresentations in the form of history. “Although documents exist,” says one of Mr. Neale’s correspondents, “on which the Duke’s military life can be impartially treated, and to his honour and credit; yet must it be years upon years before many details could be laid before the public that it is due to the Duke’s memory should be known.”

The more reason, therefore, that this very fact here stated should be at once known, and that the Duke’s character should, from such facts and evidences as we have, be even now perfectly understood; leaving it to other documents years hence to confirm the opinion which many persons, many years since formed of him, that he was “a princely minded man, with singular kindness of heart, and boundless consideration for the unfortunate.”

“He passed away from power,” says Mr. Neale, “with a temper not soured from injuries, with a heart not hardened from unkindness, with simple tastes, with frank manners, with a capacity for friendship and with no stain of treachery, of ingratitude, or of cruelty resting upon his memory.”

Nor can we resist quoting his concluding observations so apposite are they—so correct in their application, so perfectly in agreement with the facts of which our own eyes are the witness. “Does the influence of good men terminate with their own earthly existence? Do trials submissively borne, and injuries thoroughly forgiven—does untiring benevolence and a ceaseless struggle to do good—do plans which have for their object the instruction of the ignorant, the prevention of crime, and the circulation of the Scriptures leave no permanent impression of the Almighty’s favour with their survivors? *Does it call down no blessing UPON THEIR CHILDREN.*”

FORTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON ACTOR.

BY A. V. CAMPBELL.

I WILL preface the subjoined collection of professional anecdotes by a few words about myself.

I was born in the year 1789; my father, who was a profound scholar, wished to educate me for the Church; but his means not enabling him to send me to Cambridge or Oxford, he determined that I should finish my studies at the College of Geneva. On the breaking out of the war in 1803, I quitted Switzerland, and at fifteen years of age was again under my father's roof. My passage from Calais to Dover had given me an inkling for the sea; and in compliance with my wish, I was sent on trial with a friend of my father, who commanded a dashing frigate, then on a cruise. This kind of life, exciting as it was, was too monotonous for me. I therefore returned home, where I remained until the year 1806; when circumstances, as honourable to my father, as to the noble patron to whom they allude, procured for me an appointment in an office under Government. There I might probably have remained until this day, but for an act of folly which I have never ceased bitterly to repent: I resigned my situation. In the year 1809, a friend of mine in the army lured me from the desk by his glowing description of a military life, and having succeeded in obtaining for me a commission, he easily persuaded me to take the rash step which led to a future life of trouble, anxiety, and sorrow! I was the more readily induced to make the change through the following occurrence. During the winter of 1808, having become acquainted with Mr. Scott, then proprietor of the *Sans Pareil*, now the Adelphi, Theatre, he persuaded me to exhibit in public, that which had already gained me much applause in private society, my "Imitations of the London Performers." I was considered an adept at this by my admiring friends, and having the *entrée* of the theatres, through the kindness of my friend the late Sir T. B. Mash, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, I had abundant opportunities of studying the voice and manner of the leading actors of the day. I yielded to his pressing solicitation, made my appearance in public, and for this I was called before the Board! The chairman, in the course of his lecture, declared it *infra dig.* for one of their clerks to "vagabondize at the *Sans Pareil*." A severe reprimand followed my escapade, accompanied with a strong hint not to repeat it. The "Imitations by a Gentleman" ceased, and their compulsory abandonment rendering my occupation still more distasteful, I was too ready to enter upon the new, and as I then hoped to find it, brilliant career that fortune threw in my way.

In 1809, I joined my regiment, and served until the commencement of 1814. But I found that a military life was by no means suitable to the state of my finances, and I had soon reason to repent, on many accounts, the ill-considered step I had been tempted to take. During my service in the army I made many fruitless appeals,

backed by the recommendations of my commanding officer, to the nobleman who had given me the appointment, to replace me in my old situation.

At length I quitted the army, and having to cast about for a new career, resolved upon making the stage my future profession. I made a successful application to the late C. Dibdin, then manager and part proprietor of Sadler's Wells; and on Easter Monday 1814, I made my first appearance on the boards of that theatre. Unvaried success crowned my efforts, and during the long period of four-and-twenty years I continued to be a favourite with the frequenters of that popular place of amusement. I deluded myself in the fancied security that I had become a fixture—that I was to go "with the lease." Vain hope! A change in the proprietorship of Sadler's Wells took place in 1838, and the new lessee "cleared the stage;" and I was "whistled down the wind," uncared for and unnoticed. Money I had none: savings, with a numerous family, of which no less than seventeen are now living, were out of the question. A long illness followed my ejection, and other misfortunes came thick upon me.

During my long connection with this pleasant and prosperous little summer theatre, I held various engagements in the winter season, principally at the Sans Pareil, afterwards the Adelphi, as well as at the Olympic and City of London Theatres, and on two occasions, during the summer period, at Astley's.

My connection with these establishments necessarily introduced me to the acquaintance of many distinguished members of the profession,—managers and performers, and my constant intercourse with them has led me to preserve the following anecdotes and personal traits which, I flatter myself, are not only new to the public, but may be considered as worthy of record.

With respect to my own professional career from the cessation of my engagement at Sadler's Wells in 1838, it only remains for me to add, that soon after my recovery from the severe illness which followed that event, I was appointed by Mr. Rouse, proprietor of the Grecian Saloon, City Road, manager of that establishment.

THE OLD SANS PAREIL.

SCOTT THE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER.—One of the most industrious, enterprising, and successful of men, was Mr. Scott, the originator of the "Sans Pareil." He was the inventor of the well-known liquid blue, formerly so much in request for dyeing, and from which he obtained the name of "Old True Blue." Scott's account of his discovery of the material of which he formed the "blue," is singular enough. "I was travelling in Russia," said he, "when a storm drove me to seek the shelter of a rude hut. A brisk wood fire burned in the wide chimney. While reading a letter, as I was seated in the wide space of the chimney corner, a portion of soot fell upon it. I rubbed it off, and found that it dyed my fingers blue. I then collected some of the soot, and discovered the same result on each trial. I carried a bagfull with me to England, tried a number of experiments—felt perfectly satisfied as to the result—freighted a vessel with soot—produced a pure liquid blue—and ultimately realized a profit of 20,000*l.* by it." Scott was a most eccentric being, a

jack of all trades, and his active mind was ever suggestive of some singular contrivance. He opened the Sans Pareil with an entertainment of song and dialogue, *à la* Mathews, written, spoken, and sung by his daughter, a very clever girl. To this was added an exhibition of artificial fireworks, invented by Scott, and worked by himself. This novelty proved extremely attractive, and by it he realized a large sum of money. Another kind of entertainment soon after followed, proving a most profitable attraction, viz., a ballet, performed solely by children, pupils of Giroux, the *artiste* of the King's Theatre. Among those really clever juveniles were the present M. Leclercq, Mrs. Searle, Flexmore, the father of the "clown," and the late Mr. Duruset; the latter occasionally enlivened the performance by a song. It was about this time that my "Imitations of the London performers, by a gentleman," were introduced, until the official mandate before alluded to, deprived the audience of the Sans Pareil, of any further display of my talents for mimicry.

I never can forget poor Scott's irritation when I communicated to him that the "Board" had forbidden me from appearing. He rushed down to the office where I was employed, and peremptorily asked me if I really intended to disappoint his audience. I replied in the affirmative. "But the 'Imitations' are in the bills, sir, and I never deceived the public in my life." "Sorry for it, Mr. Scott, but my situation is at stake: besides, you pay me nothing for my services, and I am not bound to obey you." "That has nothing to do with it, sir; your allowing the 'Imitations' to be placed in my bills, implies a contract, and I am not quite sure whether an action would not lie for a breach of it. Good morning, sir." We thus parted in no very cordial mood. I need hardly add, that he did not put his threat of an action at law into execution. Two very good reasons, I presume, deterred him. No doubt his attorney told him that there were no grounds for such a proceeding; and, secondly, he knew that I was a minor.

Some years subsequently to this incident, and about the time I made my regular *début* on the stage at Sadler's Wells, I resumed my intimacy with Mr. Scott, who willingly gave me an engagement during the winter season at his theatre.

At the time I joined the Sans Pareil company, the performances consisted of vaudevilles, followed by juvenile ballets, then farces, and eventually dramas, of a more regular cut. The speculation was a flourishing one, and Scott realized another fortune by it. I will now relate some characteristic anecdotes of this eccentric man and some of his company, from facts that occurred during my engagement at the Sans Pareil.

BARNES, THE PANTALON.—Scott had a great antipathy to certain individuals. He went actually in fear of some. Amongst others, Barnes, the renowned "Jemmy Barnes," the unrivalled Pantaloon, was Scott's aversion; notwithstanding which his great talent always commanded a situation at the Sans Pareil. When calling the actors in to receive their "reward of merit," which he did *seriatim*, Scott would be prepared for "Jemmy," as though he expected mischief; and, lest he should spring upon him, would actually pay him *through the back of a chair*. Holding it before him

and passing his hand through the rails, he would say, "Take your money, Mr. Barnes—take your money, sir! but don't come nearer." Jemmy received the cash with a profusion of bows and an assumed obsequiousness, Scott keeping him at arm's length, and thus escaping the expected attack.

THE SLEEPING AUDITOR.—During Scott's proprietorship of the Sans Pareil, a curious circumstance came to my knowledge. Each evening, as soon as the doors were opened, in walked a tall, gaunt, cadaverous-looking old gentleman, who invariably took his seat by one of the pillars in the pit that supported the boxes. No sooner was he seated, than he invariably fell asleep, fast, sound asleep, and continued in that state until the fall of the curtain! He then awoke without effort, deliberately buttoned his coat, and walked out in the same stately manner as that with which he had entered. The very first night of the theatre opening as the "Adelphi," under the new management, he was missing; and strange to say, was never afterwards seen!

PACKING THE HOUSE.—"There, gentlemen," would the industrious Scott exclaim to his actors, "I have earned five pounds to-night!" "Indeed, sir, how?" "By packing my house myself. Persuading people to sit close; removing hats and bonnets placed on seats—they take up room, and don't pay for it. Requesting people to act fairly—representing to them the injustice of paying for one only, and taking the space of two. Now you see, gentlemen, if I had employed any one to do this, I must have paid him, it would not have been half done, and besides many of my customers insulted. I have worked hard, very hard for an hour with my coat off, it is true, but I have earned five pounds. Admitting that the house should be crowded three times in each week; that will amount to fifteen pounds; and fifteen pounds per week will amount in the course of the season, to about three hundred and ninety pounds; and that only by 'packing the house!'"

JOHN INGLE, THE TORMENTOR.—This actor was, without exception, the most mischievous of imps, and most assuredly, had he remained much longer than the time for which he was bound, he would have been the death of "True Blue." A quarrel between them gave rise to a determined plan of annoyance on the one side, and of passive sufferance on the other. A few instances will suffice. We were playing a melo-drama, called the "Red Robber," in which, by the bye, Hunt, subsequently so notorious in the affair of Weare's murder, played a sailor. Isaacs, the bass-singer, was the "Red Robber." One evening no Isaacs came. All was anxiety and uneasiness. Seven o'clock, no Isaacs—half-past seven, still no Isaacs! "What is to be done?" exclaimed Scott in the last stage of nervous irritability. "Is there no one can go on for the part?" "I have it!" replied Ingle, as if a sudden thought had beamed upon him; "I have it, old gentleman!" "Indeed!" said Scott, "Why who can play the 'Red Robber?'" "*You yourself*," shouted Ingle, "only put on a red night-cap, and go on; for hang me if you an't the biggest robber of the lot." Scott flew at him like a lion. John dodged, and escaped, to renew his annoyance at some future time.

After leading him a miserable life, the term of Ingle's engagement with Scott expired, and he left. Some time elapsed, when one day a respectable-looking gentleman, dressed in deep mourning, desired to speak with our persecuted manager. He was at dinner; from which he always had an insuperable aversion to be disturbed. However, at the pressing solicitation of the "gentleman," whose business, he said, was of the utmost importance, Scott was induced to see him." "Your business, sir; really you come at a very inconvenient time!" "Why, the fact is, Mr. Scott, I would not have taken the liberty of disturbing you, but Mr. John Ingle ——" Had a thunderbolt fallen at Scott's feet, he could not have been more completely electrified. It was "Monsieur Tonson come again," with a vengeance. "D——n John Ingle!" bellowed he, as soon as he could find utterance. "Don't d——n the dead," mildly replied the gentleman! "Dead!" ejaculated the manager, "poor devil!" and all his anger passed away. "Dead, sir. Poor fellow!" iterated the gentleman. "He was no man's enemy but his own. He is gone to his long account, and will never trouble you, or any one else again." "What is then the purport of your visit, sir?" "To solicit your name to this list of subscriptions, intended to afford his poor widow the means of giving him a decent funeral." "Well!" said Scott, "although he was a sore tormentor to me when alive, I bear no ill-feeling towards the dead. Here are five shillings towards the object you have in view." "Many thanks, sir," and the gentleman departed. "Would you believe it?" Scott would say when relating the story, "the gentleman was a humbug; Jack Ingle was not dead at all; but was actually peeping over a twopenny tart at the pastrycook's opposite, to see me pay my quota towards his funeral!"

The last time Ingle was seen was upon the following occasion. It poured with rain. He was passing through the Strand, and sought shelter under the portico of the well-known place where he had so often teased the "Governor." The sound of Scott's voice induced him to conceal himself.

It happened, by one of those strange coincidences which sometimes occur, that the old gentleman was describing to a friend the last trick played upon him by the listener. Ingle patiently heard many of his own pranks related, but upon hearing something of which he disapproved he started from his hiding place, and roaring out, "That's a lie, old Blue!" disappeared. He was never seen again! Scott was dumbfounded. He walked about in actual fear for months afterwards; nor did he ever wholly recover from his apprehension of meeting his tormentor again.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—Perhaps there is nothing which tends more to disunite friends than the blameful custom of practical joking. Many instances might be related where the dearest ties have been severed, the closest intimacy destroyed, by this reprehensible habit. A melancholy instance of the truth of this occurred in the case of an actor at the Sans Pareil. This man was Denham. His custom was to have a pint of beer brought to him every night. This beer was often appropriated by those who had no right to it. In order to prevent further depredations Denham procured a padlock, and after placing his porter in the drawer of his dressing-place, attended to his duty on the stage. But actors, thirsty ones too, were not

easily to be baffled. The corner where the refreshing beverage was placed was accurately observed; its latitude and longitude computed. A hole was bored, a straw inserted, and every drop drawn out. Up came Denham exulting. "Now, my boys, I think I have the best of you!" I shall never forget the man's look when he found the pot empty! He staggered, turned pale, and was evidently much alarmed! Naturally of a weak and pusillanimous nature, remarkably superstitious, he imagined it must be the work of supernatural agency. Denham never thoroughly recovered the shock. The melancholy part of the story remains to be told, and it is with a feeling of pride I recollect that I was sent to Coventry because I would not join in the plot. Poor Denham, finding that locking his beer up did not preserve it, left it at the mercy of all who chose to drink it. Would that they had merely done so! but instigated by the foolish propensity for "larking," and in order to punish him for his supposed selfishness, they mixed a quantity of jalap with it. This dose, predisposed as he was by debility and a shattered constitution, threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he never rose again. His last words were that he had been poisoned. A coroner's inquest, after proper inquiry, the body having been opened, and no trace of poison discovered, returned a verdict of "natural death."

A WET BLANKET.—I will conclude my recollections of Scott with an eccentric trait of kindness of his to myself. Clerkenwell is at some distance from the Strand, and a walk thence to the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells, at twelve o'clock at night, in a pelting rain, is no treat. I was standing at the entrance of the "Sans Pareil" theatre on such a night, and at such an hour, wondering how far I should get on my road before I should be wet to the skin, when Scott touched me on the shoulder, and asked me if I did not repent not having taken his advice, in living nearer to my place of business. The rain increased—it came down in torrents. Suddenly I saw the old gentleman hurrying down the passage, carrying a large Witney blanket in his arms. "Here," he said, "Campbell, you have neither greatcoat nor umbrella. Put this over your shoulders. It is late, no one will observe you, and it will keep you from being soaked." Saying this, he wrapped me up in this ponderous blanket; swathed me like a mummy. What could I do? I thanked him very sincerely, and departed; dived down, or rather up, Heathcock Court; deposited my blanket at the bar of the tavern of that name, drank a glass of brandy, and walked quickly home. Next day I apologised to Scott that the blanket was not dry enough to bring back. "Never mind it," he replied, "keep it; the children will feel the benefit of it."

THE SCIENCE OF GOOD LIVING IN PARIS.

A FOREIGN diplomatist said, that he did not like to enter into a treaty with people until he had seen them at table ; probably recollecting that artists, when about to study animals, choose the moment when they are devouring their prey—at which period their original instincts and tastes are apt to manifest themselves with greater energy and freedom. It is certain that in men's houses, as in the dens of other animals, it is most pleasant and profitable to visit them at *feeding-time*.

If there be a charm in noting down the habits, gestures, and dispositions of remarkable individuals, how infinitely the interest is enhanced when we enter into the heart and habits of a great city *en masse* ; especially if that city happen to be considerable, not only from its splendour and extent, but by its power of impulsion, and the stamp it imprints on general civilization. How then can we be surprised at the fervour of exploration which, in its course, disdains not the minutest details ? This is not a mere fashion—neither is it a mania ; it is the consequence of that rigorous law of Nature, moral and physical, in virtue of which all things radiate from the centre to the circumference.

It was a tale told by a facetious traveller of an inflated sovereign of a petty Eastern state, that he caused a herald to proclaim daily, after the royal repast, that the monarch having himself first dined, gave his gracious permission to all other potentates of the earth to dine also. As if they waited for such permission !

This pleasant fiction is less marvellous than our actual reality ; for, as Fashion is the reigning despot in every state, so is Paris her prime minister, the herald for whose intimation we wait, and who proclaims to every other civilized nation, the sovereign laws, without whose authority and sanction we, "the poorer born," can neither dine, dress, nor dance, with grace or approval.

Paris!—The heroes of Homer are pigmies compared with the myrmidon proportions of that city's greatness. Millions of individuals are devoted to the gratification of her fastidious palate and inordinate appetite. Every year witnesses an increase of food swallowed in that insatiate gulf, which, instead of being encumbered by what it receives, enlarges, and becomes wider and deeper, in proportion to what it absorbs: formidable and frightful progression !

When Paris sits down to table the whole earth is moved. The hill, the mountain, and the valley ; the wood, the forest, the vineyard, the coverts, the garden, and the orchard. Earth, air, and water are her tributaries, and all send forth their produce to gratify the sovereign palate of that voracious city, surrounded as it is by provinces which she daily places under contribution. Provence is her hot-house ; Touraine is her garden ; Normandy raises and fattens her cattle ; the flocks destined for her table, graze in the vigorous meadows that are salted by the sea-water, and upon the aromatic *crêtes* of the Ardennes. She fishes in three seas ; she is richer than any other city in floods, rivers, and ponds ; in these waters she finds the rarest fish. The mountain-torrents and streams multiply trout ; salmon and sturgeon are found in the mouth of the river, and those mongrel

species to which their *séjour* in fresh water, and the vicinity of the sea, give such delicate savour. In addition to all these, the forests are made vocal by bands of *chasseurs*, with packs of yelping hounds and huntsmen's horns, re-echoing with their triumphs.

The wines of France form a glory to which eulogium would be weak: Paris is the centre to which flows all that heaven has gilded on her hills. If we would see her *cellier*, we must go to Bercy.

In this fertile country, each department, each town, has its choice productions and rare *morceaux*; few are there that have not some of these to present to Paris, where the skill and address of its *cuisiniers* excel in the art of preparing them for table. These *chefs-d'œuvres* from its soil and its *fourneaux*, are coveted by everybody. Paris has the first of these offerings. She deducts a tithe of the best part of what providence distributed with equality. The best *coup de filet* is for Paris; for Paris are reserved the miracles of culture; Bresse and le Maine had never brought to such perfection their *poulardes* and their *chapons* but to fit them for the Paris markets: gold cannot obtain, in their native places, what is destined for the perfection of the Parisian tables. These choice productions, like the beautiful slaves dedicated to the harem of the Grand Sultan, are held sacred and inviolate.

In all corners of France, Paris has people attentive to her tastes, her desires, and her caprices. Does her appetite languish, they study how to stimulate it by producing novelty in place of that which has wearied. Imagination, art, and industry unite in an emulation to gain the good graces of an *exigeante* mistress. The magic power of gold is there exercised in all its plenitude; with gold, Paris finds nothing impossible. Elsewhere may be displayed as much pomp and magnificence, but nowhere can exquisite delicacy of taste and elegance be so well satisfied as in Paris. It is true that Parisian *confort* has not the refinements of egotism, but, in all her *penchants*, Paris has preserved that native politeness, which, in all dispositions of her existence, is her peculiar privilege. Other people may envy it, they may copy it, but they cannot by any prejudice wrest it from her.

At the summit of Parisian society, radiant and resplendent, the manners are reflected in the luxury of the table. In descending, we find them still brilliant but less dazzling. At each step of the social ladder, well-being succeeds to luxury down to the middle region, where we meet with immunities and freedoms which do not exist in high life, and that ease which is unknown in the lower class.

It is a generally mistaken idea that there is nothing more uniform than the habitual nourishment of a people. To those who have taken but a superficial notice of the subject, the same unvarying form and quality of food is assigned to the whole of a nation. According to this careless view, every agglomeration of men has one sort of *brouet noir*; whereas these indigenous dishes are, in Paris, called *potage*; in Madrid, *olla podrida*; in Venice, Berlin, and all Germany, *sauerkraut*; beyond the Alps, *macaroni*; upon the Baltic, stock-fish; in Holland, herrings; in Russia, *caviar*; in the East, *pilou*; and in England, *roast beef*.

As in most civilized nations, France has, with few exceptions, called dinner the principal meal of the day. In 1667 it was the fashion to dine at noon, *au sortir de la masse*, according to Boileau.

In the ages of warfare they dined when they could ; sometimes before, sometimes after the combat. Charlemagne fought fasting. Henri Quatre, on the contrary, before facing the enemy, ordered his soldiers to fortify their stomachs with beef. In the seventeenth century, devotion, which with the exigencies of life walked hand in hand with the rigorous magnificence of court etiquette, regulated the dinner-hour, and placed it at the termination of High Mass. In later times, dinner seemed to interfere with the life of dissipation of which the whole court made profession, the hour of the older court was inconvenient ; as they did not at the latter period go to bed till daylight, it became *par trop gênant* to sit down to table at noon. Thus dinner was not at that time a prepossession ; they did not prefer it—they submitted to it.

Under Louis XIV., they also dined after mass. Under Louis XV., they supped after the theatre. Supper with the *noblesse* and the opulent class took the place of dinner. At the court of Louis XVI. they observed a quiet ceremonial and lived upon *régime*, and ate at the king's hours. Some of the *Elus*, at the head of whom appeared the Lauzuns, the Richelieus, Le Comte d'Artois, and the intimates of the Queen, alone preserved the immunities and freedoms of another period. With these brilliant exceptions, both court and city dined from twelve to three o'clock.

It would be difficult to say or tell when or how they dined at the epoch called the Revolution. The whole existence of the country was led by the political assemblies at the *place publique*, the private life of a man was merged in that of *citoyen*. They ate in haste, and if some excesses occurred in those agitated times from passions both violent and terrible, they left no trace. The recollection alone remains that for the most part the men on whom seemed to depend the destinies of the country were sober, and showed themselves little addicted to the pleasures of the table.

In the chronicles of the first thirty years of the present century in France, there is a name inevitably found—it is that of M. de Talleyrand ; to whom has been attributed not only all the wit of France, but he has been called the first of politicians, and the last of the great lords. His dignities and his fortune always placed him near the throne, over which, by his skill and ability, he often dominated. He possessed *les bonnes grâces* of the sovereigns, the favour of the women, the adulation of the ambitious ; and as if all this were insufficient to make a man famous, *gastronomie* placed him in the Pantheon of the *cuisine*.

There is, however, a protest against this portion of his renown. These eulogiums upon the *gourmandise* of M. de Talleyrand are mistaken ones. At his house there existed the most exalted hospitality and good cheer, but they were but the means which served him for his designs, and nowise the effect of his own predilections. The first and most precious quality in M. de Talleyrand was *tact*, prompt, exquisite, almost infallible : his mind was gifted with all that his heart wanted. He came of the *ancien régime*. He crossed the Revolution on tiptoe, so to speak. The bad taste of the *Directoire* alarmed him ; but he mixed in the voluptuousness of the Luxembourg without blaming it, dissimulating his disgust, and occupying himself in bringing its enormities to becoming proportions. M. de Talleyrand made his *hôtel* a model of taste, luxury, and politeness, of which no specimens remain. The merits of his *réceptions* have been attributed to his *maître d'hôtel*.

who made his *début* at the house of the Princesse de Lamballe, and, it is true, came out of the house of Condé; but the dinners of the *Hôtel des Relations Extérieures* were not the only things which drew to the house of the minister the *élite* of society. There was in the habits and *maintien* of the place an irresistible charm of attraction. At M. de Talleyrand's, whether in the *salon* or the office, the diplomatist was everywhere perceptible.

The dinner, however, we admit, was a serious concern to M. de Talleyrand, who daily regulated it in person with his cook. His table consisted ordinarily of ten to twelve *couverts*. The service was composed of two soups, two removes (one of which was fish), four *entrées*, *deux rôtis*, four *entremets*, and the *dessert*. We give this detail, because this composition became the *règle courante* of all the great tables of the Consulate.

At the table of M. de Talleyrand were seated not only all that France had illustrious, but all who had made any noise in Europe in the political world. One of the principal charms of these dinners was the familiar intimacy of some of his guests. The conversation was preserved with great skill from all *entrainement* and from all offensive freedom; it was an *escrime*, in which the bright points of their weapons crossed with admirable address without the slightest wound.*

The Empire found precepts, rules, and examples ready made, which gave to the dinner an enjoyment and character that at once satisfied both taste and reason. The table at the Tuileries, however, never had this signification. Napoleon affected not to give attention to details which he considered beneath him. He ate hastily, and chose the most simple dishes. *Malgré* all the trouble taken by *recherchés gastronomiques*, in the hope of conquering in him certain preconceived fancies,—*malgré* all the attempts to prove the Emperor as intemperate in private as he was sober in public,—there remains nothing but the evidence of his moderate habits and self-denial. But Napoleon did

* It is well-known that Madame de Talleyrand was generally uninformed; she had, in fact, captivated her husband solely by *les beaux yeux de sa cassetle*.

It was related, that whenever M. de Talleyrand expected any remarkable strangers at his table, he previously schooled his lady wife in the *bien-séances* of the time, giving her instruction in what manner to appear *au courant* of their peculiar pursuits and reputation. When Denon returned to France, Madame de Talleyrand was duly prepared to receive a very great traveller, whose name at once escaped her memory, and, in obedience to her husband's advice, had several days previously to the visit, perused a volume which she mistook for one indicated to her by him, and which unluckily reposed upon the same shelf close to Denon's recent publication.

At dinner the illustrious guest was seated next to his hostess, who, emboldened by her acquaintance with his travelled history, conversed with him in the most animated way whenever she could draw his attention from metal more attractive. At length the conversation became too general to admit of Madame de Talleyrand's engrossing that of M. Denon. His recent travels were alluded to and discussed, and for a time the lady was silenced. At length a favourable moment presented an opportunity for a commentary on her part, and it was not neglected. She told her guest aloud, that she had perused the whole of his work, and that every part of it was of the most enchanting interest. "But," she added, with *naïveté*, and to the amusement of the other guests, the astonishment of Denon, and the disgust of M. de Talleyrand, "the passage which interested and pained me the most of all your great trials, was when I found you had lost your man Friday!" The reader need not be told that Madame de Talleyrand had mistaken Denon for *Robinson Crusoe*! *Mais qu'importe?* One traveller was to her as good as another.

not wish his family and the great dignitaries of the Empire to follow his personal example. To the noble foreigners who visited him he would say playfully, "Voulez-vous dîner comme un soldat, dînez chez moi ; si vous voulez dîner comme un roi, dînez chez le Prince Archevêque ; si vous voulez dîner comme un gueux, dînez chez le Prince Archetresorier." *

Under the Empire, the *corps diplomatique*, the Russian—and, above all, the Austrian *ambassades* had renowned tables.

At Malmaison the Empress Josephine had a simple *ordinaire*, which, however, nothing could equal in delicacy.

We will give an account of a supper after a ball, by the Emperor at l'Elysée, on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Jerome and the Princesse de Wurtemberg, when Napoleon himself presided over all the arrangements of the *fête*. The provision for the tables were composed of—, but we will let the *maître d'hôtel* speak—

"Vingt quatre grosses pièces : quatorze socles portant six jambons, six galatines et deux hures de sanglier : six longues de veau à la gelée : plus soixante-seize diverses entrées, dont six de côtes et de filets de bœuf à la gelée ; six de noix de veau ; six de noix de veau ; six de cervelles de veau dressées dans des bordures de gelée moulée ; six de pains de faies gras ; six de poulets à la reine en galantine ; six d'aspies garni de crêtes et de rognons ; six de salmis de perdreaux rouges chaud-froid ; six de fricassées de poulets à sauce à la reine chaud-froid ; six de mayonnoises de volaille ; six d'arnes de saumon au beurre de Montpellier ; six de salades de fût de saules ; six de galantine d'anguille au beurre de Montpellier."

Under the Empire they returned to the freedom of past times ; they sung at table during the *dessert* ; sometimes drinking songs, but more frequently fashionable romances ; also *couplets de fête, et du mariage*. They had, besides these *dîners chantants*, as in England, bachelors' dinners, corporation dinners, and, indeed, many other dinners of local interest.

The first years of the Restoration political dinners flourished. They became necessary to bring about conciliations and reconciliations. At the table all political transactions were sketched, conducted, and terminated ; and Casimer de la Vigne might with truth have repeated the *couplet* from "*l'Ecole des Vieillards*."

"Tout s'arrange en dinant dans le siècle où sommes,
Et c'est par les dîners qu'on gouverne les hommes."

Under the Restoration, especially, as we have said, the first years of it, there were two sorts of political dinners. Those of the *château*, at which the first gentleman of the chamber did the honours ; and those of the ministers. Some *réceptions* at the President of the Chambers, and the dinners of the military, and administrative chiefs, completed the series. At the Faubourg St. Germain the fare was bad. *Laquais* there were behind the chairs, but few dishes upon the table.

* The following ridiculous *historiette*, among many others related by petty chroniclers of the times, was seriously printed in several journals, &c.

At a *déjeuner* given by Duroc, *le grand maréchal du palais*, they ate artichokes. Some took them with sauce, others preferred oil ; Napoleon took a leaf from one of the artichokes, and eat it without either pepper, salt, oil, or sauce : all present testified their admiration, and some exclaimed to one another — "*O ! grand homme ! vous ne faites rien comme les autres !*"

Bankers' dinners came later. M. Lafitte was the host of the opposition: Mr. Thiers was the giant of Lafitte's table.

The clergy, whom the Imperial government had habituated to regard the world with a tolerance quite philosophic, had their dinners also, and exhibited much *coquetterie* on *les jours maigres* which the Empire had reinstated. At Murat's house they made a splendid fast during Lent, and the celebrated cooks of that time boasted with laudable emphasis that they had rendered to the Church "*le beau maigre!*"

The dinners of the great *Aumônerie de France* were highly renowned. It was at one of these repasts that the presence of a monster-turbot brought forward the following anecdote.

Cardinal Fesch, on the morning of an intended feast, had received two turbot, equally fine, and equally prodigious in size. What could be done with this double wonder? To give one away, and keep the other, was the ready suggestion; but a moment's consideration told him that such an act would expose him to unwelcome rivalry; to throw away one would be a sin! The Cardinal looked anxiously at his household, that stood around him, for aid in his delicate dilemma, but all were silent and unable to suggest a remedy. Again he gazed on the two turbot.

"To part with either he was sorely loth,
And sighed to think he could not dine on both."

At length the desponding *maître d'hôtel* cried out with animation, that he had hit upon a method of adjusting the matter so as to give due value to *both* turbot.

At the appointed time the Cardinal sat down to table with his guests. After the *potages* had been served, a short pause gave effect to the pompous entrance of an enormous dish, upon which appeared a turbot of such unwonted proportions, as to elicit from all present a simultaneous exclamation of wonder and admiration. This burst of general surprise had scarcely subsided when the bearer of the prodigy tottered under his burthen, and the next instant a dreadful crash was heard, and lo! was seen upon the ground the silver dish, with its precious freight scattered around it, in a thousand pieces! "There was a fall, my countrymen!" Ah! *c'était trop de douleur!* even the Cardinal turned pale, and looked at the expectant guests with some misgiving. The *maître d'hôtel* alone preserved his equanimity; smilingly he assured the disappointed party that this "little *contre-temps*" could easily be repaired, and, giving a signal to his *gens*, there immediately appeared at another door, and with the same pomp and circumstance which had attended the *entré* of the first, another turbot, resembling in every respect the former—a veritable *fac simile!* The enraptured guests viewed this new wonder with a delight which words would but weakly describe. Enthusiasm was at its height. That two such prodigies could at one time come out of the sea was a marvel which nothing could exceed, except the liberal forecast of the host in thus making assurance doubly sure, by this twofold provision for the gratification of his guests.

SPORTING IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

HAD we been writing in a Magazine more immediately appropriated to subjects connected with Natural History, we should have made many copious and valuable extracts from Frank Forester's "Field Sports in the United States," and given a general view of its contents. To the naturalist the volumes will be found full of information on such subjects as are not within the observation or reach of many persons: and when we add that they are written by the son of the late learned and most accomplished Dean of Manchester, we shall not be surprised at the extent and accuracy of knowledge exhibited in it. The author is at once an enthusiastic sportsman and a naturalist, two vocations which harmonize very closely; and he has made his skill in the former supply him with his rich and varied materials for his collection in the latter capacity. In truth, this work may be considered as a Hand-book for the sportsman in Transatlantic regions; whereas, if left to his own resources, he would be obliged with difficulty and through disappointment to attain the knowledge necessary to his success. Here he will be at once placed in a right direction; and he will soon be sensible how much an European sportsman has to learn before he can accommodate himself and his previous acquirements to the new fields of enterprize opened before him. We must leave him diligently exploring these pages, and just hint, as we pass along, a few of the subjects treated of.

The introduction of deer-hounds and falconry in the Western Prairies. It appears that even the powerful and enormous elk has been brought to bay by the deer-hounds of Scotland.

The poisonous qualities of the rhododendron-buds to the flesh of the pheasant and deer. Some cases have proved fatal.

Hen's eggs brought up under partridges, as a means to bring back the domestic fowl to its original savage state.

The consequence of eating the upland-plover and sandpiper, which feed on *cantharides*.

The power of the quail to withhold or retain its scent. Whether this is voluntary or not is difficult to ascertain. Not resting for some time after they have alighted, they give forth no scent, and the best dogs will fail to find them. And more on this curious subject.

The singular fact, that the setter, which in England sets his bird, when in America commonly points and stands, and does not set.

The curious fact connected with the history of the "rallus," or land-rail, of its being subject to such violent gusts of passion as to produce epilepsy.

The proverbial character of the curlew as sympathizing with its murdered companions.

The velocity of the flight of the swan, which, with a moderate wind in its favour, travels certainly at the rate of one hundred miles (or more) in an hour. The wild goose about sixty. Mr. Herbert has seen, when these two birds have been flying near each other, the swan pass the goose with nearly double velocity. Perhaps the fol-

* "Frank Forester's Field Sports in the United States," &c. "Forester's Fish and Fishing." "Frank Forester and his Friends."

lowing passage throws light on the ancient belief of the swan singing :—" When mounted, as they sometimes are, several thousand feet above the earth, with their diminished and elaborate outline hardly perceptible against the clear blue sky, their harsh sounds, softened and modulated by distance, and issuing from the immense void above, assume a supernatural character of tone and impression, that excites, the first time heard, a strangely peculiar feeling." Again—" Their notes are extremely varied ; some closely resembling the deepest bass of the common tin horn, while others run through every modulation of false notes of the French horn or clarionet."

This species (the Canada goose) is not the origin of the domestic goose, as is by some supposed ; the genealogy of which is said to be the bean-geese of Europe.—Note.—Not the bean-geese, but the grey-lag, commonly known as the wild-geese—*Lire sauvage*—see an interesting account of a wild goose (*Anas Canadensis*) retiring to civilized life after its annual migration.

The *sinus lacrymalis*, so remarkably developed below the inner angle of the eye of the different species of deer, and in its lip. See also p. 281. (This singular structure was, we believe, first noticed by White in his " History of Selborne.")

Interesting account of the *Meleagris Gallipavo*—the wild turkey of America.

The Scottish greyhound, and the manner of breeding them.—One of them, single handed, will pull down a red stag of the finest breed, or throttle a wolf ; and the author says he could back a brace to bring any elk to bay in a mile's course,—but Berkeley Craven's famous dog was completely beaten by a fallow buck !

The above is an outline of some of the curious and interesting subjects treated of in this work, which is, in fact, a repository of observation on various branches of natural history, practically and scientifically made ; and what the pen describes, the gun has supplied ; for, says the author :—*Legere et scribere est pædagogus, sed optime collineare est Dei*.—Reading and writing are acquired through school-masters, but a crack-shot is the work of God !

Frank Forester's " Fish and Fishing " is confined to what the author calls " game-fish," that is, all those that will take the bait with sufficient boldness and activity, and which, when hooked, are endowed with sufficient courage to offer so much resistance to the captor as to render the pursuit exciting and agreeable, &c. : and it is remarkable that all those fish which are the boldest and strongest, are invariably the finest alike for culinary purposes, and the most highly appreciated. With few exceptions also, the same fish are migratory. They belong to a few well-marked families, and are almost all included in the large classes of *Malacopterygii* and *Æcanthopterygii*, or those with the fin-rays soft and flexible, and those with part of the fin-rays hard and spiny. Among the former description are the salmon, tench, smelt, carp, pike, roach, herring, &c. Among the latter are the perch, sandfish, &c. The reader will find many fish here enumerated whose names are not familiar to him, and whose races are unknown in the European waters, though some of them are equal, perhaps superior, to those which form the pride of the Greenwich or Blackwall table, as the blae-fish and weak-fish ; but the key-fish and the sheep's-head, are in far greater esteem, being regarded by epicures as inferior to none

taken. We have spoken in praise of the author's previous treatises on land-game, as combining scientific knowledge with practical accuracy, and thus opening the best and surest path to the investigation and discovery of truth : of the present treatise we should speak in the same terms, for the naturalist and the sportsman have united to give a much fuller and more faithful history of the subject than ever had been previously attempted ; and this volume will, we think, be found on the same shelf where stand the much-prized works of Walton, Yarrell, Scrope and Hoffland. It is quite out of our path to go through the volume with the attention it will demand and find when it passes into the hands of the naturalist ; and all we can do is to point out a few points of interest which detained us in our rapid glance through its contents, and which will well reward a closer and more continued observation.

The impregnated spawn of any two live breeding fishes of the same family which may be artificially kept and preserved in waters other than those in which the parent species are wont to live, as even the salmon in fresh water. "The salmon will live and preserve its excellence in fresh water, on being debarred an egress to the sea."

The muscular strength and power of the salmon. It is believed that the utmost limit of perpendicular height which the salmon can attain is fourteen feet, &c.

The greatest lake trout, macknow salmon, or namayauk—the largest of the salmon growing in the known world,—has been known to attain the enormous weight of one hundred and twenty pounds.

The American smelt and its difference from the English. "It is said that in England the smelt is never taken between Dover and the Land's End: on the eastern side of the island it is taken from the Thames and Medway to the Tay ; and on the western in the Solway, and so far southerly as the Mersey and the Dee."

The formidable gar pike (*Esox Osseus*) of the south-western waters, which, instead of scales, is covered in a complete armour of rhomboidal plates, and which is held by Mr. Agazziz and other naturalists, to be a running link between the *Amale* of the present period, and those contemporaneous with the *Saurians* and other extinct races.

We only need add, that the numerous plates to this work are correctly and beautifully engraved, and that the whole work is a valuable addition to this branch of natural history connected with America.

"Frank Forester and his Friends" may be considered as a continuation of the two former works, with this difference, that they contain more of dialogue, character and fiction, and less of natural history. The same cleverness, and spirit, and knowledge, is strewn in them, as in the former, and to some persons they will be not inferior in attraction. We can only give the heads of a few of the facts or observations relating to different points connected with the sport pursued.

"Hops," observes Mr. Herbert, "I have known in England to keep birds in an extraordinary manner. I once ate a ptarmigan, the day year after it was killed, which had been packed with hops, in perfect preservation, at Farnby, Mr. Fawkes's place, in Yorkshire."

Vitality in birds. "The first shot had cut off the whole crown of the head (of a tufted grouse), with half the brain and the right eye, and after that the bird had power to fly five or six hundred yards, and then cling to its perch (on a tree) for at least ten minutes !"

The difference between shooting in America and Scotland.

Birds being tainted in game-bags, and thrown away the day after they are killed, in consequence of bad packing.

The quail having the power to withhold its scent from the effect of fear ; perhaps by contracting its pores, and hindering the escape of the effluvia.

The power of hitting a ten feet target with a rifle at three hundred yards distance.

The strange drumming sound of the snipe when soaring ; Gilbert White says that it is ventriloquous. This is now generally conceded to be the effect of a vibratory motion of the quills—for these set obliquely so as to make the air whistle through them.

The snipe alighting on the top sprig of the willow tree ; a fact which will with difficulty be believed.

The nomenclature of American birds. "The partridge of New York is not the partridge of Virginia. Further, it is the pheasant of Pennsylvania and New Jersey : further, neither the partridge of New York nor the partridge of Virginia is a partridge at all,—nor the pheasant of any place on this side of the Atlantic a pheasant at all. There is not one wild bird in America, unless it be a few ducks, that is similar to its European congeners. The bird called in the eastern states the partridge, is in reality a grouse. The partridge of Virginia is the quail of New York ; but he is not a quail or partridge either, but a link between them. The modern naturalists will have an *ortyx*—any silly name, since it is also the Greek for a quail. The 'ruffed grouse' is called the partridge in the eastern states. The pinnated grouse is the prairie-fowl in all the western states : they literally swarm in the prairies. The 'spruce grouse' is small and rare : four or five other species are found in Labrador and the Rocky Mountains. Properly speaking, there is no rabbit in America ; the small grey fellow who is commonly so called, sits on a form, never burrows, nor lives in congregations ; while the larger one, which is only found in the eastern states, turns white in winter, and is a variety of the Alpine hare. The snipe is not exactly the same as his brother English. The only birds, therefore, exactly similar here and in England, are the mallow, duck, and teal."

It will be allowed by all sportsmen and naturalists that these various observations are well worthy of attraction—showing practical knowledge of the subject, observation and discrimination, and likely to correct numerous errors in previous publications of high character and extensive influence.

RUSSIA, AND THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.*

A THOROUGH examination of the prevailing spirit in Russia, as well as of the nature of her institutions, could not be effectually accomplished in a day. This country is almost like a new world to us, on account of its being so difficult of access ; we are separated from it by impassable barriers. I do not speak so much of the severe laws which seem to forbid all familiar intercourse with it, or of the system of espionage to which the observer is subjected, but I allude more particularly to the originality of ideas and manners, and to the singularity of the causes which distinguishes the social and political life of the Russians from that of other European nations. In the present day, however, we can no longer reasonably neglect the study of the politics and civilization of Russia, which have hitherto been to us so completely enveloped in mystery. The Russian Government has latterly formed new relations with Europe ; it therefore becomes us to inquire on one hand, what idea we should entertain of its power, and, on the other, what Europe may have to hope or fear from it. If the attitude which the Russian Cabinet assumes inspires some minds with unbounded confidence, it also gives birth to many very just and unjust apprehensions in others. It is impossible to deny that Russia plays a very prominent part in Europe at the present moment, and though her state of civilization does not appear to be sufficiently advanced to meet all her ambitious political views, yet, amidst the many calamities with which other nations have been visited, Russia contemplates the unfruitful agitations of our worn-out social systems with the calmness of a sage ; nay, she composedly criticises our disorganized liberty and our purposeless philosophy. She even foretells the decay of our churches, and undertakes to improve the spirit of our various modes of faith. According to some writers, she is preparing, with her rising and religious population, to succeed the old world, whose feelings and ideas she considers are exhausted. What does all this prove but that Russia aspires to the part of conservative power, and boasts herself capable of fulfilling that part, better than any other nation in Europe.

The government of the Czar is invested with absolute authority. To maintain his authority in all its fulness, it becomes necessary that it should be constantly asserted ; in short, it is essential that he should exercise without relaxation a kind of *prestige* over the nation, which gives him much more influence than the knowledge of his power. If M. Mickiewicz, a writer who has profoundly studied the character of the Russians, may be depended upon, and he appears to be thoroughly unprejudiced, they are a people essentially *spiritualiste*,—the government only rules and guides them by means of a great moral influence. At first sight fear would be discovered to be this influence, but it is fear fortified by enthusiasm, without which it would be only corruption and impotence. " Russian discipline was very striking to the mind, and was the result of a principle of spiritual terrorism," remarks M. Mickiewicz, in speak-

* From the French of H. Desprez.

ing of the part which the Russians took in the Seven Years' war ; he mentions, too, while alluding to this subject, Frederick's usual manner of proceeding. Whenever any soldier neglected his duty, he generally ordered him to be shot immediately, and the Russian general Munnich caused a proclamation to be made during a campaign against the Turks, in which he forbade the soldiers to be ill, or to catch the plague, under pain of being buried alive.

"Moral enthusiasm imparts energy," observes M. Mickiewicz ; terror may even electrify a man, and raise him so completely above himself, as to enable him to overcome every kind of physical difficulty, nay, even bodily suffering. Sufficient enthusiasm no longer existed in the armies of the West, while terror caused the Russian armies to triumph. It becomes, then, the one serious business of the Czar, ever to keep this spiritual terrorism alive in the hearts of his subjects. The Czar does not govern by virtue of the right which is conferred on him at his coronation ; nor does he reign by virtue of his being emperor ; the ceremony of coronation, the titles, and even the legitimate right of succession to the throne do not invest him in the slightest degree with the sovereign authority which he possesses. The people scarcely recognize him by the title of emperor ; a Russian peasant or soldier never makes use of this title in speaking of his sovereign. In familiar conversation he calls him *Gasudar* (great judge). The Russian people would be highly offended if the emperor chose publicly to declare himself only the equal of an emperor or a king.

Respect is paid to the idea of sovereignty, and not to the person of the Czar, and for this reason every sovereign is compelled to make efforts of an almost gigantic nature in order to fulfil the ideal which the brilliant imagination of his subjects has created. The Czars have found that the only way of surmounting this difficulty is by assuming in their own person religious as well as political and military power. Since the time of Peter the Great, and, indeed, for a great many years, the family of the sovereign have gradually intruded themselves upon religious ceremonies.

The government being perfectly aware of the weakness of its civil administration, seeks the strength which it lacks in the co-operation and activity of a submissive and tractable clergy. It is ever ready to flatter and favour the orthodox church at the expense of other existing forms of worship in the empire ; it increases the number of Greek priests far beyond the necessities of the population, for in them it finds zealous instruments ever ready to carry out its designs, and upon whose devotion it can always depend, for its offers to place them some day or other in some of the most lucrative positions in Europe. The Russian Church is assumed to be destined to govern the world ; every nation that resists the exactions of the Russian government, is looked upon as rebellious and ungodly, and any war that the Czar undertakes is a holy war. Unfortunately, the policy of cabinets as well as of people, has rather served to favour and strengthen the belief, so that the more Europe has made concessions to Russia, the more exacting has become the pride of her sovereigns. Far from endeavouring to place limits to their ambition, we have encouraged it beyond all measure ; the more we have retired from the question of Poland, the more has Russia entered upon that of Turkey ; and this instance is not an

isolated fact, but the inevitable effect of the situation in which she finds herself. Is the alliance of the Czar sought? this alliance immediately gives birth to all kinds of formidable projects of division and conquest, the advantage being always on the side of Russia, and the more she succeeds in obtaining the more she desires.

Owing to the religious and political position in which the Czar is placed, and which, if he desires to maintain he must continue to be absolute, he can be neither the friend nor ally of any body, at least on a footing of equality. As he is ever subject to the jealous requisitions of his people, he is always under the necessity of treating other governments as vassals or as rebels, who are destined some day or other to be chastised by his hand. He is a god in the imagination of his peasants and priests, to whom mankind ought to submit unconditionally; and he is perfectly aware that it is necessary for him to remain a god in their eyes, or else that he must cease to be absolute. If he treat with other nations, it is in order that he may be better able to rule them; he considers them his inferiors; they only serve to add to the *prestige* which he exercises over his people, and instead of limiting his power they merely render it more formidable. Russia knows that she is everywhere looked upon as semi-barbarous, and therefore she nurses in her heart a deep hatred against civilized Europe, and finding no other means of revenging herself for this affront, she takes refuge, with all the ardour of resentment, in the arms of Czarism, and consoles herself in the hope of possessing universal dominion. In short, what do we behold? On one side, Czarism—thanks to the union in itself of religious and political power—is endowed with more moral influence than any other government in Europe; and, on the other, the invectives which are hurled against the Russian nation, the idle threats of war, the badly-organised insurrections, even to the arts of diplomacy with regard to the cabinet of the Czar, only serve to increase this mysterious influence.

The influence which Czarism exercises over Turkey, is similar to that which it possesses in Russia, and aims at the same gigantic effects. Its action in the East has a name in diplomacy, which is *protectorship*. The events which brought about the establishment of this protectorship are well known, as well as how Russia interfered, not long ago, between the Christian Rayas and the Ottomans, and succeeded in making herself recognised as guarantee of the rights of the Christians; how, in short, by an arbitrary interpretation of the word guarantee she assumed the right of protectorship. This protectorship only extends over the three principalities of the Danube, Moldavia, Wallachia and Servia; but from all of these three points, Russia is able to act at once upon the whole of the Ottoman Empire. In what light does she come before them?—as the true and only depository of the Christian faith! Though she never took any part in the Crusades, she declares that she inherits the spirit which prompted the undertaking of those holy wars; that she has received the mission from Providence to drive back the Turks into Asia, and that she is, by Divine right, the protectress of all the Christians of the Ottoman empire. Since religious feeling has lost some of the strength derived from an armed struggle against Islamism, and notions about race have become a powerful motive of action, Czarism has skilfully modified these tac-

tics ; it has been careful to favour the opinions upon race, and yet it has never ceased to flatter religious impressions. Official Pan-slavism was the result of this method of proceeding, which the Czar endeavoured to identify with Greek orthodoxy, in order that the effect of each of these opinions might be increased by the very fact of their union.

This political as well as religious doctrine, which is professed in the Russian schools, aims at pleasing the Slaves population of Turkey. What, after all, is this official Pan-slavism? M. Cyprien Robert, a Slavist, in opening his course of lectures this year, at the College of France, has very justly characterised this theory, in stating that its principle is that of absolute unity and complete identification of the Slave race with holy Russia, from the remotest period down to the present day. "With regard to the end in view," observes M. Robert, "it appears to be the imperial centralization and the personification of Slavism in autocracy." Besides, what tendency do the official writers discover in their works?

Veneline considered that the Servians were only a branch of the Cossacks who had emigrated to the other side of the Danube, and that the Bulgarians were only the Russians of the Volga, who, in the progress of time, had passed into Thrace. Some historians have even endeavoured to prove that Poland had never existed apart from Russia ; that it had sprung from the very heart of the Russian people, and therefore it ought rightly to return to the dominion of the Czar. It cannot be denied for a moment that Russia has found men, both at home and abroad, ever ready to be the medium of conveying her ideas ; there would be no difficulty in naming Greek priests and Pan-slavist poets, who have taken an active part in the cause of Czarism.

In Bulgaria, the heads of the clergy, who are imprudently chosen by the Turks from the monasteries, which are situated upon Mount Athos, and from the holy spots especially protected by Russia, are only accommodating servants of the Russian Church ; the patriarchal and apostolical chair is in their eyes no longer in Constantinople, but in reality at St. Petersburg, from whence they receive every kind of encouragement,

The higher orders of the clergy in Servia, who are chosen from the Servian race, have preserved more independence with regard to Czarism ; they listen to the flattery of the Russian Church, and they even receive presents from the head of that church, but they only respond to these marks of attention by reserved and dignified politeness. But, in return, a portion of the superior class of clergy in the principalities, situated on the left of the river Danube, and the numerous monasteries, the immense revenues of which belong to these holy places, are often like the Bulgarian bishops—the submissive instruments of the Russian Church. Of course it will be readily imagined that the Czar has not lost any opportunity of ingratiating himself with the patriarch of Constantinople, in order that he may more freely exercise his influence over the orthodox clergy of Turkey, so that the patriarch is now his complete vassal, after having been the head of the Church in the East.

If by some rare chance a patriarch show any fear or disposition to defy Russian diplomacy, or announce his intention of being the

faithful subject of the Porte, he is at once circumvented, and he seldom dares to resist. These are the sort of men whom the Czar, as head of the Church, places in the East, and moulds to his purposes; these are the kind of persons over whom he rules as head of one of the vastest of the Slave states. They are for the most part men who are politically ambitious, and desire to carve out a way for themselves; or else they are writers whose imagination is stronger than their judgment, and who are easily dazzled by vain and high sounding words. The semi-independence which the principalities of the Danube enjoy, has given great licence to party intrigues and to the manifestation of opinion.

Wherever the slightest political activity reigns in the East, writers enlisted under the standard of protectorship and of Pan-slavism are to be found. To be perfectly frank in speaking of the Pan-slavists, I should remark, that they were not the least powerful; the more they attempt to assume a tone of sincerity, the more they succeed in bringing over to their opinion persons of weak and dreamy imagination. Pan-slavism withdraws itself from the heart of these people at the precise moment of their awaking from their secular drowsiness, and assumes, as most things do in their infancy, a vague and undecided character. It was born in a cloudy and aerial form; it was a vast synthesis, the outlines of which it was impossible to define. It was exactly fitted to seize upon the minds of poets; many who were seduced by its new and lofty ideas, embraced it with ardour, and in the first rapture of inspiration, they made it subject of worship, and of a lively and powerful faith.

In order that it may be understood to what degree Russian Pan-slavism was able to carry away the imagination, it will be sufficient to recall to remembrance the name of Kollar, a man who was much esteemed for his virtue. There was no Pan-slavist writer in the principalities possessing a fortune like Kollar's; to console themselves, therefore, they employed his money, and thanks to the powers of seduction which literary Pan-slavism exercised over some minds, this theory has produced an immense sensation over all the European East. In this way Czarism has carved itself out paths in the direction of Constantinople, and by this means it has succeeded in creating an illusion both at home and abroad, while it appears to associate those people over whom it exerts its influence with its hopes.

We are not among the number of those persons who feel any doubt as to the future which is in store for Russia, even if she should lose the conquests which she has made during the last century, she would still actually possess a larger and richer territory than any nation of Europe. Her population would always be superior in number to that of any other state; she would always have admirably disciplined soldiers at her service, and all the elements of society which are capable of producing wonderful results. The Russian nation being thus richly endowed with the valuable gifts of penetration, of sociability, and of courage, which she inherits from the Slave blood, has a wide field open to her, and in the empire of thought she may one day have an opportunity, if she discovers great energy, of displaying one of the characteristics of the spirit of Pan-slavism.

THE FREE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.*

THIS is a work to be read, not with the eye merely, but with the heart and the understanding; it is a book for the learned and the intellectual, for the gifted in science, and the gifted in grace, for the philosopher and the divine;—all readers, of all classes, may, indeed, read it with pleasure, and read it with profit. Herein are thoughts verily; and such thoughts, and such powerful motives for thought, and such important subjects for thought, that he who is found to be reading this volume attentively may safely be said to be reading to the very great improvement of his mind, and to the most decided advantage of his soul.

It is wholly unnecessary here to allude to the celebrity to which Dr. Chalmers attained, and to the estimation in which he was held by his countrymen; but why he became what he did become, and why his fame could not be less than national, these memoirs inform us, and they have this peculiar advantage, moreover, that they are almost entirely from his own pen—are transcripts from his own diary, and represent most faithfully all the workings of his powerful mind upon the vast variety of subjects that were continually brought under his observation. We have here, in consequence, all the motives, all the aspirations, all the objects, all the springs of action, of this eminently gifted man, revealed clearly to us—his heart is unveiled before us—we see him precisely as he was: when mortified, hopeful, humbled; when proudly ambitious of fame, sensitively jealous of reputation, and when regardless of everything but to make good proof of his ministry among the rural population of Kilmany. Such a place was not, however, the proper place for such a mind as Dr. Chalmers was gifted with—his intellect and intellectual exercises were far too towering for their profit or comprehension: he would have withered and wasted away in a very few years had he been confined to an intercourse with them alone. His diary clearly enough proves this; and that Kilmany of itself was to him solitude and isolation, and even to the deepest depression, at times, of his cribbed and fettered spirit. He struggled against his feelings, without altogether, perhaps, comprehending the cause of them; and read, and wrote, and visited, and at length married; yet trouble enough he had, notwithstanding all his home pursuits and excursions, to occupy his time satisfactorily to himself or pleasurably or profitably to the extent of his desire. A professor's chair in the chief of Scotland's Universities, and not the manse of Kilmany, was the most fitting place, from the very first, for Dr. Chalmers. Such society as he would have selected—such talent as would have crowded around him in a large city, would have taught him far better than the books he read, what it would benefit others he should teach.

A man with his powers and energies, and enthusiasm and imagination, is worse than misplaced in an obscure country district, and among a purely agricultural population, which presently feel him to be so alien to them in habits of thought, so immeasurably above them in intellect that they can have no real intercourse with him—a Crcesus and a Lazarus

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-law, the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Vol. I. Hamilton and Co. London. 1849.

might as well be expected to hold sweet communion with each other; and in every instance that has ever come under our observation, we have clearly seen that a rural population is always best off that is presided over by a man of moderate talents and attainments, of very small imagination, and no ambition.

As the volume before us closes with his closing Sermon at Kilmany, we have now only to do with his life until then; and undoubtedly there is in this record of his early life much that powerfully interests the reader and commands his admiration. Some splendid scenes are depicted to us in this narrative, of the triumph of intellect, trampling down in its onward progress all that was opposed to it, and yet unconscious meanwhile that the snarlers and sneerers were trodden upon in the dirt, and had become the laughing-stock of the beholders. What a scene must the General Assembly have presented when addressing himself to the Moderator he said: "Why, Moderator, according to the catalogue of church laws there is almost nothing which I may not do. I may catch rats if I please. Well, then, this is the employment which I choose to betake myself to, and in the prosecution of it I may carry it with proud defiance against all my ecclesiastical superiors." There was no frowning down a man who had a hundred thoughts for another man's one idea, and who had a hundred different modes of expression for every thought that was formed in his mind, and which he desired to transfer to the mind of another.

But the intellectual superiority of Dr. Chalmers is very far from being the most interesting disclosure of this volume—it discloses, indeed, that he would have been pre-eminently distinguished in any science or branch of human learning he devoted himself unto; but the most remarkable of its revelations, is his extraordinary humility and self-abasement in spiritual things—his unceasing longings after truth till he attained to it—his unwearied researches—his patient investigations—his extensive readings—his contrite prayers, and holy aspirations, and the gradual dawning of the truth upon his mind—the gradual withdrawal of his thoughts from all secular pursuits—till all the once favourite subjects of study and investigation were laid aside; and the once distinguished mathematical professor could say, "Alas, sir, I once thought that a devoted attention to the study of mathematics was not dissonant to the proper habit of a clergyman; so I thought in my ignorance and pride, blinded as I was; but then, sir, I had forgotten two proportions of magnitude,—I thought not of the littleness of time—I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity."

We consider it, indeed, a privilege, one of great price and great use, to look into the daily workings of so active a mind, and so stirring a conscience, and so benevolent a spirit, as were possessed by Dr. Chalmers—his anxiety to do right was as fervent as his endeavours to learn what was right to be done, and the record which he has here left of his own thoughts and feelings on the most solemn and important of all subjects, will enable him to preach far more effectually to the hearts of others, far more impressively and beneficially, in this silent manner from his grave, than ever he did in all the brilliancy of his impassioned eloquence from the pulpit.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

THAT BIG DOG FIGHT AT MYERS'S.

A STORY OF MISSISSIPPI. BY A MISSISSIPPIAN.

"WELL, them was great times, and *men* lived about here, them days, too!—not sayin' they 're all dead, but the settlements is got too thick for 'em to splurge, an' they are old; besides, they 're watin' for thar *boys* to do somethin' when they gits *men*! I tell you what, if they lived till kingdom come *they* wouldn't be men. I'd like to see one single one of 'em that ever rid his horse up two pair of stairs, jumpt him through—"

"Stop, stop, Uncle Johnny! Do tell us about *that big dog fight at Myers's*."

"Ha, ha, boy! *You* thar? Had your bitters yet? Well, well—we'll take 'em together; licker is better now than it used to was; but people don't drink so much, and that's strange! ain't it? Well, I was talkin' to these men about old Greenville, and about them same men, for they was all at that same dog-fight—Featte, the Devil! never be a patchin' to what old Greenville was about the times '*Old Col*' was sheriff! I'll just bet all the licker I ever *expect* to drink, that thar ain't no second story in Featte that's got hoss tracks on the floor and up agin' the ceil—"

"I must stop you again, Uncle Johnny; Fayette is yet in its youth, and promises—"

"Youth, H—! yes, like the *youth* of some of my old friends' sons—upwards of thirty, an' they 're expectin' to make *men* out 'n 'em yet! I tell you what, young men in *my* time'd just get in a spree, sorter open thar shirt collars, and shuck tharselves with a growl, and come out reddey-made men; and most on 'em has *staid* reddey for fifty-one year! I ain't failed now, yet, and—"

"Uncle Johnny, do stick to the dog story: we'll hear all this after—"

"Ah, you boy, you never will let me tell a story *my* way, but here goes:—Let me see—yes, yes. Well, it was a grate dog in Greenville, anyhow—Charly Cox had run old Saltrum agin' a hoss from the Red-licks, and beat him shameful—run right plum up the street in Greenville so as everybody might see. Well, a power of licker was wasted—nily ev'ry house in town rid through—women and children skared out, and ev'ry drink we took was a *ginral* invite, and about night thar was *one ginral in town*—Ginral Intoxication. Well, 'bout sun-down the old ginral—Lud bless him!—called up his troops; some of the same ones who was at Orleans; let's see, thar was the high sheriff, Dick, Bat, Jim, old Iron Tooth, an'—"

"Iron Tooth! who's he?" suggested I.

"Why, *he's* the man what fit the dog! Ain't you never seen a man here in Featte, when he gits *high* up, just pulls out his knife, and goes to chawin' it as if he'd made a bet he could bite it in two?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, the ginral made 'em all mount, formed line, and rid right

into the grocery—formed line agin, had a big stir-up drink handed to 'em all, an' when the ginral raised *his* hat and said 'the Hero of Orleans,' the yell that went up, put a bead on that mau's licker that staid nily a month, I hearn. We come a rarin' out'n the grocery—charged up and down two or three times, cleared the streets of all *weak* things, then started out home, all in a brest; every one of us had a Polk stalk."

"Hel-lo!—Polk stalks that early?"

"Well, well, hickry sticks—same thing. Out of town we went, chargin' ev'ry thing we see—fences, cattle, ox-teams; and at last we got to old Myers's, farly squeelin' to rar over somethin'! Old Myers's dog was awful bad—the worst in anybody's knolledge—why, people sent fifty miles to git pups from him! Well, he come a chargin, too, and met us at the gate, lookin' like a young hyena. Iron Tooth just turned himself round to us, and says he, 'Men, I'll take *this* fight off'n *your* hands;' so down he got, ondressed to his shirt, *stock*, and boots—got down on his all-fours in the road, walkin' back'ards and for'ards, pitchin' up the dust and bellerin' like a bull! When the dog see him at that sort of work, he *did* sorter stop barkin', but soon as he see *our* animal strut up to the gate and begin to smell, then, like another dog, he got fairly crazy to git through at him; rarin', cavortin', and *tarin'* off pickets! Our animal was a takin' all this quite easy—smellin' through at him, whinin' *me-you me-you me-you*—struttin' back'ards and for'ards, histin' up one leg agin the gate.

Well, after a while the dog begin to git sorter tired, and then *our* animal begin to git mad! snap for snap he gin the dog, and soon the dog was worse than he *had* been. Thar we was settin' on our hoses, rollin' with laughin' and licker, and thought the thing was rich, as it was; but just then, our animal riz on his hinders, onlatched the gate, and the dog *lunged* for him. Ain't you never noticed when one dog bounces at another, he sorter whirls round sideways, to keep him from hittin' him a fair lick? Well, jist so our animal: he whirled round sideways to let the dog have a glancin' lick, and true to the caracter, he was goin' to allow the dog a dog's chance, and he stuck to his a-fours. The dog didn't make but one lunge, and he stopped—as still as the picter of the wolf in the spellin' book—for you see our animal was right starn end facin' him, and standin' mighty high up on his hind legs at that! We all raised the old Indian yell, for you never *did* see sich a *sight*, and thar stood the dog with the awfullest countenance you ever seen a *dog* ware! Our man, sorter thinkin' he'd bluffed the dog, now give two or three short goat-pitches back'ards at him! Ha! ha! ha!"

"What did he do? What did he do?"

"Do? why *run*! wouldn't a hyena run! The dog had a big block and chain to him, and soon our animal was arter him, givin' some of the awfullest leaps and yelps—'twarn't but a little squar picket yard round the house, and the dog couldn't git out, so round and round he went; at last, turnin' a corner the chain rapt round a stump, and thar the dog *was fast*, and he *had to fight*! But he did give powerful licks to get loose! When he see his inemy right on him agin, and when Iron Tooth seen the dog *was fast*, round and round he'd strut; and sich struttin'! Ain't you never seen one of these big, long-legged, short-tailed baboons struttin' round on the top of the lion's cage? Well, so he'd go—sorter smellin' at the dog (and his tongue hanging

out right smart, for he *was* tired), *me-you! me-you!* Snap! snap! the dog would go, and he begin to show fight plain agin, for our varmint was a facin' him, and he seen 'twas a *man* arter all! But our animal know'd how to come the giraffe over him—so round he turns agin! *That* farly broke the dog's hart, and he jist *rared* back a pullin' and got loose! One or two goat-pitches back'ards and the dog was flat on his back, playin' his fore-paws mighty fast, and perhaps some of the awfulest barks you ever hearn a dog gin! Old Iron Tooth he seen he had the dog at about the right pint, and he gave one mortal lunge back'ards, and he lit with both hands on the dog's throat, turned quick as lightnin', div down his head, and fastened his teeth on the dog's ears. Such a shakin' and howlin'! The dog was too skeared to fight, and our animal had it all his own way. We hollered to 'give him *some* in the short ribs,' but he only held on and growled at us, playin' the dog clean out, I tell you. Well, thar they was, rollin' and tumblin' in the dirt—first one on top, and then t'other—our animal holdin' on like pitch to a waggin wheel, the dog never thinkin' about fightin' once, but making rale onest licks to git loose. At last our varmint's hold broke—the dog riz—made one *tiger* lunge—the chain snapped—he tucked *his* tail, and—and—but you all know what skeared dogs *will* do!

"Nobody ain't never got no pups from Myers since—the blood run right out!"

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE SAND.

THE COMEDY OF FRANÇOIS LE CHAMPI.

SCARCELY half a dozen years have elapsed since it was considered a dangerous experiment to introduce the name of George Sand into an English periodical. In the interval we have overcome our scruples, and the life and writings of George Sand are now as well known in this country as those of Charles Dickens, or Bulwer Lytton. The fact itself is a striking proof of the power of a great intellect to make itself heard in spite of the prejudices and aversion of its audience.

The intellectual power of George Sand is attested by the suffrages of Europe. The use to which she has put it is another question. Unfortunately, she has applied it, for the most part, to so bad a use, that half the people who acknowledge the ascendancy of her genius, see too much occasion to deplore its perversion.

The principles she has launched upon the world have an inevitable tendency towards the disorganization of all existing institutions, political and social. This is the broad, palpable fact, let sophistry disguise or evade it as it may. Whether she pours out an intense novel that shall plough up the roots of the domestic system, or composes a proclamation for the Red Republicans that shall throw the streets into a flame, her influence is equally undeniable and equally pernicious.

It has been frequently urged, in the defence of her novels, that they do not assail the institution of marriage, but the wrongs that are perpetrated in its name. Give her the full benefit of her intention,

and the result is still the same. Her eloquent expositions of ill-assorted unions—her daring appeals from the obligations they impose, to the affections they outrage—her assertion of the rights of nature over the conventions of society, have the final effect of justifying the violation of duty on the precarious ground of passion and inclination. The bulk of her readers—of all readers—take such social philosophy in the gross; they cannot pick out its nice distinctions, and sift its mystical refinements. It is less a matter of reasoning than of feeling. Their sensibility, and not their judgment, is invoked. It is not to their understanding that these rhapsodies are addressed, but to their will and their passions. A writer who really meant to vindicate an institution against its abuses, would adopt a widely different course; and it is only begging George Sand out of the hands of the jury to assert that the *intention* of her writings is opposed to their *effect*, which is to sap the foundations upon which the fabric of domestic life reposes.

Her practice accords harmoniously with her doctrines. Nobody who knows what the actual life of George Sand has been, can doubt for a moment the true nature of her opinions on the subject of marriage. It is not a pleasant subject to touch, and we should shrink from it, if it were not as notorious as everything else by which she has become famous in her time. It forms, in reality, as much a part of the philosophy she desires to impress upon the world, as the books through which she has expounded her theory. It is neither more nor less than her theory of freedom and independence in the matter of passion (we dare not dignify it by any higher name) put into action—rather vagrant action, we fear, but, on that account, all the more decisive. The wonder is, how anybody, however ardent an admirer of George Sand's genius, can suppose for a moment that a woman who leads this life from choice, and who carries its excesses to an extremity of voluptuous caprice, could by any human possibility, pass so completely out of herself into another person in her books. The supposition is not only absurd in itself, but utterly inconsistent with the boldness and sincerity of her character.

Some sort of justification for the career of Madame Dudevant has been attempted to be extracted from the alleged unhappiness of her married life, which drove her at last to break the bond, and purchase her liberty at the sacrifice of a large portion of her fortune, originally considerable. But all such justifications must be accepted with hesitation in the absence of authentic data, and more especially when subsequent circumstances are of a nature to throw suspicion upon the defence. Cases undoubtedly occur in which the violent disruption of domestic ties may be extenuated even upon moral grounds; but we cannot comprehend by what process of reasoning the argument can be stretched so as to cover any *indiscretions* that take place afterwards.

Madame Dudevant was married in 1822; her husband is represented as a plain country gentleman, very upright and literal in his way, and quite incapable, as may readily be supposed, of sympathising with what one of her ablest critics calls her "aspirations towards the infinite, art and liberty." She bore him two children, lived with him eight years, and, shortly after the insurrection of July, 1830, fled from her dull house at Nohant, and went up to Paris. Upon this step nobody has a right to pronounce judgment. Nor should the world penetrate the recesses of her private life from that day forward, if her life could be truly considered private, and if it were not in

fact and in reality a part and parcel of her literary career. She has made so little scruple about publishing it herself, that nobody else need have any scruple on that head. She has been interwoven in such close intimacies with a succession of the most celebrated persons, and has acted upon all occasions so openly, that there is not the slightest disguise upon the matter in the literary circles of Paris. But even all this publicity might not wholly warrant a reference to the erratic course of this extraordinary woman, if she had not made her own experiences, to some extent, the basis of her works, which are said by those most familiar with her habits and associations to contain, in a variety of forms, the confession of the strange vicissitudes through which her heart and imagination have passed. The reflection is not limited to general types of human character and passion, but constantly descends to individualization; and her intimate friends are at no loss to trace through her numerous productions a whole gallery of portraits, beginning with poor M. Dudevant, and running through a remarkable group of contemporary celebrities. Her works then are, avowedly, transcripts of her life; and her life consequently becomes, in a grave sense, literary property, as the spring from whence has issued the turbid principles she glories in enunciating.

We have no desire to pursue this view of George Sand's writings to its ultimate consequences. It is enough for our present purpose to indicate the source and nature of the influence she exercises. Taking her life and her works together, their action and re-action upon each other, it may be observed that such a writer could be produced and fostered only in such a state of society as that of Paris. With all her genius she would perish in London. The moral atmosphere of France is necessary alike to its culture and reception—the volcanic soil—the perpetual excitement—the instability of the people and the government—the eternal turmoil, caprice, and transition—a society agitated and polluted to its core. These elements of fanaticism and confusion, to which she has administered so skilfully, have made her what she is. In such a country as England, calm, orderly, and conservative, her social philosophy would lack earth for its roots and air for its blossoms. The very institutions of France, upon which no man can count for an hour, are essential to her existence as a writer.

But time that mellow all things has not been idle with George Sand. After having written "Indiana," "Lelie," "Valentine," and sundry other of her most conspicuous works, she found it necessary to defend herself against the charge of advocating conjugal infidelity. The defence, to be sure, was pre-eminently sophistical, and rested on a complete evasion of the real question; but it was a concession to the feelings and decorum of society which could not fail in some measure to operate as a restraint in future labours. Her subsequent works were not quite so decisive on these topics; and in some of them marriage was even treated with a respectful recognition, and love was suffered to run its course in purity and tranquillity, without any of those terrible struggles with duty and conscience which were previously considered indispensable to bring out its intensity.

And now comes an entirely new phase in the development of George Sand's mind. Perhaps about this time the influences immediately acting upon her may have undergone a modification that will partly help to explain the miracle. Her daughter, the fair Solange, is grown up and about to be married; and the household thoughts and cares, and the tenderness of a serious and unselfish cast, which creep to a

mother's heart on such occasions, may have shed their sweetness upon this wayward soul, and inspired it with congenial utterances. This is mere speculation, more or less corroborated by time and circumstance; but whatever may have been the agencies by which the charm was wrought, certain it is that George Sand has recently produced a work which, we will not say flippantly in the words of the song,—

“Has for once a moral,”

but which is in the highest degree chaste in conception, and full of simplicity and truthfulness in the execution. This work is in the form of a three-act comedy, and is called “*François le Champi*.” (For the benefit of the country gentlemen we may as well at once explain that the word *champi* means a foundling of the fields.)

The domestic morality, the quiet nature, the *home feeling* of this comedy may be described as something wonderful for George Sand; not that her genius was not felt to be plastic enough for such a display, but that nobody suspected she could have accomplished it with so slight an appearance of artifice or false sentiment, or with so much geniality and faith in its truth. But this is not the only wonder connected with “*François le Champi*.” Its reception by the Paris audience was something yet more wonderful. We witnessed a few weeks ago at the Odeon its hundred and fourth or fifth representation—and it was a sight not readily forgotten. The acting, exquisite as it was through the minutest articulation of the scene, was infinitely less striking than the stillness and patience of the spectators. It was a strange and curious thing to see these mercurial people pouring in from their gay *cafés* and *restaurants*, and sitting down to the representation of this dramatic pastoral with much the same close and motionless attention as a studious audience might be expected to give to a scientific lecture. And it was more curious still to contrast what was doing at that moment in different places with a like satisfaction to other crowds of listeners; and to consider what an odd compound that people must be who can equally enjoy the rustic virtues of the Odeon, and the grossnesses and prurient humours of the *Variétés*. Paris and the Parisians will, probably, for ever remain an enigma to the moral philosopher. One never can see one's way through their surprising contradictions, or calculate upon what will happen next, or what turn any given state of affairs will take. In this sensuous, sentimental, volatile, and dismal Paris anybody who may think it worth while to cross the water for such a spectacle, may see re-produced together, side by side, the innocence of the golden age, and the worst vices of the last stage of a high civilization.

At the bottom of all this, no doubt, will be found a constitutional melancholy that goes a great way to account for the opposite excesses into which the national character runs. A Frenchman is at heart the saddest man in the universe; but his nature is of great compass at both ends, being deficient only in the repose of the middle notes. And this constitutional melancholy opposed to the habitual frivolity (it never deserved to be called mirth) of the French is now more palpable than ever. Commercial depression has brought it out in its darkest colours. The people having got what they wanted, begin now to discover that they want everything else. The shops are empty—the Palais Royal is as *triste* as the suburb of a country town—and the drive in the Champs Elysées, in spite of its display of horsemen and private carriages, mixed up in motley cavalcade with hack cabriolets

and omnibuses, is as different from what it used to be in the old days of the monarchy, as the castle of Dublin will be by-and-by, when the vice-regal pageant is removed to London. The sparkling butterflies that used to flirt about in the gardens of the Tuileries, may now be seen pacing moodily along, their eyes fixed on the ground, and their hands in their pockets, sometimes with an old umbrella (which seems to be received by common assent as the emblem of broken down fortunes), and sometimes with a brown paper parcel under their arms. The animal spirits of the Parisians are very much perplexed under these circumstances; and hence it is that they alternately try to drown their melancholy in draughts of fierce excitement, or to solace it by gentle sedatives.

The actual story of "*François le Champi*," spread over three acts, is so slight as to throw the whole interest into the dialogue. Action, there is little or none; the vital charm of the piece consisting in the truthfulness of treatment to which we have already referred. The scene, which never changes throughout, is the interior of a mill in the country, the household of which consists of Madeleine, the widow of the miller (recently deceased), Jeannie, the young son of Madeleine, Mariette, her sister-in-law, and Catherine, her faithful servant. In addition to these characters are François, a foundling brought up by Madeleine, but driven out of the house by her husband some six years before the play opens, Sévère, a rich woman living in the neighbourhood, and her nephew, a foolish, good-humoured fellow, Jean Bonnin, whom she wants to marry to Mariette. Such are the characters, few and humble in rank, whose little history forms the subject of this comedy.

François, hearing that his benefactress has been left in debt on the death of her husband, makes a journey to the mill to offer his services to her. He finds her ill and in trouble, and exposed to the wicked machinations of Sévère, the rich neighbour, who in the life-time of the miller, exercised so malignant an influence over him, that she was suspected of having weaned his affections from his wife. Her present purpose is to ruin the poor widow, and to secure Mariette (who has a little fortune of her own) for her nephew. Mariette, who is indifferent to the addresses of Jean Bonnin, falls in love with François. Sévère has worked so artfully on her mind that the old affection which bound her to the good Madeleine is sapped by falsehoods and inuendos; and in this state of affairs François discovers the real state of his feelings towards Madeleine, which he had hitherto little suspected. From this point the story proceeds slowly, but naturally, to its conclusion, through several scenes constructed with consummate art, and singularly touching and effective, considering that the movement in them is little more than the palpitation of the hearts of the actors.

The character of Madeleine is exquisitely drawn; frank, gentle, transparent to the depths of her truthful nature, and swaying all around her by the mere force of love and goodness. The open, honest, strong, and tender-hearted François is every way worthy of her. All the members of this domestic group, even down to Catherine, whose fidelity lifts her into importance, put forward irresistible claims to our sympathy and admiration. They belong to the real world of country life—even the malice of Sévère is full of the meannesses and pettinesses, the low spite and gossiping slander of the village mischief-maker. The art of the author is deficient only in one point—the history of François himself. Being a foundling, and having a large sum of money sent to him mysteriously by his mother, we look forward to a

sequel or explanation which never comes. As he is the hero of the piece, we have a right to know all about him, or at least not to be tantalized, and then left in the dark. To raise an expectation and disappoint it, is rather going out of the way for an "effect defective."

We will now submit to the reader a passage or two, rendered as closely to the original as the provincial idioms of the speakers will allow. These fragments, although they must unavoidably fail to convey an adequate notion of a work which makes its final impression by quiet and reiterated touches that never startle the attention, but grow upon it insensibly, will sufficiently serve to show the manner of the dialogue.

The following is part of a scene between Mariette and François, who has just learned that while Catherine has been sitting up with the invalid night after night, the pretty, frivolous Mariette had not once taken her turn.

Mariette. You here still, Mr. François ? Where is Catherine ? My sister-in-law is asleep, and it is quite time for us all to retire.

François. You are tired then, miss ? Yet you look so fresh, that I should never have believed it.

Mariette [*mounting the staircase*]. Is it wrong then in your eyes to look well ?

François [*approaching the staircase*]. No ; but I could not help comparing your bright looks with those of poor Catherine ; and shall I tell you that I feel more interest in the poor servant who dies like a good horse in the harness, than in the beautiful young lady who shines like the dawn of a spring morning.

Mariette. Has Catherine complained of fatigue ? Why didn't she tell me of it ?

François. Courage never complains ; it is for the good heart to divine when another suffers.

Mariette. And you have divined it ? According to that, it is Catherine who has the courage, and you the good heart ; and pray what have I ?

François. You have your beauty to console you for the afflictions of others.

Mariette [*descending the stairs*]. Is that all ? Let me tell you, Mister Miller, that if you are for saying sharp things, I can say them also. You will get nothing at that game from me.

François. Out with it, beautiful Mariette ? I know what is on the tip of your tongue. You would tell me that I am impertinent in speaking to you so freely—I who am nobody—less than nobody—a foundling !

Mariette [*embarrassed*]. Oh ! I didn't mean to reproach you. I see that you think ill of me. However, we are but new acquaintances, and I ask what right you have to expect me to think as you do ?

François. What right ? You know it well—the right of the foundling, of the child who was brought here by the charity of Madame Blanchet, and whose duty it is to love her as a mother, the only return he can make for all her goodness.

Mariette [*with emotion*]. I don't blame you for that, Master François ; and, perhaps, you also will think better of me by and by.

François [*heartily*]. It depends upon yourself—I ask nothing better. Will you shake hands with me ?

Mariette [*mincingly*]. It's a little too soon, I think—

François. You won't ? Well—we must wait a little. Where are you going, Miss Mariette ?

Mariette [*going towards her chamber*]. I am going to fetch my mantle and hood to watch by Madeleine.

François. I see that you are not only the prettiest girl in the world, but as good as a little angel. Come, won't you give me your hand now ?

Mariette. Since you ask it so politely—

François kisses her hand and goes out.

Mariette [*alone, ascending the stairs*]. Well—to be sure—how he kissed my hand—with such an air—not at all your country manners !

This delicate little scene, with scarcely anything in it beyond the indication of the kindness that lies beneath the light coquetry of Mariette, and the goodness of heart of François, that draws it out so successfully,

was listened to with profound attention; and the passage where François says that "courage never complains" was loudly applauded. One can hardly be much surprised at its reception, it was so charmingly acted, and the scene had such a pretty and natural air, as Mariette stood on the steps leading to her chamber, with a night-candle in her hand, and François stood with his arm over the balustrade talking to her. It is from this moment Mariette entertains a *tendresse* for François, and no great wonder!

In this state of uncertainty on all sides—Madeleine still unsuspecting of François' attachment—we come to the last scene, Mariette has just had an interview of explanation with Jean Bonnin, and, seeing how she has been deceived by Sévère all throughout, she is now full of repentance for the wrong she has done her sister. Madeleine enters at this moment, and the little scene that ensues between them is very touching in its purity and sweetness.

Madeleine. Well, my dear, have I put Jean Bonnin to flight? How is this? Have they persuaded him, also, that I am his enemy? [*Mariette throws herself at her feet.*] How? What? My darling! what is this? You are weeping—Come to my arms.

Mariette. No, sister.—I will remain at your knees till you have granted me two things.

Madeleine. Say them quickly then, for I am impatient to grant them.

Mariette. First, will you restore to me the place I used to have in your love?

Madeleine. You have never lost it. You have given me sorrow, it is true; but I haven't the power to love you less for all that.

Mariette. You ought to detest me, and turn me out of your house; for I have been more wicked than you suspect. I have been ungrateful to you—to you who have brought me up, petted me, spoiled me. Ah! spoiled—that is the right word. And in return, I have abused your goodness, and said things against you, which make me sick at heart to think of.

Madeleine. Come, come, you will make yourself ill, and I only want that to crown my troubles. There, there—sit down, with your little elbows on my knees as you used to do when you were twelve years old, repeating your catechism to me, And now—what is the second thing you wish to ask—perhaps I know it already?

Mariette. No, sister—my dear little mamma! you do not know it. You think—you believe that I love François, and that I do not care for Jean Bonnin. It is just the reverse. I no longer think of François, since I know he loves another, and not me; and I do love Jean Bonnin, who is a good lad in spite of his simple looks, and a clever lad, and who loves me dearly.

Madeleine. I have always thought him a good lad; as for his cleverness, I have lately remarked that he is not so wanting in shrewdness. If you love him, I will love him too; but then who is it that François prefers to my little Mariette?

Mariette. You know, sister, you know very well; and we know also. Oh! do not blush; you deserve to be loved before little Mariette, for you are more worthy than she is; and besides you have done so much for François that he would be an ingrate if he had a thought of any one but you.

Madeleine. Of me? [*they both rise*]. Of me? Are you dreaming, Mariette?

Mariette. How? Didn't you know it before?

Madeleine. So little did I know it, that I do not believe it even now.

Mariette. He never dared to speak to you of it, and you had no idea of it? And Sévère, who said—Oh! wicked, wicked Sévère, what mischief you have done.

Jean Bonnin appears at the back, and makes a sign to François.

Madeleine. Come, forget her, and listen no more to her falsehoods. You may yet bring back François.

Mariette. No, sister, I am too proud to love one who loves me not; and I love you too well not to wish that you should marry him who loves you so much, and who could make you so happy.

Madeleine. Marry François? I? It would be madness.

François (coming forward). Alas! it would be madness, if you hate me.

Madeleine. Hate you? I—but to marry you!—

François. Yes, to marry François, who will die of grief if you do not love him,

for he has loved you all his life without knowing it—François, who is rich enough to provide for your son—François, who asks pardon of Mariette for having done her an injustice—François, who implores of you either to take him as a husband, or to send him from you, for he can no longer live with a secret which is wearing out his life.

Jean. Yes, Madame Blanchet, that is the truth ; for my part, I entreat you to marry François, if it was only to make Mariette marry me.

Mariette. Say yes, dear sister, and we will all be happy together.

Catherine. Say yes, mistress, for never can you find a better husband for yourself, a better master for me, or a better father for Jeannie.

Madeleine. And you, Jeannie ! You weep and say nothing—you above all others.

Jeannie. He says that he will go away. Why should you let him go, mamma, when you can make him stay ?

Madeleine. My God ! it is like a dream ! And you don't give me time to collect myself. Well, since everybody wishes it, I suppose I must end by wishing it myself.

And thus, with the loving group pressing round this good and most unselfish heroine, the curtain falls upon the comedy.

If this play—so simple in expression, so destitute of movement—had been produced in London, the probability is that it would hardly have lingered a week, if it escaped the ordeal of the first night. Our theatrical appetite demands stronger food, and will not put up with such thin diet. And upon the face of this fact, seeing the great run the piece has had in Paris, we are afraid it must be admitted that French taste in this direction (whatever may be said of it in reference to other dramatic modes) has the advantage of us.

We are entitled, however to put in this plea in mitigation, that dialogue so delicate and natural, depending so little upon broad effects, and so much upon quiet truthfulness of expression, could not be rendered with the necessary simplicity upon our stage. It is something quite out of the way of our actors, who are too much accustomed to physical excitement to be able to trust themselves to gentler emotions. The acting of "François le Champi" was so perfect at the Odeon, every part sat so easily upon its representative, and there was so little effort or exaggeration, that we can at once understand the enchantment of the audience under the spell of so complete an illusion. This will always be the case in theatres where the requisite care is bestowed upon the cast and the preparation. With us, the first night of a new piece is frequently little better than a dress rehearsal ; while, in Paris, the number of rehearsals that precede the first night, ensure as much finish in the performance as the skill of the actors can produce.

George Sand has done herself great honour by this charming little drama. That she should have chosen such a turbulent moment for such an experiment upon the public, is not the least remarkable incident connected with it. Only a few months before we heard of her midnight revels with the heads of the Republican party in the midst of the fury and bloodshed of an *emeute* ; and then follows close upon the blazing track of revolution, a picture of household virtues so sweet and tranquil, so full of tenderness and love, that it is difficult to believe it to be the production of the same hand that had recently flung flaming addresses, like brands, into the streets to set the town on fire. But we must be surprised at nothing that happens in France, where truth is so much stranger than fiction, as to extinguish the last fragment of an excuse for credulity and wonder.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER I.

The Necessity of Amusement.—Early Ages.—The Infancy of the World.—The Savage.—The Animal.—“Unbending the Bow.”—The Britons—the Simplicity of their Amusements.—The Romans—their Warlike Amusements.—The Arena. The Saxons.—Games of Chance.—Canute.—Dice, Chess, Backgammon.—The Normans.—Tournaments and Jousts.—Minstrels and Mountebanks.—The Commons.—Club and Buckler Play.—The Bow and Arrow.—Toxophilites.—Robin Hood and Merry Sherwood.—His followers.—Old Song.—Shotover Hill.—The Legend.—Horse-Racing first mentioned.—Hugh and Æthelstan.—Old Poem.—The value of riding the Winner.

AN ancient philosopher who, in early youth, had been very much amused and charmed by the show of the world and the active puppets therein, began, as his eyesight failed him, to search more deeply into causes and effects. As he handled the golden delusions and found them brass and tinsel, his learned nose turned up with contempt, and a smile of self-approval for a moment lighted up the wrinkles of age. He examined the puppets, and rag by rag he stripped them of their gaudy clothing, discovering that their happy faces were only masks, and their bowings, scrapings, and amusing antics, were the result of a hidden motive power, and, lamentable to tell, that they were continually controlled by others, and were not a whit better than Punch or any other exhibitor for halpence.

He felt proud and happy his researches had brought him the valuable knowledge, that there was nothing in anything, and that his wisdom would immortalize him; that is, he would remain in the memory of his fellow-men as one whose great fault had been the discovery of theirs; to aid which discovery he had relied, not on the generosity of his youth, but the prejudices and crabbedness of his age. He found out, also, “that men are but children of a larger growth;” although it is doubted whether he was the author of the expression, he certainly discovered the fact, which is not in any way flattering to the dignity of manhood or the presumed wisdom of age.—He asserted that the childishness of man never deserted him; from the coral and bells, which ring in the first smile upon the face of the infant, to the bell which rings out the last smile of second childhood. Man must have some toy, no matter whether it be called a philosophy or a phantasmagoria, it is still a plaything, and thus he who most successfully amuses the grown-up children is the cleverest man, and reaps a benefit accordingly, all being eager for newly invented playthings, and hailing with pleasure the advent of the amusement-monger.

“The child,” says this immortal philosopher (whose name has been rubbed off the tablets of fame for centuries, or I would have written it here), “continually shows itself through the sombre husk of manhood, and claims its quota of amusement, which is not to be denied. This is called by the learned, who fear to own the powerful effect of folly on

their wisdom, 'unbending the bow;' and worse than fool is he who, in his wisdom, battles against its influence, for it again attunes into the harmony of charity and generosity the strings of the heart that have been struck into discord by the rude hands of the world."

"The child part of man, then, must be amused," says my philosopher, "however much it may militate against the dignity of the man part of the child."

In the early ages, that is, the childhood of the world, it will be discovered that it was a very amusing thing, it was one great theatre, and life but one long play,—an eternal pic-nic, a whole holiday. Half holidays, those melancholy glimpses of enjoyment, are the invention of civilization, for we find that the wild Indian, who thinks it beneath the solemn dignity of his manhood to laugh or chatter like his squaw, revels in the dance to his heart's content, vaulting like a young stag or chattering like an ape, all the while using the most absurd actions and contortions, unworthy of the lowest mountebank. This is his amusement, become classical from its antiquity, and he sees nothing absurd in it: it is his "unbending the bow."

Everything animate claims its play hour, Nature dictating to the civilized and the savage the necessity of "unbending the bow." The very brutes that roam through the forests, untrodden by the foot of man, slaughtering each other for their daily sustenance, obey this law; and the stately lion may be seen "unbending" from his majesty, amusing himself by gambols with all the zest and *abandon* of the most juvenile monkey.

In the early ages, when the simple Britons were living unmolested in this beautiful little island, having only to provide for their immediate wants, their amusements were of that character which tended to give them strength and agility, and fitting them to carry out with success the only object of their lives, namely, the providing a good dinner.

Consequently, the youth were trained to the necessary hunting by violent and athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, and swimming. After the toils of the day's hunt, and the repletion of the feast from the spoils, their evening's entertainments were held in some chosen glade, rich in the teeming wildness of nature, where, beneath the gigantic arms of a noble tree, the elders sat as judges of the amicable strife between the young aspirants for fame.

Side by side stood the graceful forms, living statues of untrammelled youthful beauty, with flashing eyes and distended nostrils, and every muscle strung up to its greatest tension, waiting the given signal from their chief to start them, swift as the rushing winds, upon their headlong race. They are sped, glancing like arrows through the deep green shadows of the woods; they bound and leap over the thousand twining arms of luxuriant underwood, emulating the wild young deer, that seek a deeper covert at the sound of their rushing feet.

With labouring breath they near the wished-for goal, a few bounds, and the happy victor stands triumphant to claim the applause that is showered down upon him. Another band of young heroes would leap from the rocks, and revel in the turbulent waves of the sea, dashing aside with fearless arms the roaring waters that chased them in their course, as if to devour them for their temerity and daring.

These were the primitive amusements of the simple Britons before

they were disturbed by an invading foe ; for all accounts agree that their games consisted of hunting, running, leaping, and swimming. The Romans, from their warlike habits and nature, introduced games of more violent and fatal kind, like their gladiatorial fights and combats between men and beasts, which, though full of excitement and grandeur, were too often stained with violence and blood, to be easily adopted by the simple people that they had invaded.

Their various games, so called in the arena, are too well known to require being particularly individualised here ; suffice it to say that even their sanguinary character has not tended to entirely eradicate them from the most civilized capitals in the world even at the present day.

The Saxons, whose ascendancy occurred in turbulent times, were principally amused by all kinds of military exercises, which tended, in a great degree, to nerve and instruct their youth in military tactics under the disguise of recreation.

We find among them the earliest mention of games of chance ; for it appears they well knew the use of dice, which they carried to a most insane excess—playing continuously for days and nights ; some lost their possessions, their war implements and ornaments, until, in the furor and despair created by their losses, they would stake themselves upon the hazard of the die, and losing, become the slaves and creatures of their more fortunate adversaries. The game at chess was known to them, as was also backgammon, both of which had irresistible charms for the rude and untaught soldiers of the time.

Canute himself, that wise and prudent monarch, was not free from the imputation of the love of gambling, for it is on record that Bishop Atheric having, after some trouble, obtained admission to Canute upon weighty business,—indeed it must have been pressing, as it was "*about midnight*" when he requested an audience,—found the king engaged with his courtiers at play, *some at chess* and *some at dice*. This certainly does not speak well for the simplicity or good regulation of this much-praised monarch's household, when the early habits of all ranks at that time are taken into consideration.

The music of their bards, if it could be called by that name, must have been of the rudest character, merely adapted to keep up a monotonous twanging of the primitively strung harps, as an accompaniment to their long-winded improvising upon the deeds of their masters, or entertainers for the time, occasionally giving them breathing-time by a simple kind of symphony, during which they could collect their thoughts for another string of their extravagant laudatory rhymes.

Upon the coming of the Normans, the real age of romance commenced. The gallantry and magnificence displayed in their tournaments and jousts was a wonderful era in the amusements of the people, and yielded a splendid opportunity for the knights and nobles to dazzle the eyes of the common herd by their lavish expenditure and deeds of gallantry, supposed to be only capable of enactment by possessors of noble blood and high descent.

The rich were as eager for this fascinating amusement as the humbler classes, as it gave them the chance of wearing their clothes of state, and performing deeds of chivalry in the presence of their favourite fair ones, who very often, with the spirit of the time, cheered on by their applause the gallant knights who contended for their favours, to deeds of savage cruelty and bloodshed.

" At this the challenger with fierce defy
 His trumpet sounds ; the challenged makes reply ;
 With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
 Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
 Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest,
 They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
 And spurring see decrease the middle space."

Palamon and Arcite.

The ladies, indeed, had very few opportunities offered them, in these rude but romantic times, of amusement or relaxation. The continual petty wars and feuds, which were the principal business of their liege lords' lives, of course detracted much from domestic happiness—for while the husband was seeking glory in the battle-field, or some less glorious attack upon the stronghold of a neighbour, the ladies were left to pine alone in the solemn grandeur of their sombre and castelated homes ; varying the monotony of their lives only by working endless pieces of tapestry, surrounded by their unintellectual serving-maids and ruffianly besotted retainers.

It is not then to be wondered at that any show or pageant, however puerile, was snatched at with great avidity by these imprisoned dames, who had from necessity to endure so much solitary confinement. The tournament and the joust were their all in all, where they could shine in their "lavender preserved robes" and embroideries, and receive all the adoration and incense dictated by the rules of pure knighthood and the romantic gallantry of the occasion.

It was also an opportunity seized by many a rival to gratify his thirst for vengeance on his adversary in an approved manner, the sacred lists being an excuse for all accidents, a man or two killed in the *mêlée* only adding a piquant zest to the amusement.

The universal feeling for this amusement was such, that it was thought impossible that any well-regulated kingdom could go on without this arena for bold deeds, gallant actions, and gorgeous array. The serfs and vassals were equally in favour of it, since it gave them frequent holidays, and reasons for rioting and debauch, with the example of their lords and masters as an excuse.

The whole swarm of vagabond itinerants and mountebanks reaped a splendid harvest from these riotous and multitudinous gatherings, in the largesse they wrung from the knights by the power of their lungs, as they applauded them for any good hit, or great success in the assault. For, as each mark of dignity, or primitive coat of arms, caught the eye of the multitude, they were applauded or groaned at according to the estimation they were held in by the servile mob, who indulged freely in the expression of their bitter hate for many of the proud knights and harsh masters, under cover and protection of the occasion.

This mixed rabble of suttlers and Jews wandered many a weary mile to the different stations and revels, both to sell their ware and spread their news, mixing up with their many vocations an occasional robbery or two, when they saw a suitable opportunity, and when they imagined that they might do so with impunity ; for even in that time, which was one of universal robbery, "might being right," there was some show of justice, for the great rogues in power often used up a small one as a scarecrow, to show that such things were highly improper, "and crimes, when found out," were to be punished accordingly.

But with all its faults it was the only opportunity for young ladies to get suitors, and young gentlemen to show off before the aforesaid young ladies; they having no other decent excuse to appear in public in all their attractions and condescensions, as they have in the present day of operas, parks, and fancy fairs.

No man was then thought worthy of notice until he had proved himself able to bear and give hard knocks, for the amusement of other people, or get cracked in his shell like a lobster, by some heavier fisted hero of the day. This feeling is shown in a satirical poem in the Harleian MSS.: it runs thus:—

“ If wealth, Sir Knight, perchance be thine,
In tournaments you 're bound to shine;
Refuse—and all the world will swear
You are not worth a *rotten pear*.”

The bright eyes that encouraged them have lost their brilliancy in death, and their trophies are dust; their embattled castle, the refuge of their despotism and crimes, are green with the herbage that revels over their fallen walls and shattered ruins. The names that echoed by ten thousand tongues, and rang through the lists as watchwords of glory and renown, are no longer remembered on the spots where they were held as imperishable, and—

“ The knights are dust,
Their good swords rust:
And their souls are with the saints, we trust.”
COLERIDGE.

The lower classes of the population, who were not qualified to enter the aristocratic barriers of the lists, contented themselves with the homely club and buckler, with which they, it is supposed, from the constant affrays and brawls which occurred almost at the corner of every street, gratified their pugnacious propensities to an equal extent with their betters. They also were not behind hand in making a show and amusement of their prowess in breaking each other's heads; for there is frequent mention in the chronicles of the time of the celebrated club and buckler combats held by the citizens of London and their serving men, by way of passing the evening pleasantly, varying it occasionally by the expert use of the bow, in which accomplishment the citizens particularly excelled. Meetings of this kind were daily held in the pleasant meads and rising grounds that surrounded the city; and so skilful did the various bands become, from their constant practice of the art as an amusement, that in times of danger they were often the principal means of repelling the attacks of the besiegers, and are mentioned with great honour and applause by the chroniclers of the time.

In many parts of the country, songs, from their quaint and antiquated style, no doubt original, are often met with in high praise of the old English archery and its many victories. One of very quaint and humorous character, although apparently a fragment, I met with in Nottinghamshire, near to the haunts of the once famous Robin Hood; it runs thus:—

THE FORESTER'S SONG.

Feather him, point him, head him sharp,
 For the buck or the mottled doe ;
 For we will hie at eventide
 To lay some of 'em low,
 In the shady wood.

Twang the string with a stoutish twang,
 And look well it be round and fair ;
 For, like old folk, is the old bow-string,
 For a roughish beard grows there,
 And frayed 'tis no good.

Let the fair shaft be a cloth-yard long—
 And as bright as a lass's eyes
 Must be the shine of his barbed head,
 And as sharp as her tongue likewise,
 Or it is no good.

Hold your arm like an iron bar,
 And draw up the string to your ear,
 And let the shaft whistle a sad lament,
 For the mark be it far or near,
 See your aim be good.

And, if you 're called to stand the scathe
 For your home and your fireside,
 Your bow must be long—and tough—and strong,
 For the shaft must be feather dyed
 In foemen's blood.

Then try to rival the bonny one,
 Who shoots in the light or dark,
 And first of bowmen is he I trow,
 He never misses his mark,
 And the reason 's good.

Many of this character are still extant in such localities where the bow was famous and mixed up, as in the case of Robin Hood and his merry men, with the history of the time, and although much garbled and altered, by being handed down orally, there remains enough of their original character to show the great appreciation in which this primitive means of defence was held both as a warlike aid, and for providing the denizens of the forest with their daily food.

The Duke of Portland has erected on his estate beyond the river Maun, in the Berklands, a lodge of Gothic architecture, enriched with admirably executed statues, sheltered in niches, representing Robin Hood, Little John, Richard Cœur de Lion, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and the Minstrel. The whole has an imposing effect from the pathway leading to it, and the edifice commands a view for miles around.

The few tried and valiant associates of Robin Hood are said, by authority, to have been John Naylor, or *The Naylor*, called Little John, who stood six feet ten inches high, and was famous both for wit and bravery. His grave is now to be seen in Hethersedge churchyard in the peak of Derbyshire, "one stone at his head, and one at his feet," showing the enormous length of the body ; and part of his bow hangs up in the chancel. *Much*, the miller's son, who was of dwarfish stature, was a miller's son, and having joined the outlaw's society, was called *Much* because of his diminutive bodily proportions. Scathelock, the third, was so called from his skill in cracking the crowns of his

opponents at quarter-staff. Will Stutely, or *Stoutly*, was the fourth, so named for his daring and hardihood. The fifth, was the glorious *Friar Tuck*, who took his name from a creature of ancient superstition, a hunter in bogs and mire. Then there were Allen o'Dale, a gentle minstrel crossed in love; and Maid Marian, said to be the only true love of the bold woodland chieftain Robin.

There is a legend remembered well by the people in the vicinity of the magnificent hill of Shotover, from whence you get the first peep of the grey spires of Oxford, which appear buried in the verdant woods of the luxuriant valley at its foot:—

An ancient lord of the soil is stated to have refused the hand of his Saxon child to an unfortunate lover, who was a famous crossbowman in his service, until from a hovel, far from the extreme height, he should be enabled to send his arrow over the hill at a single draw. The lover set his wits to work, and after much labour and hopeless efforts, he demanded his trial. It was granted him, with full assurance of its failure. Serfs were placed at appointed distances to watch the flight of the arrow, and the proud lord, bound by his sacred promise, surrounded by his friends on horseback, stood near the brow of the hill looking towards Oxford. His fair daughter, whose feelings were favourable to the suit of the bold young woodsman, was on her white palfrey by her father's side, anxiously gazing upon the skies to watch the flight of the arrow of her fate.

At the sound of a bugle the arrow flies, mounting like a lark into the heavens—it takes its course careering above the extreme height of the hill, then stooping like a falcon, it buries itself up to the white feather in the green herbage at the foot. The serfs cry with loud voices, one to the other, "Shot over! shot over! shot over!" The victor claimed the willing lady as his own, and the green hill was ever after called Shotover.

The period at which horse-racing was introduced has been long a question of debate, but it seems settled satisfactorily by the Harl. MSS. for there is a notice of a royal gift, which shows that it was in practice by the Anglo-Saxons. In them it is mentioned that Hugh, head of the house of Capet, afterwards monarch of France, solicited the hand of Edelswitha, the sister of Æthelstan, sending to that king, with other costly presents, some valuable *running horses*.

Strutt gives the fragment of a poem which clearly proves its early origin, and the high esteem in which it was held, by the amount of the prize offered, which was enormous, calculating the value of money in those days.

" In somer, at Whitsontyde,
When Knightes most on horseback ride
A cours, let they make on a daye
Steeds and palfreye, for to assaye—
Which horse that best may ren—
Three miles the cours was then—
Who that might ride him shoulde
Have forty pounds of redy golde."

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

HORACE WALPOLE.

FROM a large Collection of Unpublished Letters, embracing the names of some of the most famous persons in our political and literary history, we propose to publish occasional Selections, each group having reference to a particular subject or individual, and being complete in itself. The means at our disposal for this purpose are extensive; and as we are not attracted in our choice merely by the fact that these letters have never been printed before, but by the intrinsic value of their revelations, we hope to be enabled to form an Anthology that shall throw collateral light from many new points of view upon a variety of topics of popular interest.

In all cases these Letters will be accompanied by brief notes and introductions, at no greater length than may be necessary to elucidate the text, but always sufficient to connect the correspondence with contemporary history.

The Series with which we begin requires little from us in the way of commentary or explanation, as it comes close to our own times, and chiefly concerns one with whose sayings and doings all the world is familiar, but of whom we never can hear too much when he tells it to us himself. In these pleasant, confidential notes, addressed to a man for whom he entertained a sincere and cordial regard, the better and more earnest qualities of Horace Walpole's nature come out very agreeably. He may be seen here chatting in his dressing-gown and slippers to an intimate friend, and not troubling himself about manner or effect; yet how lively and characteristic, notwithstanding, are the happy turns of expression scattered over the correspondence.

FROM HORACE WALPOLE TO SAMUEL LYSONS, ESQ.

The name of Lysons in connection with our topographical and antiquarian literature is familiar to all readers. There were two brothers, the Rev. Daniel Lysons and Mr. Samuel Lysons (to whom the following letters were addressed), a barrister and Keeper of the Records of the Tower. They were descended from an ancient family in Gloucestershire, where the son of the former, to whom we are indebted for these precious fragments of Horace Walpole's latter days, the Rev. Samuel Lysons, now resides at Hempstead Court, near Gloucester.

These gentlemen were no less distinguished by the high qualities they possessed in common than by the affectionate union and sympathy which existed between them through their lives, and which was remarkably evinced in their uninterrupted co-operation in the same pursuits. They jointly undertook the topographical works published by Daniel, the elder brother, the illustrations of which were by Samuel, who was an admirable draughtsman. But we believe that the honour of the discovery and description of the Roman remains found in Gloucestershire and Sussex belongs exclusively to the latter. Few men were ever so perseveringly active in their researches; neither distance nor difficulty could check the ardour with which they sought for information wherever it was to be obtained, even upon the most trivial points; and it may be mentioned as an

instance of their indomitable zeal that when the elder brother was collecting materials for the "Environs of London," he passed seven hours up to his knees in water in the vaults of Stepney church copying epitaphs.

A budget of anecdotes of a similar kind might be collected respecting the labours of the Lysons. They devoted their private fortune to these minute and troublesome pursuits; and as it sometimes happened that, from pressure of time or other circumstances, they were obliged to carry on their researches at unseasonable hours, or to penetrate vaults and catacombs, it not unfrequently happened that they might be seen measuring churches, copying inscriptions, and taking outlines by the light of flambeaux and lanterns. The fatigue they went through in this way was prodigious, and nothing could have sustained them but the encouragement and support which they received from each other. They always worked together; and so necessary was this mutual sympathy to the nourishment of their energies, that when Samuel Lysons died, his brother relinquished his favourite occupation for the rest of his life.

The private characters of these gentlemen endeared them to a large circle of friends. Benevolent, cheerful, and upright in all their relations with society, they conciliated universal affection and respect, and enjoyed an intimate intercourse with the literary people of their time, amongst whom may be more especially distinguished, Lord Orford, Mrs. Hannah More, and Mrs. Piozzi.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 7th, 1796.

I shall be glad if you and your brother will dine with me on Friday next; on Wednesday and Thursday I am engaged.

I had already heard of my print being copied for a magazine, and am sorry for it [how awkwardly, I do not care]. It was originally my own fault, I had no business to be an author; but if one will make an exposition of one's self, one must not complain if one's head serves for a sign-post.

You will oblige me if you will buy and bring me the "European Magazine" for October last; I want the article of the late Duke of Norfolk,* who bespoke his own authorship, for I do not believe he wrote a syllable of the book he published; and yet, as I am completing my Catalogue of Royal and Noble Editors, it would be called an omission if he was not mentioned; and the European Magazinish, who, as I am so old, reserves the print of me for my death, would be the first to triumph over me for not making use of an information he had given. This importance of authors and critics to themselves makes me laugh. They do not condescend to reflect that no mortal else will care about what the one has omitted, or the other relieved.

Adieu, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

H. WALPOLE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., in Clifford's Inn, London.

* Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Author of—1. Considerations on the Penal Laws against Roman Catholics, in England, and the newly-acquired Colonies in America, in a Letter to a Noble Lord, 1764.—2. Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims, chiefly Religious and Political. Ditto, 1768.—3. Historical Anecdotes of some of the Howard Family. 8vo. 1769. His last work is dedicated to his son, Charles Howard, Esq., of Grystock Castle, Cumberland. See also European Magazine for October, 1786.

Strawberry Hill, July 17th, 1786.

I SEND you a ticket, as you desired, for the 25th, that you may have time to find out where Col. Blair lives.

I am glad the prelate was so civil to your brother, but hope he will find something better than a curacy not in his own gift. If I had a vast park and somebody told me he loved venison, I should not think I did him a great favour by telling him he might buy a haunch at the fishmonger's.

I am sorry for the D. of D., and more for his medals, which will be melted and lost for ever.

Tear this off from the ticket.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at Clifford's Inn, Holbourn, London.

DEAR SIR,

Berkeley Square, Feb. 14th, 1787.

I had a person with me on business this morning, and could not possibly answer your note then, and told your servant to desire you to call on me; but as you may wish for an immediate answer, and to save you the trouble of coming on purpose, I send you an answer now.

The remarkable particularities of Mr. Patet's ancient cards were, that they had no *aces*, and instead of *queens* they had *knights*. I do not remember anything else extraordinary in them, not different from modern cards.

Yours, &c.,

H. WALPOLE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at his Chambers in Clifford's Inn, London.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Monday, July 14th:

You talked of asking Mr. Reede who is the author of the "Plan of Prints for Shakespeare:" if you see that gentleman, be so good as to ask him in what play is the part of *Shandy*,* which, misled by Vertue's MSS., I have said is in the Merchant of Venice, and was one of the characters acted by Lacy, in the triple picture by Michael Wright, as I have mentioned it in the third volume of the Anecdotes of Painting.

I have had a letter from Sir Watkin Lewes, who found mine at Mr. Ellis's, and says the tide would not serve for Madam the Mayoress to come hither; that is, they did not get back to Richmond till four o'clock. Could I expect that they should prefer their eyes to their mouths, and pictures to turbot and venison? Thus between people that come to see without looking, as the Rospigliosis did, and those that will not come without eating, I am constantly harassed with writing tickets or explanations—it is woful.

Adieu, yours, &c.,

H. WALPOLE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at Clifford's Inn, Holbourn London.

* At Windsor, is his (Michael Wright's) large picture of John Lacy, the comedian, in three different characters. *Parson Simple*, in the "Cheats;" *Sandy*, in the "Taming of the Shrew;" and *Monsieur Vère*, in the "Country Captain." See Walpole's *Painters*, p. 309. 4to. It ought to be "*Sander*, servant to *Terando*."

Horace Walpole was not always very happy in his literary criticisms, especially when he got amongst the poets. It was often a matter of mere fashion with him, and his judgment in some cases appears to have been governed by the reigning mode of the hour. But it is curious enough to find so staunch a collector and admirer of odds and ends and relics of antiquity decrying the old English poets, dismissing Crashaw to the contempt of Mr. Lysons, whose prosaic faculties must have held all such matters in profound indifference, and declaring that he cannot read any productions antecedent to Dryden and Pope, to whom, essentially different as they are, he ascribes the joint glory of having "brought poetry to a standard." The superficial flippancy of this letter is thoroughly characteristic of the writer, and most readers will be content to be amused by its vivacity, without caring much about its critical heresies.

"Strawberry Hill, Thursday night, Sept. 17th, 1789.

YOUR brother came to dine with me to-day, dear sir, just as I had received your letter, but he could not stay all night. I am glad that Prinknash has so well answered my account: indeed, with your taste I concluded it would: I do not send the blind to see beauties.

I am sorry you had the trouble of hunting Barrett without success. Think no more on him. If his book and very foolish credulity can impose on anybody, they must be as silly as he, and how root out folly? One cannot preserve a pure race of sense, as is done with that of Arabian horses. They who ought to know better often flounder as woefully. I have been showing to your brother to-day a sample in the new fourth volume of the "Biographia Britannica," to which Mr. Hayley has contributed a life of that mad, and yet indifferent poet, Crashaw,* and to make out a life of whom at all, he has been forced to reprint a most wretched poem on his death, by Cowley, and says he is sure that, long as it is, his readers will be obliged to him for republishing so beautiful a poem.—Here are some of its lovely lines:—

"Ah, wretched we, poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet that thou'rt now,
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou needst not make new songs but say the old."

Were ever poor angels so treated? The Virgin Mary comes in for her share of the doggrel. The muse (Crashaw's)—

"— For a sacred mistress scorn'd to take
But her whom God scorn'd not his spouse to make:
It in a kind her miracle did do,
A fruitful mother was and Virgin too."

* The best critics hold a very different opinion. In Todd's *Life of Milton* are some very curious anecdotes of Crashaw from an authentic source of information. Vol. i. p. 284. See a more correct account of Crashaw's merits and defects in a letter from Pope to Mr. Cromwell, Dec. 17, 1710. Vol. i. p. 327. Ed. 1735. 12mo. Crashaw's Verses on a Prayer-book are considered by Mr. Coleridge as one of the greatest poems in our language. See *Retrospective Review*, vol. i. p. 225 to p. 250. Headley's *Specimens of the Early Poets*, vol. i. p. xii., and Ellis's *Specimens*, vol. iii. p. 224.

Once more—

“ ’Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.”

There is more such stuff in the two last stanzas, of which a modern bellman would be ashamed ; and this low prosaic nonsense is dished up again for us, who have lately obtained the “ Heroic Epistle,”* —the “ Rolliad,”† “ Jekyll,” and the “ Botanic Garden !” indeed, they are not such good foils as Crashaw and Cowley.

I congratulate you on your acquisition of the antique steel-yard : I do like curiosities that are proofs of art, or are perfect, or explain or prove something ; but when we do know that the Romans did encamp here for many years, what wonder that they had camps, or that the spots of some of those camps may be still traced ? When we have the Pont de Garde,‡ an example of their power and skill, can I want a specimen of their brickkilns ? Thus, when Dryden and Pope have brought poetry to a standard, I can allow for the poor performances of an earlier age, when no better was to be had ; but I cannot read those imperfect productions. Specimens of the progress of all arts are curious and valuable, but a small specimen of each suffices, and that should be the best—not the worst of each age or period, for only the best proves the advancement of the next. I wish one specimen of each kind of garden in all ages had been preserved ; and on this reasoning, though I do not like that style, I rejoice that you have discovered two doors of richer Saxon architecture than were known : it is just that every condemned criminal should plead the greatest merit he can.

Your “ Gloucestershire ” will, I am persuaded, be the most perfect body of county history existing. Your brother’s neighbour, Sir William Burrell, has perhaps a larger collection of drawings for Sussex ; but then, to talk in my own style, as a printer, there is no letterpress to it. I do not want all the extracts from Dugdale, that swell and crowd most of our histories of counties ; indeed, nobody is obliged to read them, or does ; but the more rubbish there is in a useful book, the dearer it is, instead of cheaper, as it ought to be ; and the bulk hinders its being reprinted, and makes it scarce.

Adieu, dear sir,

I am yours sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at Cirencester, Gloucestershire.

Here is a pasquinade on the First French Revolution, which may be applied, with a slight circumstantial modification, to the last of the insurrectionary exploits of our friends in Paris :—

* By William Mason, Esq.

† The contributors to this celebrated satire were Richardson, Jekyll, Sheridan, S. Ellis, Gen. Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, Dr. Lawrence, Tickell ; there were also some minor contributions by other writers less known.

‡ An ancient Roman aqueduct near Nismes, a noble monument of Roman greatness. Its height is one hundred and eighty feet from the river, it anciently extended eight leagues, and conveyed water to the baths and amphitheatre at Nismes.

" The state of France in 179—.

" Religion, king, and honours, (merit's pay)
With justice, law, and commerce done away ;
Gold, silver vanish'd, and the arts destroy'd,
The Fleet decay'd, the mob with murders cloy'd ;
These of philosophers the wise exploits,
Their gains are—paper coin, and copper doits."

The remainder of the letters teem with allusions to persons and incidents well known to everybody who has made acquaintance with Walpole's published correspondence—and who has not? He touches with horror, as usual, upon the French Revolution; laments over the absence of his "wives," the Berrys, whom he can ill spare in his solitude for a brief visit to Bath; has a scornful fling at the Shakspeare forgeries; and complains, as he always did, of the annoyance which he suffers from the curiosity of strangers, which he took such pains to pique and provoke. The last of these letters is dated within seven months of his death.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, June 28th, 1790.

I have found a very perfect drawing of Charing Cross, by Vertue; and some account, too, by him of the Cross at Gloucester, which may be to your purpose also. If you will come hither on Saturday or Sunday next, you shall see them, and I shall be glad if you will stay; when you may, besides, copy the drawing of Lady Berkeley; only let me know whether I may expect you, and on which day, that I may not engage myself.

Yours, &c.,

HORACE WALPOLE.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., at Clifford's Inn, London.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13th, 1792.

In the last "Gentleman's Magazine" for August, I have found a most curious passage, and to me of great weight. In a note to p. 302, it is said that among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 433, is a royal grant from Richard III. of the Portership of Warwick Castle to W. Selby, *during the nonage of the Duke of Clarence*. This must have been his unfortunate nephew, the Earl of Warwick. Not one of our historians and chroniclers, or genealogists, take the least notice of Richard's having restored the title of Clarence to his nephew, after it had been forfeited by the attainder of his brother Clarence. This fact corroborates what I have said of Richard's indulgence to his nephews and nieces, though they had claims to the Crown that ought to have taken place before his. The worse tyrant of the two, Henry VII., certainly took away again the title of Clarence from poor young innocent Warwick, whom he afterwards murdered.

I beg you earnestly, the first time you shall go to the British Museum, to verify this singular fact for me, with your own eyes, and to take a copy of the grant for me, or of as much of it as will answer my purpose.

Yours sincerely,

ORFORD.

P.S. When shall I see you?

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

MR. SIMS REEVES.

THIS successful vocalist was born at Woolwich in 1821, and is the son of Mr. J. Sims Reeves, a professor of music and singing, from whom he received his first lessons. At his earliest youth he evinced a remarkable degree of talent for music, and particularly for instrumentation, and made himself master of several instruments, namely, the violin, violoncello, &c., the pianoforte especially. At thirteen he was appointed organist and conductor of the choir at North Cray, Kent, where he met with great kindness from the worthy rector, the Rev. Edgell Wyatt Edgell. During his stay there he composed several chants and psalm tunes, &c., for the choir.

At fourteen, his treble voice was perfection, and he was placed under Mr. H. Callcott for harmony and counterpoint, and under Mr. John Cramer for the pianoforte. Subsequently he took lessons in singing from J. W. Hobbs, George Stansbury, and Tom Cook, and made a most successful *début* at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1839; where he played Count Rodolpho and Dandini, two barytone parts, to Mr. Templeton's Elvino and the Prince, in the *Sonnambula* and *Cinderella*. He then proceeded to the principal provincial theatres in Ireland and Scotland, as well as those of his native country, at all of which he created a sensation by the excellence of his singing and the quality of his voice, evincing at the same time considerable histrionic powers. He subsequently visited Paris, took lessons there from the best professors, and, after studying most assiduously, returned and made another tour in the provinces with increased effect. Shortly before his departure for Italy, he was performing the part of Fra Diavolo at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, when he unfortunately broke his leg in leaping from the rocks in the last scene. As the opera could not proceed without his again appearing on the stage, he was, assisted by the carpenters, and suffering intense agony, obliged to sing the remaining portion of his *rôle*. At the conclusion of the opera he was called for, but not appearing so quickly as the gods were accustomed to, a voice was heard from the gallery to roar out, in a rich Hibernian accent — "Misther Reeves, if ye don't come, when ye do come we 'll turn you back again." The stage-manager explained Mr. Reeves's peculiarly painful position, but he actually reappeared upon the back of one of the principal performers.

On returning to London, and not finding any scope for the display of his natural talents, he proceeded to Italy, making Milan his headquarters, where he studied under Mazzucato the head-master of the *Conservatorio*, and the *maestro al Cembalo* Alla Scala, Signor Bajetti — and his progress was so rapid under these celebrated *maestri*, that in a very short time he made his *début* at the great theatre of the world, *La Scala*, in the character of Edgardo; in which he so completely cap-

tivated the audience, that he established himself there at once as a favourite, and an engagement of two years was concluded with Merelli, the *impresario*. At the conclusion of this engagement, which proved as fortunate to the *impresario* as it was beneficial to our talented juvenile *tenore*, he sang with success at the principal theatres in Italy ; when, upon receiving a letter from Mr. Beale, of the firm of Cramer, Beale, and Co., he revisited his native country. Mr. Beale, however, abandoned his speculation, and Mons. Jullien had the honour of presenting to the British public the best English tenor that has appeared for many years.

In 1848, he appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Carlo in *Linda di Chamouni*, with Madame Tadolini as the *protagonista*, with whom he had previously performed at La Scala, Milan. In the autumn of this year he made a most successful tour in the provinces, and in September was engaged as principal tenor at the Norwich Festival, proving himself, there, master not only of the Italian school of singing, but equally successful—if not more so—in the sacred and secular writings of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. In October 1849, he made his re-appearance on the English stage at Covent Garden during Mr. Bunn's management, in his celebrated character of Elvino, in *La Sonnambula*, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On the sudden breaking up of this establishment, he was engaged, and sang through the winter season at all the oratorios given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa.

In the spring of 1849 he sang, with great success, at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. At the close of the season, he performed the operas of *Ernani*, *I Puritani*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *La Sonnambula*, in the provinces, and with pre-eminent success in Dublin,—where an extraordinary scene occurred, he being in the boxes as a spectator to witness the *début* of an Italian gentleman in the character of Edgardo, whose failure was so signal that the audience would not endure the attempt after the first scena : Mr. Reeves was discovered, and by the united voice of the audience, forced to appear upon the stage, and actually finished the part, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the audience, although not then under any engagement with the managers.

During the present season Mr. Sims Reeves reappeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, in Verdi's opera, *Ernani*, when he achieved a triumph that will long be remembered.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"The Opera," says a dramatic censor who dedicated his labours some eighty years ago to David Garrick, but whose name we have no inclination to revive, "the opera, serious or comic, but especially the former, is a species of the drama not at all defensible ; it carries absurdity on its front, and absolutely puts nature out of countenance." This fact being established, it was natural that the critic should regard foreign operas with a peculiar horror ; and, accordingly, he says that "Every man of real taste, feeling, and genius must be shocked

at the predominance of those dear-bought, unessential exotics,—Italian Operas."

These notions were really held by a great many sensible, well-meaning people in Garrick's time, and still later; and even the accomplished Lord Chesterfield, although he did not go quite so far as to say that the Opera put nature out of countenance, was clearly of opinion that it was a palpable outrage upon common sense.

It is pleasant to look back from the elevated point we have reached in these matters upon the art-superstitions, if we may so call them, of our ancestors, who struggled as lustily against innovations and improvements in questions of taste as they did in questions of utility. If they had had their own way in these things, we should now have neither Italian Operas nor railroads, and the velocity of the electric telegraph would be represented by a sleepy post-boy with a leathern bag. But Mrs. Partington is gathered to her account, and her broom is broken.

If we could only call up David Garrick and Lord Chesterfield, and the critics of that day, and drop them in her Majesty's Theatre, we wonder what would be their impression of the sights and sounds that would be presented to their senses on the occasion? Think of the wide and forlorn interval that has been spanned over by art since their time, and of the advance which in the meanwhile we have made upon the lyric stage. It would assuredly appear more astonishing to them than to see the streets lighted with gas, or caravans full of people flying over the tops of the houses at Bermondsey.

There is nothing more surprising in the way of progress than the height of excellence the Italian opera has attained within the last half century—an excellence which is developed in its most perfect forms this season at her Majesty's Theatre. To the mere attraction of melody and concerted music, expressed with sensibility and taste, have been added all the accessories requisite to bring out the passions and the action of the piece. An opera is no longer an incoherent patchwork of musical effects, but a drama of plot and character, in which the performers are not singers merely, but actors, and some of them great actors—Coletti and Lablache, for example. Criticism is no longer satisfied on the stage with the attainments that delight us in the concert-room; much more is required to fulfil the demands of the theatre—passionate utterance, dramatic power, feeling, energy and judgment. To render the illusion more complete, the scene is dressed with a scrupulous attention to historical propriety, and pictorial art supplies a back-ground, that realizes, as far as art can realize, the last exaction of a cultivated and pampered taste.

The performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, this season, may be referred to in illustration of the justice of these remarks. The combination of talent collected within the walls of that house, which still retains a supremacy worthy of its traditions, has enabled the management to produce an *ensemble* beyond which it would be difficult to imagine the achievement of greater triumphs. In the *Marriage of Figaro*, for instance, sustained by Sontag, Parodi and Miss Hayes, Lablache, Belletti, Coletti and Calzolari, if Mozart had been present, he must have acknowledged that the soul of his music was never more spiritually drawn out, or its characterization more accurately preserved. The *Don Giovanni* deserves equal commendation. In this opera, Sontag shows a wonderful facility of adaptation to the demands of a

composer who is generally found to be too pure and classical for that modern school, in which the singer considers it less his business to interpret the music than to display his voice. There were no excesses of that kind apparent in this performance, which was everywhere pervaded by grace, beauty, and unity. The Leporello of Lablache has exhausted the admiration of successive seasons; and every person in the opera played up to him with great gusto and animation. Parodi, whose Donna Anna is one of her best parts, has acquired, since last season, increased tone and decision, and become an important feature in the cast of all the operas in which she appears. In such parts as Elvira, Guiliani is a valuable acquisition to the theatre; and the sweet and delicate tone of Calzolari, so touching and pathetic in expression, is rapidly gaining the strength and soundness necessary for the great area to which it is addressed. *Il Barbiere* should not be dropped out of the catalogue of great successes at this house. Rosina is obviously a part as admirably adapted to Sontag's peculiar excellencies as if it had been expressly composed for her. But the vocalization transcends all expectation, and discovers at each repetition new varieties of skill and taste, which take her greatest admirers by surprise. Here, too, Lablache is again supreme in the old doctor, an impersonation which divides our wonder between the rich and spontaneous humour of the acting, and the artistical mastery of the fluent music. Belletti's Figaro is excellent; and the Almaviva of Calzolari shows considerable improvement in voice and style.

We have never placed much faith in the lamentations that have been raised from one age to another about the neglect of native talent—especially in the department of Opera. We believe that talent—if it be true and genuine talent—will always find ample patronage under whatever sky or circumstances it shows itself; and we do not believe that Italian singers are fostered in this country because they happen to be Italians, but because they happen to be artists. The success of Miss Hayes and Mr. Sims Reeves is a proof that really no such prejudice exists where there is enough of merit to justify public support. This in truth, is all that is wanted to secure to native talent the same measure of reward that is so liberally bestowed upon foreigners. If native talent would think less of its nativity, and more of its art, there is no doubt, supposing our climate could produce voices as soft and flexible as the South, that there would be no lack of recognition, but, on the contrary, much pride and exultation over the discovery.

The Cherubino and the Lucia of Miss Hayes have abundantly established the claims of that lady to take her place in the first rank of vocalists on the Italian Opera stage; and Mr. Sims Reeves, in Edgardo and Ernani, has been so favourably received that he, at least, will have no occasion in future to complain of the indifference of his countrymen.

Of the several *débutants* of the season, Signor Bancardi made the most decisive impression. His rich and powerful voice, remarkable alike for tenderness and strength, promises important aid in the great works which are said to be in preparation at this house.

The ballet, in which so many attractions are united to flatter the senses and enchant the imagination, has derived additional interest this season from the *début* of Mademoiselle Ferraris, a young Neapolitan dancer, who, in the very opening of her first *pas*, won the heart of the spectators. There is sometimes an instinct in dancing, which, lifting

it out of the mechanism of the art, may claim to be regarded in some sort as genius. At least criticism is cognizant of no other phrase by which it can be so aptly described. This instinct—this involuntary grace—this fantastical inspiration, or whatever else it may be called, which enables the dancer to scatter about at will a dazzling variety of surprises, constitutes the artistic charm of Mademoiselle Ferraris. She appears unconscious of the difficulties she subdues, and performs her brilliant feats with an ease that seems to be independent of the physique, and elevates her motions into the region of the ideal. All this is very charming, and sets one speculating upon the mysteries of stage poetry, and wondering what it will lead us to at last. With the further aid of Carlotta Grisi and the Taglionis, and the pencil of Mr. Charles Marshall, whose chaste enthusiasm is visible in everything he does, we need not say that the sorceries of the ballet retain their old influence over the imagination of crowded audiences.

THE TOMB OF LADY BLESSINGTON

BY MRS. ROMER.

“Εὐδεις, ἀλλ’ οὐ σὺς λησόμενοι ἴσμεν !”

“Thou sleepest, but we do not forget thee !”

It is too much the way of the world in this our civilized Europe to neglect the receptacles of the dead. Those loved ones even, whose dwellings, while living, were thronged by admiring friends, are deserted when laid in their last narrow home. The breath once gone,—the last sad offices performed,—the funeral pomp over,—and the sepulchre closed,—all the requisites of affection and respect appear to have been fulfilled, and the spot that holds the dust once so doted upon, is for ever abandoned ! Witness the damp graves overgrown with rank nettles and thorns, the degraded tombstones, the illegible moss-covered epitaphs of our church-yards ! Witness the dreary oblivion of our over-crowded vaults, where the eye of affection has never shed a tear, the hand of friendship never scattered a flower over the mouldering relics they enclose ! It is not that the dead are forgotten—it is not that their memory has ceased to be dear and sacred to their surviving friends—but it is that the gay and the worldly-minded shrink from the dark images called forth by the aspect of the grave ; they recoil from the idea of familiarizing themselves with the inevitable spot where they must one day lie in “cold obstruction’s apathy ;” they deem it fond folly to nourish grief by keeping before their eyes that which perpetually reminds them of the loss they have sustained, and thus they fly from the dwellings of the dead, and abandon what was once dearest to them to darkness and the worm.

A tenderer and more reverent spirit prevails in the East. There the Cities of the Dead are the constant resort of the living. The tombs of friends and kindred are as carefully tended, as regularly visited as their habitations were while yet they were dwellers upon

earth. The grave of a departed relative is a spot consecrated to sweet and solemn recollections, where the followers of Mohammed love to meditate and to pray. In the mausoleum of the Viceroys of Egypt carpets and cushions are spread around the various tombs it contains, and once in every week the wives and daughters of the dead repair thither and pass the greater part of the day in contemplation and self-communion. In the public cemeteries alms are distributed at the graves of the pious; even the winged wanderers of the air find refreshment there, for on each sepulchral stone a small receptacle is hollowed out to collect the dews of heaven, where the birds, as they flutter past, may slake their thirst. On each succeeding Sabbath fresh green branches adorn the headstones, and veiled mourners, seated by them, keep silent watch, in the fond belief that the lifeless occupant of the tomb is conscious of their presence there.*

The loftier, purer character of our faith leads us to reject such fancies as gross superstitions; and yet there is something touching in them! We treasure a lock of hair—a glove—a ribbon—a flower, once worn by an absent loved one; why should we not more tenderly treasure the dust that has once been ennobled by enshrining the immortal spirit of a departed friend, nor deem it weakness to watch over those mouldering relics as fondly as though they were still conscious of our care? And surely if the enfranchised spirit is permitted to be cognisant of that which passes upon earth—if, from those blessed abodes whither it has winged its course, a care can be bestowed upon the earthly coil it has thrown off, or upon the creatures of clay who still toil and grovel here below, may we not suppose that it contemplates with pitying complacency the clinging tenderness which binds the hearts of the living to the ashes of the dead, the desperate affection with which we look our last upon the lifeless form which never more can respond to all our love and all our sorrow, and the fond fidelity which leads us to hover round the tomb that has for ever shut it from our view?

I love to think that such may be the case; nor can I separate the idea, weak and idle though it may be, that the souls of the departed mourn over the neglect and abandonment of their earthly remains, *as the first step towards forgetfulness of their memory*. To me, the grave of a friend possesses an attraction which, although tinged with deepest sadness, is wholly distinct from the horror with which the imagination so often invests it. My heart yearns to look upon the last resting-place of those I have loved.

I would shelter those sacred spots from the beating rain, screen them from the wintry winds, plant around them the flowers that were once preferred by their unconscious tenants, and inscribe over the entrance of every cemetery the beautiful line of Körner's:

“*Vergiss die treuen Tödten nicht!*”

“Forget not the faithful dead.”

It was in this spirit that, one day during my recent visit to Paris, I escaped from the busy idleness of that gay and ever-bustling city, to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of one whose surpassing qualities

* The Egyptian Mahomedans believe that for some time after death the body is conscious of its actual state, and of what is passing immediately around it. In this persuasion, mothers will remain days and nights near the graves of their recently buried children, in order that they may not feel terrified at being left alone.

of mind, and heart, and person, had endeared her to all who knew her—whose brilliant career had been closed with awful suddenness—and whose lamented death has left a void in the circle over which she presided with such graceful urbanity, which no other can hope to fill. By a strange coincidence, it was precisely on that day, the year before, that she had paid me her farewell visit in London; little did either of us then foresee *how* and *where* that visit would be returned by me! The regret of parting was then softened by our mutual conviction that many meetings were in store for us in the new home she had chosen for herself in a foreign land. Alas! before many weeks had elapsed she was suddenly summoned to her eternal home! In the midst of health, and hope, and enjoyment, Death insidiously laid his icy grasp upon her; but so gently was the blow dealt, that neither sigh nor struggle marked her passage from life to immortality; and before her stunned friends could bring themselves to believe that her warm heart had indeed grown cold, the vaults of the Madeleine had received all that was left on earth of the once beautiful and gifted Marguerite Blessington.

But not to remain there. A tomb was constructed for her, far from the crowded cemeteries of the capital, in a spot which she herself would have selected, could her wishes have been consulted. On the confines of the quiet village of Chambourcy, a league beyond St. Germain-en-Laye, a green eminence crowned with luxuriant chestnut-trees, divides the village church-yard from the grounds of the Duke de Gramont. On that breezy height, overlooking the magnificent plain that stretches between St. Germain and Paris, a mausoleum has been erected worthy of containing the mortal remains of her whom genius and talent had delighted to honour—

“Whom Lawrence painted, and whom Byron sung!”

A pyramid composed of large blocks of white stone, and similar in form to the ancient monuments of Egypt, rises from a platform of solid black granite, which has been completely isolated from the surrounding surface by a deep dry moat, whose precipitous slopes are clothed with softest greenest turf. A bronze railing encloses the whole, within which has been planted a broad belt of beautiful evergreens and flowering shrubs; and beyond these the lofty chestnut trees “wave in tender gloom,” and form a leafy canopy to shelter that lonely tomb from the winds of heaven. Solid, simple, and severe, it combines every requisite in harmony with its solemn destination; no meretricious ornaments, no false sentiment, mar the purity of its design. The genius which devised it has succeeded in cheating the tomb of its horrors, without depriving it of its imposing gravity. The simple portal is surmounted by a plain massive cross of stone, and a door, secured by an open work of bronze, leads into a sepulchral chamber, the key of which had been confided to me.

All within breathes the holy calm of eternal repose; no gloom, no mouldering damp, nothing to recall the dreadful images of decay. An atmosphere of peace appears to pervade the place, and I could almost fancy that a voice from the tomb whispered, in the words of Dante's Beatrice:—

“Io sono in pace!”

The light of the sun, streaming through a glazed aperture above the door, fell like a ray of heavenly hope upon the symbol of man's re-

demption—a beautiful copy, in bronze, of Michael Angelo's crucified Saviour—which is affixed to the wall facing the entrance. A simple stone sarcophagus is placed on either side of the chamber, each one surmounted by two white marble tablets, encrusted in the sloping walls. That to the left encloses the coffin of Lady Blessington—that to the right is still untenanted; long may it remain so!

The affection she most valued, the genius and talent she most admired, have contributed to do honour to the memory of that gifted woman. Her sepulchre is the creation of Alfred d'Orsay, her epitaphs are the composition of Barry Cornwall and Walter Savage Landor. Upon the two tablets placed over her tomb, are inscribed the following tributary lines:—

"In memory of Marguerite Countess of Blessington, who died on the 4th of June, 1849. In her lifetime she was loved and admired for her many graceful writings, her gentle manners, her kind and generous heart. Men famous for art and science, in distant lands, sought her friendship; and the historians and scholars, the poets, and wits, and painters of her own country, found an unfailing welcome in her ever hospitable home. She gave cheerfully, to all who were in need, help and sympathy, and useful counsel; and she died lamented by many friends. They who loved her best in life, and now lament her most, have reared this tributary marble over her place of rest.

"BARRY CORNWALL."

"Infra sepultum est
Id omne quod sepeliri potest,
Mulieris quondam pulcherrimæ.
Ingenium suum summo studio coluit,
Aliorum pari adjuvit.
Benefacta sua celare novit, ingenium non ita.
Erga omnes erat largâ bonitate,
Peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lutetiam Parisiorum Aprili mense,
Quarto Junii die supremum suum obiit."

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

Her last resting-place will not be neglected! The eye of faithful affection watches over it as vigilantly as though the dust that sleeps within were conscious of his care. But lately a sentiment of exquisite tenderness suggested the addition of its most touching and appropriate embellishment. A gentleman in the County Tipperary* had been commissioned to send over to Chambourcy a root of ivy from Lady Blessington's birth-place to plant near her grave. He succeeded in obtaining an off-shoot from the parent stem that grows over the house in which she was born. It has been transplanted to the foot of the railing that surrounds her monument—it has taken root and spread—and thus the same ivy that sheltered her cradle will overshadow her tomb!

* R. Bernal Osborne, Esq., M.P.

Want of space compels us to omit notices of the following works. "M'Carthy's Poems," "Baxter's Impressions of Central and Southern Europe," "Sir Arthur Bouverie," "Hylton House," "The Rev. Dr. Miley's History of the Papal States," "Capes's Sunday in London," "Sirr's Ceylon and the Cingalese," "Capt. Reid's Rifle Rangers," "Shillinglaw's Narrative of Arctic Discoveries," "Curling's Gentlemen-at-Arms."





Margaret's first break.

THE LADDER-GOLD

An English Story.

BY ROBERT BELL,

AUTHOR OF "WAYSIDE PICTURES THROUGH FRANCE, BELGIUM,
AND HOLLAND."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Baroness de Poudrebleu takes the initiative.

BOUNDED on the north by Oxford Street, on the south by Piccadilly, on the west by Hyde Park, and on the east by Berkeley Square, lies the sequestered kingdom of May Fair. Upon entering this region, you at once perceive that it is inhabited by a race whose peculiar characteristics distinguish them in a remarkable manner from the people who dwell beyond the frontiers. In its stillness and gloom it resembles the tranquil cloisters of some old monastic retreat standing silently in the midst of a populous town. The aristocratic repose of May Fair attests the quality and mode of life of its denizens. The streets have hardly a stir in them, except when a leisurely equipage wheels out of a neighbouring stable-lane, to take up its position at the door of some solemn mansion, or when the footfall of a lounging pedestrian awakens the lazy echoes, or the tramp of a few equestrians on their way to Rotten Row, breaks sharply on the ear. Here you are never disturbed by the bustle that pervades the surrounding districts; even the loud uproar of the tossing multitudes who, only a few streets off, smite the heavens with the thunder of eternal traffic, never penetrates to the heart of May Fair. Here we have the most perfect image of that luxurious indolence which constitutes the exclusive charm of fashionable existence. The morning passes away like a dream in a slumberous dalliance with the mysteries of the toilette and the boudoir,—scarcely a single face is to be seen at the panes or on the flags, save an occasional lacquey, reading a newspaper at a hall-window, or standing with an air of pampered idleness at a half-opened door,—and it is not until night arrives, when some grand rout invokes the inhabitants out of their houses, and fills the quiet streets with long trains of carriages, lighted up, as they discharge their company, by sundry will-o'-the-wisps in the shape of link-men, that

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you can form any estimate of the population of the Sleepy Hollow of May Fair.

Squeezed up amongst the large mansions, whose dark, tall windows look so dim and grand with accumulated dust (a type of the stagnation of high life), are scattered many very small houses, which in any other part of the town would be considered close and incommodious. But fashion sanctifies all inconveniences. Individuals who prefer a fine address in a dingy nook at the West-end, to a free circulation of air and large rooms in any other quarter, have a clear right to indulge their taste. They have ample compensation for being choked upon a few yards of carpeting in the reflection that they breathe the same atmosphere with people of distinction, forgetting that lungs of less purity may breathe it also, making ominous gaps in the Red Book that show how strangely the aristocracy are sometimes shouldered in their own chosen seclusion.

In the drawing-room of one of these tiny houses, on a crisp morning in that season of the year when autumn is rapidly darkening and wheezing into winter, sat the Baroness de Poudrebleu and the Hon. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke. The room was excruciatingly small, notwithstanding that the space was extended by the addition of the smaller back room which was thrown open upon it. A single bay-window, with a balcony clouded by a verandah, kept the interior, however, in such a state of continual twilight that the dimensions were by no means apparent at first sight; and what with miniature loungers flung here and there, a few tall Elizabethan chairs with low velvet seats sprinkled about, and mirrors let in, up to the ceiling, on corners and interstitial panels, reproducing the furniture in imaginary recesses, everything was done that ingenuity could devise to give an artificial expansion to the apartment. It had, at all events, a very aristocratic air, small as it was, and the tone of its decorations, from the filigree branches on the walls to the Parisian *bijouterie* on the little sofa-table, was in the best and, as far as form and colour could be trusted, in the most expensive taste.

Mr. Bulkeley Smirk was what is called out of sorts. He had not been up late the night before,—he had not been indulging in any excesses,—he was too fastidious a liver, too *blasé*, to fall into any hurtful extremes. This sort of mental dyspepsia was constitutional and chronic with him; but on this occasion there was a special cause that aggravated its symptoms.

No intelligent reader, who has followed the course of this history, will suspect that Mr. Bulkeley Smirke was in love. That young gentleman looked down from a sublime height of unbelief with prodigious contempt upon such puerilities. But he was in a much worse condition. He had made up his mind to marry Margaret Rawlings, and was surprised and perplexed beyond measure at the unaccountable difficulty he found in bringing her round to listen to him. Being under a strong impression that he was conferring a great honour and distinction upon her,

and that the slightest intimation of his design ought to be gratefully received, he could not comprehend how it was that she persevered in treating him with an evasive politeness that baffled his attempts to ensnare her into a private interview. He laid many traps, but was always caught in them himself. In fact, he never had five minutes of uninterrupted conversation with her, and all the skill of the Baroness had been wasted on idle stratagems to effect that object.

The Baroness, with her infallible penetration, saw clearly how the case stood, and took her measures accordingly. The bewitching smiles she had bestowed upon Mr. Costigan were not without a special meaning. She saw that that gentleman was in the confidence of Mr. Rawlings, and by securing a little influence over his susceptible nature, she calculated upon being able to extract some useful information from him. There was no difficulty in drawing him to her house. That was easily arranged through the agency of Mr. Trainer, and Mr. Costigan, highly elated and agreeably perturbed by the notice she took of him, had already paid two or three morning visits to the charming little twilight drawing-room in May-Fair. We are all of us exposed to the suggestions of vanity when a beautiful woman shows us any particular marks of distinction, and Mr. Costigan had an inflammable temperament which was quickly set on fire by such attentions. The prominent weaknesses of his character lay in the opposite direction of the social and the romantic, and both were brought to bear upon his intercourse with the Baroness. The delusion of the morning was nourished so genially by liberal libations in taverns at night, that after a few visits, Mr. Costigan was thrown into a condition which may be appropriately described as the *delirium tremens* of the tender passion.

The Baroness succeeded in extracting from him some dim revelations which were enough for her purpose. She discovered that as yet Margaret was free, and that, although Lord Charles Eton was encouraged by Mr. Rawlings, no positive move, as far as Costigan knew, had been made in that quarter. As to Henry Winston, her discernment had long since detected the hopelessness of his pretensions. Under these circumstances, and having a well-founded confidence in her superior tact, she resolved upon taking a decisive step without delay, and this step formed the subject of her present conversation with her son.

"I repeat, Bulkeley," said the Baroness, "that it is greatly your own fault. Had you taken proper advantage of your opportunities, you might by this time have stood in a very different position with Margaret Rawlings. But you are so eaten up with languor and self-importance in the society of women, that one would actually suppose you expected the advances to come from them. How can you imagine any girl would have so little pride as to fall in love with a man who appears to be in love only with himself?"

"Haw!" drawled out the young man; "it's very trouble-

some, let me tell you, to be eternally dancing after these little chits—they do take up such a confounded deal of attention. Can't be done, I assure you."

"And so, in consulting your own ease, you let a fine fortune slip through your hands. You manage yourself badly, Bulkeley; with your personal appearance and continental education, you might secure the best match in England, but you don't know how to set about it. It's sheer nonsense to hope that Margaret Rawlings will throw herself at your feet. Can't you see that she is persecuted by lovers, and while you are humming and hawing, the chances are a hundred to one that somebody will carry her off."

"I don't think so," returned Mr. Smirke; "haven't the least apprehension of the kind."

"You're a fool, Bulkeley; and your overweening confidence will spoil everything. Now, just attend to what I am going to say to you. I have reason to know that Lord Charles Eton is your rival; as to Henry Winston, it is certain that Mr. Rawlings will never bear of *him*; but it is quite another affair with Lord Charles—a man of high connections, position, and influence. If we do not intercept him at once, this project, which I have taken such pains to mature, will be only so much precious time wasted, which neither you nor I can spare."

"My good lady," returned Bulkeley Smirke, stretching himself at full length upon a sofa, "where's the occasion to be in such a deuced hurry? I really cannot be hurried—so let the thing go on quietly. Lord Charles!—poor devil, the girl despises him—I can see that with half an eye."

"I shall lose all patience with you. Your cool indifference to our situation is not to be endured. I have endeavoured to make you understand, over and over again, that we cannot sustain our present expenditure, and that, in short, something must be done, or we must break up, and go back to live as we can amongst outcasts and *parvenus*. I rescued you, by my own unaided efforts, from that miserable course of life to which your father's folly and wickedness condemned us, and have run myself to the last extremity to keep you up in the best society, and yet I cannot get you to move under my advice. Now, here is a fortune waiting for you, and it might wait till Doomsday if it depended on your exertions. You have been dangling about Margaret Rawlings for months and months, and, I dare say, up to this hour you have not made the slightest impression on her."

"Haven't I though? Ask her."

"I *have* asked her, and tested her in every way, and my conviction is that she doesn't believe you mean anything serious. But it is too late now to talk about that. I am determined to take a decisive step this morning that will bring the matter to issue, one way or the other, and you must abide the consequences if we fail."

The indolent young gentleman knew very well that when his mother had determined to take a decisive step, no influence which he possessed (or anybody else) could turn her aside. He had not seen her in such a mood for a considerable time. The sun had been shining on her, and the gay society in which she had been mixed up had drawn out the pleasant and fascinating side of her character; but she had suddenly come to a full stop, and the latent energy and dark passions, which had slept all this time under the brilliant surface of daily excitements, were now called up into activity. So long as she thought the affair likely to make a favourable progress, by constantly spurring the sluggish genius of her son, and filling Margaret's ears with praises of him, she was willing to trust to time and circumstances rather than risk the result by any hasty measure; but the moment she discovered that there was imminent danger of a powerful interloper stepping in, and frustrating her long-cherished plans, she resolved to stake the whole game upon one desperate chance. When the Baroness was worked up to this point of fierce decision, it was notified to those who knew her well by the clenching of her vermilion lips with a downward spasm, which while it lasted utterly changed the expression of her face. There at this instant was the knitted mouth and the ominous curve. Mr. Bulkeley Smirke saw it plainly, and knew what it meant, and became as grave in an instant as if he had been lifted out of the drawing-room and dropped into the dock of the Old Bailey. There was no trifling with the purpose of that clenched mouth, so sweet and entrancing when it smiled, so bitter and menacing when it collapsed.

"I am quite willing," said the young gentleman, rather alarmed, "to do anything you suggest."

"I wish you had been willing to do it a little sooner," returned the Baroness; "there is not an hour to be lost. I have ordered the carriage at one o'clock to drive over to the Rawlingses."

"To-day?—why, what do you mean to do?"

"To make a proposal in your name for Margaret Rawlings."

"You don't mean that?"

"I will do it. Don't put yourself out of the way to express your astonishment. Dress yourself, and be ready to come with me."

"I? You frighten me. Can't it be done without me?"

"Bulkeley," said the Baroness, starting out of her chair, and throwing her head back with a look of stern reproof, "matters have come to this point between us, that I am determined to sacrifice myself no longer to your vanity and selfishness. Instead of availing yourself of your opportunities, you have thwarted and frustrated me at every turn. Now, mark my words. This is your last chance. If we fail to-day through the contemptuous indifference with which you have treated Miss Rawlings, I have done with you, and for the future you must work your own way in the world. You are a fop and a fool, but, perhaps, when you

find yourself a beggar you will think it necessary to make some exertion."

"Really you are too severe. I assure you I have done everything a gentleman can be expected to do in such a case. I follow the girl like a shadow, but she's always so engrossed that—just consider my position; one naturally looks for a little consideration from people of their class."

"Yes—you *have* followed her like a shadow, without a tongue or brains in your head. Women don't like such shadows. Engrossed, indeed! Why do you allow her to be engrossed? Why don't you engross her yourself? And you must sneer, too, at their birth, and set up a position which you haven't a penny to support. One word more, sir; should this move break down, I will throw you on your father's family—who have never done me the honour to recognise me since the death of Colonel Smirke. We shall see what your position will do for you."

"Positively that's too bad. My father's family won't own me. I don't know one of them even by sight; and, considering that I am ready to do anything you wish—"

"You shall be put to the test. You shall go with me to Park Lane; and I will ensure you for once that Margaret shall not be engrossed. When you are alone with her make your declaration, and you may tell her that your future life depends upon the result, which will be no more than the truth. I will open the business to her father myself. It is a bold situation—I will do my part, and let me see that you do yours. Now don't fidget me by saying any more. It is half-past twelve."

"But suppose they should not be at home?"

"I have already taken care of that by making an appointment. Do you think it likely I would trust such an affair to accident?"

Mr. Bulkeley Smirke knew it was fruitless to expostulate, and withdrew to make his toilette in a state of trepidation which strangely disturbed the balance of his frigid temperament. These young men who set up grand airs to young ladies, are sometimes sadly frightened when they come suddenly face to face with a crisis of this kind. The meek, timid, gentle Margaret Rawlings, whom he had hitherto treated with such *hauteur*, now seemed the most formidable person in the world. He would rather have entered the cage of a hyena in the Zoological Gardens than have encountered her on this occasion. But there was no help for it, and so he went through the process of dressing mechanically, and at one o'clock he was seated with the Baroness in the carriage (of which he had a misgiving that he was soon to see the last) on their way to Park Lane.

It was a very dismal drive. Not a word was spoken by either of them. Here were a mother and her son going to make a proposal of marriage, plunged in a sullen reverie, and shutting up their sympathies from each other in a repulsive silence. What strange comedies, tragedies, and farces are acted in the pretty

equipages we see moving through the streets, if we could only find them out; what flurried hearts beat under the smiling faces that look so brightly through the windows; what rankling antipathies are festering between the handsome pair that are lolling back with such apparent *abandon* on their way to a dinner-party or the Opera; what perjury is maturing itself in the disloyal thoughts of that beautiful woman who sits with such animated radiance by the side of her unsuspecting lord, from whose home she is laying the plan of an elopement to be decided before the night is over; what concealed stratagems, suppressed devotion, what fears, hopes, joys, and miseries are enclosed in those painted vehicles which transport their freights of human emotion so pleasantly from street to street and from house to house! It is as well, perhaps, for our own comfort that we should be deceived by the surface of these gay appearances, and think that they are all as happy and careless as they look. What would become of our faith in the close confidences where we have garnered up our affections, if the falsehoods and fallacies that are scattered so thickly round us were to be laid bare to our gaze?

When they reached Park Lane, the vivacity of the Baroness sparkled out as brilliantly as if nothing had happened, or was about to happen. The most acute observer of character could not have detected in her manner or her features the slightest trace of the anxiety that lay heavily upon her mind. She grasped Mrs. Rawlings by both hands, made the girls laugh with a sprightly anecdote of some *contretemps* that occurred at a rout the night before, and altogether was in so wonderful a flow of high spirits, that Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, who had a large experience of her consummate powers of acting, was rather appalled at the exhibition she made under such trying circumstances. For his part, he was fairly paralysed. His tongue dried up, and he felt himself every now and then gulping an hysterical cough that wanted to come to his relief, but he was afraid to encourage it; and when he saw the Baroness disengage Margaret from the others, and whisper to her at the window, his heart began to palpitate to an alarming degree. At length the awful moment arrived. With inimitable tact, the Baroness contrived to want to look at something in Mrs. Rawlings' boudoir, and in a flash of gaiety carried her and Clara off. Bulkeley was left alone with Margaret. It was done in a moment. He didn't know how it was done. They seemed to have vanished in a mist, through which everything in the room swam and undulated in an unaccountable manner. While he is endeavouring to collect his scattered faculties, we will follow the Baroness up stairs.

Having got the ladies into the boudoir, she took care to keep them there long enough to give Bulkeley time to make his declaration. She was so prodigious a favourite with Mrs. Rawlings that she had no difficulty in detaining her; but Clara, out of an instinctive desire to relieve Margaret from a *tête-à-tête* which she knew was not very agreeable to her, made two or three attempts

to get away. She might as well have saved herself the trouble; for every time she moved the Baroness had something fresh to say which she was obliged to stay and listen to, and thus a full half-hour was consumed.

"I am really quite vexed with myself," said the Baroness, looking at her watch with an air of consternation, "to think that I should sit chattering with you here, and keep Mr. Rawlings waiting for me all this time. You know I told you in my note I had something particular to talk to him about."

"Oh! yes," replied Clara; "papa is in his library expecting you, but, my dear Baroness, he says that he can't stay very long, for he wants to go down to the House."

"You mustn't be jealous," cried the Baroness, addressing Mrs. Rawlings with an ineffable smile; "it's only a little secret between Mr. Rawlings and me, my dear: you shall know all about it by and by. So I'll run down to him—don't trouble yourselves—I know the room—I will come back to you presently, and perhaps have a discovery for you that will surprise you."

Then, leaving the ladies to wonder what it could all be about, she glided down the stairs, and making the softest, coquettish little tap imaginable at the door of the library, was desired in a low, icy voice to come in.

She found Mr. Rawlings alone. He handed her a chair rather ceremoniously. His manner was cold, almost freezing, and for an instant it had a refrigerating effect upon her spirits; but she rapidly brightened up, and, with a delicious tinge of confusion playing over her face, she opened her communication.

"I have been very anxious to have a little confidential conversation with you, Mr. Rawlings, and ventured to make my own appointment this morning. I hope—"

"I am at your service, Baroness; pray go on."

"I needn't tell you that I have seen a good deal of society; and I must say, without the least flattery, that in the round of my tolerably wide circle of friends, there are none in whom I feel so deep an interest as your charming family. Indeed, if I dare give way to my feelings, I love those dear daughters of yours just as much as if they were my own; they are so sincere and affectionate and well-principled. Ah! that is the great want of the present day. Our society is so artificial, so much upon the surface, that I really should be at a loss to find two young ladies whose minds and morals have been so carefully trained."

"I am afraid such specimens are rather rare, Baroness," returned Mr. Rawlings, drawing his right hand slowly over his chin.

"I am quite enthusiastic about them, and cite them wherever I go as models for all the young people of my acquaintance."

"They are much indebted to your good opinion," said Mr. Rawlings, gazing with a straight, inquiring look into the eyes of the Baroness.

"Well—I hope you'll not be surprised at what I am going to

say. Indeed, I suspect you anticipate my little secret—for it is a secret yet, I assure you; I haven't breathed it even to my dear Mrs. Rawlings, although we are as confidential as sisters," and the Baroness dipped her head with a playful smile that might have furnished Mr. Rawlings with a fair excuse for suffering himself to be seduced on the instant from his severity. But he did not relax a muscle.

"You give me credit for more penetration than I possess," he quietly answered; "and if it will be any satisfaction to you, I promise not to be surprised at anything you say."

"Can you guess nothing?" and the smile played more bewitchingly than before.

"I have no talent for conundrums, particularly where ladies are concerned. Will you be good enough to explain yourself?"

"I declare you men are terrible creatures, you do so force us to come to the point, instead of helping us a little, and we are such very shallow diplomatists. Well, then, the truth is, Mr. Rawlings, I am not the only person in the world that has fallen in love with your daughters."

"That I think very probable, Baroness."

"And a certain young gentleman, who, from his position,—and now don't accuse me of blind partiality if I add, his personal merits,—would be considered eligible in the best families, has formed an attachment for your younger daughter."

"Indeed."

"Poor fellow! It preyed terribly on his health before I discovered it, and when I found out what was the matter with him, I thought the most prudent thing I could do was to have a little private conversation with you on the subject."

"I applaud your discretion. You have acted very properly."

"Oh! my dear sir, how could I act otherwise? My feelings and my principles naturally led me to consult you at once on a matter in which we are both so deeply concerned."

"Oh!—then we are both concerned in it?"

"Now, do you really pretend not to know who I mean?" said the Baroness in her softest tone, throwing an angelical side look, full of banter and fascination, full upon Mr. Rawlings' face. Up to this point he had stood fire like a veteran; but this focal light was too much for him, and he could not repress a contraband smile that made its appearance round the corners of his mouth.

"How can I tell who you mean? Come, Baroness, who is it?"

"Why, my Bulkeley, to be sure—the dear boy!"

"Mr. Bulkeley Smirke," rejoined Mr. Rawlings, in an ambiguous voice which the Baroness was much at a loss to interpret one way or the other.

"I am very much opposed, myself, to early marriages, Mr. Rawlings," observed the Baroness; "and I dare say so are you."

"Well—I am; but we must be guided by circumstances in such cases."

"Exactly so—that's precisely what I feel in this case; for I confess I am so interested in these young people, that I couldn't find it in my heart to throw any impediment in the way of their happiness."

"Very kind and considerate in you, Baroness."

"I knew you would agree with me," exclaimed the Baroness, in a livelier tone, clearing her voice, and confident of the issue; "my boy, Mr. Rawlings, has been brought up under my own eyes, and, making all allowances for the affection of a mother, you may believe me when I assure you that he is very unlike the young men of the present day."

"I believe it," replied Mr. Rawlings.

"I am delighted that you think so. I can truly say that he has never given me a moment's uneasiness. Indeed, he is amiable to a fault; and, when we take his prospects into consideration, it is wonderful how free he is from pride or pretensions of any kind."

"Prospects?" inquired Mr. Rawlings.

"Don't you know that he is heir presumptive to the Huxley title and estates? Oh! yes—Lord Huxley has only one child, a weak, sickly boy—and, although I hope I am not so uncharitable as to wish such a thing, even for Bulkeley's sake, it would be next to a miracle if that boy should ever come to be Lord Huxley. With such a prospect before him, what do you say, my dear Mr. Rawlings? Is there any reason why Bulkeley Smirke should not aspire to the hand of a young lady in whose heart he has created an interest?"

"None in the world, that I can see, Baroness."

"What an excellent man you are, my dear, dear Mr. Rawlings. But I mustn't spoil you with my raptures. Poor Bulkeley! he will be out of his mind with joy when he hears how kindly you have spoken of him; and he is at this moment in a state, I have no doubt, of considerable agitation with our darling Margaret in the drawing-room."

"With Margaret in the drawing-room?"

"I left them together, very anxious, as you may suppose."

"Don't you think we had better send for him?"

"Oh! by all means—it is very good and thoughtful of you!"

Mr. Rawlings rang the bell, and desired a servant to request Mr. Bulkeley Smirke's presence in the library.

In a few minutes that young gentleman made his appearance, which fully justified his mother's description. He looked white with fear, and a cold dew was distilling itself all over his body: he had much more the aspect of a culprit coming up for judgment, than of a lover fresh from an interview with his mistress. The fact was, that, during the half-hour with Margaret, he had made so little progress towards a declaration, that the young lady at last saved him the trouble, and frankly told him that he might spare himself and her the pain of alluding to a topic so extremely distasteful to her. In short, she rejected him in unmistakable

terms, and he would have run out of the house at once, if the greater fear of his mother had not compelled him to abide the result of the negotiation which, to his horror, he knew was going on below stairs.

"Pray, take a chair, Mr. Smirke," said Mr. Rawlings.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Smirke, trying to rally, and drying his face with a white pocket-handkerchief; "it is intolerably hot to-day."

"The Baroness has been letting me into a little secret, Mr. Smirke, which, I must say, has taken me rather by surprise."

"But you must first let me tell him how very, very kind you have been about it—the poor fellow is so agitated! You have no notion how kind Mr. Rawlings has been, Bulkeley,—but there now, go on!" she added, coaxing Mr. Rawlings' forefinger, which happened to be resting on the table, with a gentle pressure of her hand,—“go on! I will not interrupt you again.”

"Well, you know I am a man of business," continued Mr. Rawlings, "and you must allow me to be perfectly candid with you. I thought the best thing I could do, Mr. Smirke, was to give you my answer at once, and spare you any unnecessary suspense."

"So considerate of your feelings, Bulkeley," observed the Baroness.

"My answer is this—that I am sure my daughter must feel highly flattered, and all that; but I am sorry to say there is an insuperable obstacle in the way."

"Mr. Rawlings!" exclaimed the Baroness.

"I recommend you, therefore, as a friend, to think no more of my daughter; for I will not delude you by holding out the least expectation that I shall alter my present determination. In plain words, Mr. Smirke, I must decline the honour of your connection, and distinctly request that you will not, under any circumstances, renew the proposal either to me or my daughter."

At the conclusion of these words Mr. Rawlings rose from his chair—indeed, they all rose at the same moment, for the meeting was at an end.

Mr. Bulkeley Smirke cast a woeful glance at his mother, in which reproach for this bitter humiliation struggled hard against his fear of the consequences with which she had threatened him. As for the Baroness, she was wrought up to a pitch of indignation that showed itself in crimson on her forehead, and produced in perfection that clenched curve of the mouth in which was legibly written the fiery characters of scorn and resentment. But she controlled herself; for, enraged as she was by the annihilation of her project, she was too politic to quarrel with the Rawlings' family.

"Very well, Mr. Rawlings," she cried; "that is your answer. Of course it is a serious disappointment to my poor Bulkeley—of course—and, I think, you ought to have confided it to me, so that I might have broken it rather more gently to him. You

certainly did not lead me to suppose that such was your decision. However, if you have other views for your daughter, I am sure I love the dear girl too well not to hope that she may find a husband who will make her as happy as—as—Bulkeley would have done. I wish you good morning, Mr. Rawlings."

"Good morning," returned Mr. Rawlings, seeing them to the door, which he held open for them till they had passed into the hall.

The Baroness did not run up to Mrs. Rawlings as she had promised, but hastened into her carriage, which conveyed the mother and son back to May Fair in a condition of still greater exasperation and excitement than they had started in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

Showing some of the rocks and quicksands in the stream of true love.

Mr. Rawlings resumed his seat, and took up a newspaper that lay upon the table. But he didn't read a word of it. His thoughts were out on many excursions amongst the memories of past years and the projects of the time to come. He ran over the strange incidents that rose up like landmarks on his progress,—the death-bed secret of old Raggles, in which lay the germ of much of that prosperity which had since grown up so luxuriantly,—the solitary walk on the bright winter morning, when the fixed purpose of his life, which he had subsequently carried out with such inflexible perseverance, first took clear and full possession of him,—the triumph over the Dragonfelts, crowned by the recent apparition of Lord Valteline, who had come to him in a state of premature decay of mind and body to raise fresh loans on his estates,—the pomp by which he was now surrounded,—the influence he wielded,—the alliance with Lord Charles,—and then the sudden contrast between all this wealth and power and the wretchedness and destitution of his boyhood, the squalor, suffering, and contumely through which he had worked his way, the companionships he had outstripped and left grovelling behind him, the associations he had formed, and the boundless visions of acquisition that yet lay floating before him. The rapidity with which the mind surveys and re-enacts the events of a life-time is one of those psychological mysteries which may be set aside for inquiry with the phenomena of dreams, when the world shall have been broken up and man resolved into his spiritual elements. We have no clue to that electric association of ideas by which such a multitude of distinct images are called up all at once, or in a succession of bewildering velocity that baffles all speculation on the *modus operandi*. Certain it is, however, that in a few seconds of time a man lives over again the actions of many years; and that five minutes had not elapsed after the departure of the Baroness, when Mr. Rawlings had completed the retrospect of his career and projected its results far into the future. It was

only the day before that he had accepted the proposal of Lord Charles Eton; and having now rejected Mr. Bulkeley Smirke, it was necessary to carry into execution without further delay the course he had resolved upon. He proceeded for that purpose to the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Rawlings and her daughters.

Mr. Rawlings was not accustomed to use much ceremony in his communications with his family. Brevity was a habit with him. His occupations afforded him little time to waste upon words, and action was more consonant with his peremptory will. The exordium on this occasion was short as usual, grave as the matter was which he had to announce.

"You have seen Mr. Bulkeley Smirke this morning, Margaret?"

"I have, sir."

"He has made a proposal of marriage for you."

Margaret hung her head, and Mrs. Rawlings and Clara looked at each other in profound astonishment, for Margaret had been too much frightened to say a word to them about it.

"The Baroness, it seems," continued Mr. Rawlings, "was of opinion that you favoured his addresses. Is that true?"

"No, sir. I never gave him the least encouragement."

"I thought so, and I have relieved you from his future importunities by dismissing him. You will not be troubled with him again."

A great load was taken off Margaret's heart; not that she could have supposed, if she had given herself time to reflect, that her father would have acted otherwise; but she had not reflected at all, and was oppressed by a vague terror that rendered her incapable of thinking clearly.

"My daughter," said Mr. Rawlings, "is not to be thrown away upon an empty coxcomb, who has not a single qualification to recommend him to any woman of sense. She must have a husband worthy of her." Here he took her hand, which shook violently, and went on: "come, don't be alarmed; I have something more agreeable to tell you."

"Sir!" gasped out Margaret. She knew as well as if he had spoken it what was coming. She saw it in the resolved yet not unkindly expression of his eyes.

"I have had another proposal for you."

"Another!"

"Not such a popinjay as Smirke, but a man of station and high character. Why do you tremble, child? Is it so dreadful that a man whose alliance would be considered an honour by any lady in England should propose for you?"

"No—sir—no—I am very grateful for his good opinion—but I never thought—indeed—I—"

"Well—well—of course you never thought about it; but you must think about it now. I need not tell you that I am proud of you and your sister, and that I have always looked forward

to see you both well provided for. But this piece of good fortune—which you owe entirely to your own merits—exceeds my most sanguine expectations; and it will be the happiest hour of my life when you become the wife of Lord Charles Eton.”

Margaret tottered, and grew deadly pale.

“My darling! What is it?” exclaimed Clara, throwing her arms round her; “there—there—love,—it is only a proposal after all, you know, and all Papa asks you is to think about it. Papa, it is very wrong of you to be so abrupt with her. It is, indeed,—very wrong.”

“Silence, Clara. Let Margaret answer for herself.”

Margaret made a great effort to control her emotions, and flinging herself on her knees before her father, looked up beseechingly into his face.

“Dear papa—oh! forgive me—I have never disobeyed you—I knew my duty—but this is not possible—I esteem and respect Lord Charles—indeed I do—but love him?—No, no—you would not make me wretched—”

“Margaret,” said Mr. Rawlings, raising her from the ground, “we will talk about this another time. Reflect upon what I have said to you. These foolish notions must not be allowed to interfere with your settlement in life. I expect that you will seriously consider this affair, and be prepared to receive Lord Charles Eton as your future husband. I have sanctioned his visits to this house as your accepted suitor.”

“Before you had even spoken to Margaret about it?” eagerly demanded Clara.

“Clara, I desire you to be silent; and let me see that you interfere no farther. Margaret must be governed by my advice; have a care how you estrange her from her duty.”

“I have always tried to do my duty,” murmured Margaret, Mrs. Rawlings standing behind her, and trying to soothe all parties by a low cry of “Hush! hush!”

“And you will still do your duty, Margaret. Look to me alone for guidance and protection; and the reward of your obedience shall be a position in society which in your childhood nobody could have anticipated for you. It is for this I have toiled and laboured, and sacrificed my own care and comfort to a life of incessant fatigue and anxiety. You will not disappoint me in the end—for it is my ambition as well as your own you will advance by this marriage. You ought to exult in it, child, and feel yourself very much flattered, and of course you will when you have thought more seriously about it. There, I will say no more to you now; but I expect that you will observe my wishes in the reception of Lord Charles Eton?”

Strengthening the last few words with a quiet look of parental authority, Mr. Rawlings left the room.

Throughout this little scene, Mrs. Rawlings had taken no part beyond that of betraying extreme uneasiness, and endeavouring to conciliate everybody by deprecating excessive emotions on both

sides. But now Mr. Rawlings was gone she thought it necessary to assume more active functions.

"My dear child," she said to Margaret, "what in the world could have thrown you into such a flutter. Why, my dear, it's a wonderful match. Think what everybody will say down at Yarlton when they hear that you have sprung up into Lady Eton? How old Pogeey will stare; and won't the Winstons be astonished?"

"Don't talk to me, mama!" said Margaret, whose two hands were clasped in Clara's, who was rubbing them very diligently as if the poor child were cold, although at that moment she had all the symptoms of a high fever.

Mrs. Rawlings could not understand Margaret's extraordinary sensibility on this matter. For her part she always sided with the strong and the wonderful, except when the romantic elements of her nature happened to seduce her the other way; but as she was entirely ignorant of the attachment between Margaret and Henry Winston, she could see no reason why Margaret, instead of being made miserable by his lordship's proposal, wasn't lifted up into an ecstasy by it. Now Clara was quite as ignorant of the attachment as her mama, but her quick sympathy penetrated the mystery in an instant, and she saw clearly that this sudden emotion gushed out of some feeling which Margaret had hitherto hidden from her.

Mrs. Rawlings ran on with a provoking panegyric on Lord Charles, and Margaret listened to her in a sort of trance, while Clara, who did not hear one word of her mama's well-meant rattle, kept her eyes fixed upon her sister, as if she were trying to read her thoughts.

"Don't say any more to me to-day, mama," said Margaret, "I shall be better by and by. Dear mama, you have always been so kind to me," and she leaned over and kissed her; "I know you will indulge me. I am a little nervous, that's all."

"The best thing you can do, my dear, is to come out and take a drive. The air will revive you."

"No—no—not to day. Let me be quiet. I will go to my room. Will you come with me, Clara?"

Mrs. Rawlings good-naturedly gave up the point, and the sisters withdrew.

When they got into the room, Margaret looked at Clara for a moment, and flinging herself into her arms, burst into tears.

"Clara!" she exclaimed, "I am very wretched."

"Do not agitate yourself, darling," said Clara, "confide in me—tell me what it is—your own Clara, that loves you better than all the world."

"I know it, and it was that made me conceal my misery from you. I was afraid that your love for me might make you do something that would irritate papa, and I could not bear to be the cause of dissension between you. But you will promise me,

my own, own Clara, for my sake, that you will restrain your feelings—papa is so severe.”

“Well—there—you needn’t be afraid. I’m sure papa will never force either of us to forget our duty to him. Sit down, now, and tell me everything.”

“I never had a concealment from you before—never in my whole life. My heart was open to you—but I had a terrible fear upon me; and what I feared has happened. Dearest Clara—I know not how to tell you—but I cannot marry Lord Charles Eton.”

“You do not like him?”

“I dare not deceive you. Oh! comfort me—comfort me, sister. I look up to you as to a being of a higher nature—strong and courageous, and true and sweet and affectionate in your strength. Where shall I look for consolation if you cannot give it to me? To marry a man I do not love, and consign another to misery—no—no!”

“Another, Margaret? Then I was right in my conjecture.”

“You guessed it, dear Clara? I wonder you did not see it long ago. But Rose knows of it. I could not keep it from her, because—”

“I see it all, darling—I see it all. What a stupid creature I am to be so blind. And my poor Margaret has had this terrible secret shut up in her heart, and nobody to comfort her! We must see what can be done. Patience—patience, love, and all will be right yet.”

“What blessed words you speak to me! Your very voice is full of hope and encouragement, and I feel lighter and happier since this burthen is off my heart. But, Clara—Clara—when I think of my father! What will he say to me?”

“Oh! he must be reasonable. Remember, dear Margaret, that he is ignorant of your attachment, and when he hears of it he will never be so barbarous as to sacrifice you. He must not—he shall not. Even if he refuses his consent to Henry—for of course it is Henry Winston—you know he cannot force you to marry Lord Charles. Cheer up, love—the case is not so desperate as you imagine. But how did all this come about?”

“I hardly know. It grew upon me without my being conscious of it. I can give you no explanation, dear Clara, except that when I discovered the state of his feelings I became aware, for the first time, of the interest I felt in him. Circumstances brought it all out, and hurried us on. The visits of Lord Charles made him miserable, and he was losing his health and growing reckless about himself—and—and—what could I do? Rose thought it cruel in me to let him suffer in that way—and so, at last, I listened to him, and my heart betrayed itself—and, there now, you have the whole confession.”

“But did you suspect that papa had any thought of Lord Charles?”

“Henry found it out by the strangest accident through Mr.

Costigan. The discovery, of course, only made him the more urgent, and that was not the moment for me to retract."

"Retract? Why should you retract? We were all children together, and I love Henry Winston as if he were my own brother. It would not be worthy of my true-hearted Margaret to forsake the companion of her childhood for the best lord of them all. Courage—courage—you have given your heart to Henry Winston, and he is deserving of it,—if any man is deserving of such a treasure,—you must not give your hand to Lord Charles."

The conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door. Henry Winston was in the drawing-room. Margaret was too much agitated for an interview at that moment, and entreated Clara to break the dreadful news to him; but, after some little debate, she yielded to Clara's persuasions, and they went down together.

Henry had a letter in his hand from Rose, who had left town the week before. And such a letter as it was, full of loving artifices and cogent arguments on behalf of him who presented it,—and such pictures of love in cottages, living on roses and honeysuckles,—and such protests against the hollowness and insincerity of a town life,—and such passionate petitions to Margaret to make up her mind, like a good, sweet girl as she was, and come down to the country to be married on the same day that Rose was to be married herself, although that happy day was still as remote and indefinite as ever! This revolutionary epistle, as luck would have it, came at a very unfortunate crisis, and, to mend the matter, Henry happened to be in unusually high spirits, as if it were the destiny of love to have the poignancy of its little miseries enhanced by untoward accidents.

The valorous Clara opened the business.

"I know everything, Henry," she said; "so that you may speak freely before me. But I have something to tell you that I am afraid will make you very unhappy. You must bear it patiently for Margaret's sake. If *you* give way, you cannot expect her to be able to sustain herself. Her reliance is upon you, and you must set her an example of fortitude."

"I will be patient, Clara. You may trust me—I am prepared to endure anything for her sake." His voice did not altogether bear out the heroism of this declaration, for it faltered very perceptibly.

Nobody has ever written a book upon the nervous system in connection with love. We wish some eminent person would oblige us by undertaking the subject, and explaining the action of this particular passion in the production of the nervous phenomena by which its vicissitudes are marked,—such as growing white and red, hot and cold, all in a moment, stammering, trembling, and other visible tokens of a mysterious agitation roving over the body, from head to foot; and throwing out symptoms which no other malady exhibits in the same variety or in the

same manner. A treatise of this kind would have a considerable sale amongst the rising philosophers of our inquiring age.

Clara having, in the gentlest way she could, broken the sad intelligence to Henry, the unfortunate lover gave immediate proof that the preparations he had made for enduring the calamity were not so perfect as he had flattered himself. He flung himself upon a sofa, buried his head in his hands, swore he would shoot Lord Charles, and had recourse to many wild and incoherent expressions which greatly alarmed the ladies. Indeed, he did not show half as much courage and resolution as Margaret, who, crushed as she was by this overwhelming sorrow, bore it with a sweet and calm resignation that shamed his intemperance.

For our own parts, we have no faith in violence. It seldom strikes its object, and more frequently recoils and shatters the hand that launches it. What sight can be more piteous than that of a man dead at his own gun? Calm reason survives all turbulence of passion, and is steadfast in its course, and clear and firm, when violence has wasted its strength and is beaten down.

Clara endeavoured to make Henry Winston see that he would only involve himself in worse consequences by entering upon hostilities with Lord Charles, and succeeded at last in extracting a promise from him that, let what might happen, he would take no foolish step of that sort. He was very reluctant to give up the satisfaction of a terrible revenge, for he was impressed with a conviction that Lord Charles had acted perfidiously towards him, that he must have been aware of his attachment for Margaret, and that his first duty, as a man of honour, was to give way to the prior claims of his friend. If, therefore, he relinquished his design of shooting him, an act which he would have performed with immense pleasure, it was only to nurse his hatred with tenfold bitterness for some future day. In the midst of this exciting conversation, while Henry was yet flushed with fury and despair, the door of the drawing-room opened, and, to the undisguised consternation of the lovers and their *confidante*, Mr. Rawlings walked in.

He saw the real state of affairs at a glance. The whole story was palpably revealed in the red eyes and crimson cheeks of the delinquents. He had suspected it before, and his suspicions were now resolved into certainty.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he inquired.

There was no answer. Clara was going to say something very bold on the impulse of her impetuous feelings, but she was prudent enough to check herself.

"I speak to *you*, Mr. Winston," resumed Mr. Rawlings, laying a special emphasis on the formal appellation, which he had never used to him before. "Will you be good enough to explain the meaning of all this?"

"Sir!" exclaimed Henry; "nothing, sir—nothing."

"Young gentleman," returned Mr. Rawlings, with a freezing severity of tone, "when you were admitted as a visitor in this house, it never occurred to me to suspect that you would take advantage of our hospitality to abuse my confidence. You have deceived me."

"These are harsh words, Mr. Rawlings," said Henry, colouring up.

"I will not pick and choose my words for the sake of sparing your feelings. No language is too strong to express my opinion of your conduct."

"There is nothing, sir, in my conduct that I am not ready to avow and justify," cried Henry, passionately.

"Henry!—Henry!" exclaimed Clara.

"Justify?" observed Mr. Rawlings; "by what right, sir, do you presume to step between me and my daughter?"

"What have I done, sir?"

"Quite enough to put an end to your intercourse with my family, Mr. Winston."

"Oh! papa," urged Clara, "do not be so cruel to poor Henry. Dear papa, that was spoken in anger. I'm sure you will recall it."

"Clara, if you value your sister's happiness, you will interfere no farther. You have already busied yourself too much to-day in this matter. I ask you again, sir, what was the meaning of your alarm and agitation when I came into the room? What was the subject of your conversation? If your conduct be open and honourable, why don't you explain it."

Henry Winston looked at Margaret; but she averted her face, and their confusion became more and more apparent as Mr. Rawlings scrutinized them alternately.

"Your silence is a confession of guilt. You have been counselling my daughter to forget what is due to herself, and to violate her duty to me."

"You wrong me, sir—Margaret, shall I speak?"

"Yes—you had better, Henry," exclaimed Clara, seizing Margaret's hand, and standing firmly by her side. "Tell papa the truth. Courage, love," she added, turning to Margaret, "there is nothing to fear."

"Again!" said Mr. Rawlings, looking angrily at Clara.

"I acknowledge," said Henry Winston, "that your censure is just, if it be a crime in me to love one of whom I am every way so unworthy."

"Crime!" repeated Clara, with a slight expression of reproof.

"I hope you will make allowances, sir. I have known her all my life—how could I know her, sir, and not love her? It is quite true I have no pretensions to aspire to her now—but this feeling existed long before she was elevated so far above me. If I had millions it would be the same—I would cast them at her feet."

"Your conduct admits of no palliation," said Mr. Rawlings; "when you made this discovery of your feelings, you were bound to ascertain whether her family would sanction your pretensions; but, instead of taking that honourable course, you meanly availed yourself of your intimacy here to promote your own selfish objects, at the cost, perhaps, of her happiness for life."

"Margaret, I appeal to you—speak one word for me. Selfish objects! This is cruel—I, who would sacrifice my life for her!"

"These fine speeches, Mr. Winston, are out of place in my presence, and I beg you will not repeat them. Are you so mad as to suppose that I should ever consent to such a thing—a boy, without resources, profession, or prospect. Of course you calculated on her fortune. The world gives me credit for being a rich man, and takes it for granted that my daughters will have great fortunes. Undeceive yourself. If she marries without my full approbation, she will leave my house a beggar and an outcast. So put that expectation out of your head."

There was a dead pause; the young ladies standing apart, and Henry not knowing exactly what he ought to say or do. Finding that nobody spoke, Mr. Rawlings resumed.

"I have to desire that you will henceforth consider my daughter an utter stranger. Let me have no more of this. I have other views for her, and am resolved that her prospects in life shall not be blighted by an union that would consign her to want and obscurity."

"Margaret—you hear that?"

"I cannot speak to you now, Henry," she cried in a stifled voice.

"If you have anything to say, Margaret," interposed Mr. Rawlings, "you had better say it at once; for you are not very likely to see this gentleman again. You will thank me hereafter, Margaret, for what seems to you now an act of severity."

"Papa!" cried Clara, who, in spite of all admonitions, could not restrain her feelings, "how can you expect that she should say anything unkind to Henry Winston? He may have offended you, but he has done nothing to deserve unkindness from us."

"You will compel me, Clara, to curb this temper of yours. If Margaret has anything to say, let her speak. I can waste no more time with you."

"What should I say, sir?" inquired Margaret.

"That your hand is already engaged. Dismiss Mr. Winston as civilly as you please, but let him know, from your own lips, that the acquaintance is terminated."

"Sister!" cried Margaret, turning imploringly to Clara, who merely bit her lip, with an expression of high resentment.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Rawlings.

Margaret paused for a moment, drew herself up with a great struggle, and exclaimed in a low, broken tone, "I cannot say it."

The words were scarcely spoken, when Henry Winston rushed forward, and flung himself at Margaret's feet. He thought of nothing but her truth, and the trial to which she was exposed on his account.

"That one word has saved me! Only believe that I loved you for your own sake alone—that no mean thought ever sullied my devotion—and I am happy! You acquit me of that—I see you do. Thank you, and bless you!"

Having uttered these impassioned sentences with a fervour that took even Mr. Rawlings by surprise, and ended them by a shower of eager kisses on her hand, he started to his feet, and addressed himself to the obdurate father, who stood sternly gazing on the scene.

"You have desired me, sir, to leave your house. I am ready to obey you. But suffer me, before I go, to say that you have done me a grievous injustice. I should despise myself more heartily than you can do, were I guilty of the base design you charge me with. She knows how untrue it is. Poverty, sir, would be welcome to me with her!"

A grim smile passed over Mr. Rawlings' face at these words. "You talk like a child," he observed; "when you grow up to be a man you will see and repent your folly. I suppose you have nothing more to say?"

"I wish, sir, to say that if I have interested Miss Rawlings' feelings, I know my duty to her, and no consideration on earth shall ever induce me to abandon it. You may forbid me your house, sir; but so long as her happiness is at stake you can exact nothing more from me. I will leave it in no person's power hereafter to accuse me of duplicity."

"H—a—um!" rejoined Mr. Rawlings, fixing a penetrating glance upon Henry; "you have now, I presume, said everything you had to say?"

"Everything, sir."

"Then you will do me the favour to withdraw."

Henry took up his hat, grasped Margaret and Clara by the hands, and, bowing to Mr. Rawlings, nearly stumbled over a chair in his hurry to get out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

Slightly romantic.

Christmas came in due course. Parliament was prorogued, and the fashionable world, like a covey of birds, into which a shot has been suddenly discharged, took wing and dispersed in a hundred different directions. London, notwithstanding, looked bustling enough—particularly in the neighbourhood of the poulterers' shops; but few people of mark remained in town, except people like Sir Peter Jinks, who may be considered perennial metropolitans, and who discharge their duties to the annual

festival by gathering their families together at a great dinner on the 25th of December, and resuming their business punctually at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The country appears to be understood on all hands to be the proper site for Christmas enjoyments. Every body who can, goes to the country at that season, and many who cannot, pretend to go for the sake of appearances. A paragraph in the "Morning Post" announced that the Baroness de Poudreblue had left town to spend the Christmas in Berkshire; but some of her good-natured friends confidently asserted that she remained the whole time shut up in her nutshell in May Fair.

Mr. Rawlings went into Norfolk, where he had recently purchased a princely estate, called Ravensdale. By an immediate change of scene, and a houseful of pleasant company, amongst the rest Lord Charles Eton, he hoped to dissipate Margaret's feelings, and reconcile her to his commands. He had never spoken to her on the subject after the dismissal of Henry Winston—silence being more oppressive and authoritative than the angriest remonstrances. He left the rest to time and Lord Charles, whose position was now favoured by the most auspicious opportunities.

There was a tranquil terrace at Ravensdale, looking down upon an extensive park, dotted and bounded by great forest trees; there were dreamy paths winding in and out of old woods, through which might be heard the slumberous murmurs of a waterfall; picturesque ruins cast their shadows over a solitary belt of evergreens; and in the extreme distance the grey tower of an ancient church enhanced the quiet solemnity of the demesne. The place was wonderfully still. You could hear the branches cracking in the frosty air, and the low twitter of the birds that dropped in every now and then round and about the house, which was in the old baronial style, presenting an irregular outline of roofs, turrets, and chimneys, and broad masses of light and shade, that helped the imagination to a world of romantic suggestions. The scene was ill-chosen for the purpose contemplated by Mr. Rawlings. It is not in these pensive solitudes that the young bruised heart is likely to seek or find oblivion. The brooding silence, the loneliness and repose, only throw it back to feed upon its memories; and as the recent Christmases of which we are writing were not like the Christmases of old, buried in snow and sleet and locked up in frost, but as mild and temperate as May, Margaret contrived as often as she could to escape into the woods, where, in that melancholy seclusion which lovers from time immemorial have shown such a predilection for, she might indulge her private reveries. The consequence was that she thought a great deal more about Henry Winston than she might have done had they been allowed to prosecute their love affair in their own way, so that the final effect of the separation was in reality to deepen and strengthen her attachment. Of all things in this world love is the most unmanageable. Parents

and guardians are sadly foiled when they undertake to guide and coerce it; and the best thing they can do with it is to leave it to itself.

It is only justice to Lord Charles Eton to say that he soon discovered a certain reluctance in Margaret's manner which he had not anticipated, and that he acted towards her on all occasions with the most scrupulous delicacy. He carefully avoided trespassing upon her privacy, or pressing his attentions at unpropitious moments; and if any gentleman, under such untoward circumstances, could have succeeded in making a tender, or even a grateful impression on a heart that belonged to somebody else, Lord Charles must have accomplished that by no means impossible achievement. He certainly succeeded so far as to make her think very favourably of his generosity and magnanimity—a sentiment of respect, which, occupying the region of reason, lies at the antipodes of love; but whether the course he pursued was dictated by the noble motives she ascribed to him, or by a judicious policy founded upon his knowledge of human nature, we will not undertake to determine.

Clara had frequently thought of hazarding a bold step, and upon her own responsibility, telling the whole truth to Lord Charles and appealing at once to his chivalry and his pride; but day after day she was dissuaded from putting her desperate plan into execution by the gentlemanly consideration with which he treated her sister. If he had actually known the real state of her feelings (which we do not mean to say he did not), it would have been impossible for him to have acted with more kindness and indulgent reserve. Except by the gentleness of his voice, and that peculiar abstraction which makes a man look very subdued and poetical, as if he were sitting in the moonlight, nobody could have guessed that he was in love with Margaret; and until he actually avowed himself in some more direct and declaratory form, she felt that it would compromise her sister to talk to him on such a subject. She waited for him to begin, but, either by accident or design, he seemed determined never to give her the opportunity. This went on so long, and so many dangerous moments were got over in safety, that at last she began to flatter herself Lord Charles would wear out and relinquish his suit.

But the expectation which was thus encouraged by his lordship's conduct, was daily shattered by the unchangeable aspect of Mr. Rawlings. As he sat at dinner, his eye was constantly fixed upon Margaret with a significance that admitted of no misunderstanding. At breakfast, or when they went out to ride, or in the drawing-room in the evening, that cold and menacing gaze ever and always haunted her. If a ray of hope chanced to find its way into her heart, a glance at her father banished it, and all was dark again. It was evident that, however Lord Charles might be disposed to temporise, Mr. Rawlings was resolved.

“My father will make me hate him,” said Clara one day to

Margaret, "for treating you with such harshness and tyranny. Never to speak one kind word to you, although he sees what you are suffering. Lord Charles is a thousand times more considerate—he is so quiet and gentlemanly. I often think that he suspects the real state of your feelings."

"I have sometimes fancied so, too," returned Margaret; "but his assiduities are so constant that I see no escape from them. I am afraid, Clara, papa is quite as harsh to you as he is to me."

"I can bear that," replied Clara, "without a murmur; but I never see him looking at you from under his eyelashes, and watching every motion, as if you had committed some crime, that I don't feel myself burning all over. I wish I were a man for your sake, Margaret."

Similar conversations took place every day; the mystery of Lord Charles' manner, which baffled their penetration, the unrelenting rigour of Mr. Rawlings, and dismal speculations on the future, supplying them with inexhaustible topics.

In the meanwhile the Christmas festivities were carried on at a magnificent rate; and the company assembled at Ravensdale entered into them in a spirit of high enjoyment, without the least suspicion of the domestic episode which filled more than one heart in that gay scene with care and anguish.

It now becomes necessary to turn from the chambers of Ravensdale to the servants' hall, a violent transition for which we should consider ourselves bound to make an apology to our genteel readers, if it were not indispensable to the unravelment of our narrative. As we find in the management of the most elegant establishments, that the luxury and high living maintained with such faultless taste on the surface, could not be kept up without the help of that servile machinery which performs its useful operations in the kitchen, the butler's pantry, the scullery, and the wine-cellar; so histories such as this, which record the ordinary transactions of life, must sometimes descend from the company in the drawing-room to humbler actors who, by odd accidents, occasionally influence from below the turn of events upstairs.

The reader has probably forgotten the existence of Crikey Snaggs, who has made an insignificant figure on the Ladder, and cannot be supposed to be in any way concerned in the action of the family drama. If, therefore, we bring Crikey Snaggs once more upon the stage, conscious as we are of the obscure position he occupies in the *dramatis personæ*, the reader may be assured that we have good and sufficient reason for so doing.

We may at once confess that we have all along felt a private interest in Crikey Snaggs, from the first moment when he made his appearance chattering in the snow-storm at Mr. Peabody's door in Trafalgar Row, to this particular juncture when we find him matured into manhood, and considerably improved in mental

culture and personal appearance under the fostering protection of Mr. Rawlings. We may be excused for this confession on the plea that poor Crikey was an orphan, labouring under a discouraging bodily disability, and because, working against adverse circumstances, he was faithfully devoted to the interests of his benefactor, and had consequently succeeded in advancing himself to a respectable post in the household. The great passion of his life was to evince his gratitude to Mr. Rawlings, to whom he owed everything he possessed in the world.

But this was not the only passion of which he was capable. Although not very felicitously shaped by nature for giving it house-room, he discovered that he had a heart like other men. He was led to this discovery by a series of experiments he had made from time to time upon the heart of a certain Caroline, who was lady's-maid to Margaret Rawlings. When he commenced these perilous operations, he had not the slightest notion of committing himself to any consequences beyond those of that illicit gallantry with which town experiences had latterly rendered him familiar. He thought Caroline very pretty and very easy-natured; but he found her more fascinating and less pliable than he had expected. Men who trifle with women, believing themselves to be secure, will find out to their cost, sooner or later, that they are playing with edged tools. Crikey began in sport, and ended in earnest.

The short sojourn at Ravensdale brought out Crikey's heart in full flower. The country air had its usual effect upon him; for even individuals with as little refinement as poor Crikey are quite as susceptible, in their own way, to the influences of solitude as people of more cultivated tastes. And thus it was that, after indulging in many stolen interviews with the tantalizing Caroline, he surrendered himself up at last without any further struggle to the grave conviction that he was over head and ears in love.

It happened one evening in the dusk that Crikey was urging his suit in the recesses of that shrubbery of evergreens which clasped the heap of ruins already mentioned as one of the picturesque objects in the demesne of Ravensdale. The spot seemed to have been made for lovers. It was completely shut in from view, and being tangled in the interior, and difficult of access, was seldom invaded by visitors. But although nobody could see into the shrubbery, in consequence of the density of the shade, those within could see out, and Crikey kept cautiously close enough to the walk which wound past his retreat to see any person who might chance to be approaching.

They had not been concealed very long when the silence and repose of the evening were disturbed by a slight sound which resembled a tread upon the gravel walk outside. Crikey, notwithstanding that he had suffered himself to be tempted into such contraband proceedings, had a very proper sense of what was due to appearances, and being resolved not to be detected in a situation so

open to misinterpretation, he set himself at once to ascertain who it was, and to take measures, according to circumstances, for his escape.

Presently two voices were heard. But he could collect only broken words here and there.

"Return to town—then—all over—" said one.

"You must be patient—rely upon me," said the other.

"Impossible—cannot live—I am desperate—"

"I promise you—"

The voices came nearer, and were now exactly opposite to where Crikey stood. Parting the branches gently with his hand, he saw two figures—a lady and a gentleman. Gazing intently upon them, and without turning his eyes from them, he beckoned Caroline to come to him.

"Look!" he whispered, "and be silent."

Caroline peeped through the trees, and saw them. They were within two feet of her. What light was yet in the sky fell full upon them, and she distinctly recognized Margaret Rawlings and Henry Winston.

The dismissal of Henry Winston was known to the whole household; and Crikey, who was in Mr. Rawlings' confidence, knew more about it than any one else. Having clearly satisfied himself of their identity, he retreated back through the shrubbery, and making Caroline take one path, he made a circuit in another direction out upon the lawn, skirting it on the opposite side with rapid steps towards the house. As he reached the ascent to the terrace he looked back, and fancied he saw the outlines of two figures still standing in the deepening shadows of the wood.

CHAPTER IV.

Short, but very much to the purpose.

How it was that Henry Winston came to be wandering about the grounds of Ravensdale, we need not stop to explain. The youngest of our readers—and we hope we have many in whom the bloom of the natural instincts is not yet dimmed or blotted out by the rough experiences of life—can fill up that speculation without any help from us.

The claims of Henry Winston upon popular sympathy must be determined by his own actions. Circumstances had thrown him into an embarrassing position at a time of life when the judgment is unripe and passion has the ascendancy over reason. Having no occupation to give a fixed direction to his faculties, and having been brought up with an indulgence that pampered his desires and his will, it is not surprising that he should betray more impetuosity and headlong enthusiasm than older people may be disposed to approve. The wisest men when they fall in love cannot always regulate their conduct by the cool precepts which lookers-on are so ready to supply; and, in

justification of the errors and absurdities incidental to the universal passion, we are bound to say that the world is singularly unjust and supercilious in its treatment of lovers in general. For instance, there is nothing excites so much laughter and ridicule as the reading of love-letters in a court of justice—as if such things were mere aberrations of mind, or comical evidences of shallowness and imbecility. This is all very fine and grand, and shows a stately superiority to the common weakness; yet of all that crowd of scoffers, from the judge to the crier, not one individual could be picked out who has not violated common-sense himself exactly in the same way. People ought to be careful how they throw stones at lovers.

Henry Winston had perfectly satisfied his conscientious scruples in reference to Mr. Rawlings by the frank declaration he made to him at parting. For the rest, he considered himself bound by the most sacred obligations to risk all consequences for Margaret. No calculations of present danger or future misery stood between him and the discharge of the duty which love and honour alike imposed upon him. Heads of families will reprobate him for seeking private interviews with the young lady in direct contempt of her father's commands; but the junior members thereof will think that he was not so much to blame. It is not at this point, when the lady's affections have been won, and the happiness or wretchedness of her life depends on the courage and fidelity of her lover, that the moral question arises. It ought to have been taken into consideration long before.

The whole of that neighbourhood of Ravensdale, which enclosed the person of her he loved, was sacred ground to Henry Winston. Hurrying back from a dismal Christmas at home,—the only dismal Christmas that happy family had ever passed, although none of them knew the reason why, except Rose,—he hastened into Norfolk, and loitered about the park at all hours, watching his opportunities to communicate with Margaret. We are afraid that in these stolen meetings, despair and jealousy and a wild conflict of fierce and tender emotions, may have led him to urge upon Margaret the imperative necessity of an elopement; but Margaret, so long as there was a hope of any other solution of their difficulties, pleaded for time and patience, and endeavoured to persuade him that Lord Charles Eton had no serious intention of persevering with his suit. They were arguing this very point at the moment when Crikey Snaggs discovered them together, Henry putting a widely different construction on the conduct of his rival, and using a hundred ingenious arguments to prove that the moment she returned to London her father would insist on her submission to his wishes. They separated with an engagement to meet the next day, and argue over again a matter which they had already exhausted in every possible, and some impossible, points of view.

The next day came, and Henry, impatient of the “lazy-footed

hours," was at the trysting-place long before his time. But no Margaret arrived: her place was supplied by Clara. The bad news she brought was despatched in a few flurried words, for she had a secret misgiving that there had been treachery somewhere, and that Henry's presence in the neighbourhood was known to her father. This was only a surmise, but it was founded on circumstances so sudden and unexpected as to admit of no other explanation. The evening before, Mr. Rawlings had desired Margaret to get ready to go with him to London, and he had taken his departure with her at an early hour that morning. Lord Charles was to follow the next day, and within the week the whole party was to be broken up. This was all Clara knew; but it was enough to inspire her with the most miserable apprehensions about her sister. She intreated Henry to act prudently; it was clear that the business had taken a very serious turn; and, arranging how he was to communicate with her when they returned to town, she left him with a promise that she would herself apprise him of everything that went forward.

It was perfectly true as Clara suspected, that Mr. Rawlings had heard of Henry's visits to the woods of Ravensdale. He had learned that fact from Crikey Snagga. But she little imagined that her own footsteps had been vigilantly watched from the house, and that the same faithful pair of eyes and ears which had witnessed the last interview of the lovers were, at that moment, employed in discharging the same function with reference to herself.

The plot was now thickening on both sides, and the *imbroglio* deepened as the Rawlings family, breaking up their holiday festivities, resumed their residence in Park Lane.

It was impossible to gather anything from the impenetrable manner of Mr. Rawlings. He preserved towards Margaret the same coldness that had marked his intercourse with her all throughout; and Clara could plainly see that she as well as her sister had fallen under his suspicion and distrust. She was not very happily framed by nature for a conspirator; she was too open and earnest and sunny. But the fear of committing any step that might further endanger her sister's happiness, or precipitate a crisis which they both looked forward to with dread, made her act with a circumspection against which her spirit perpetually revolted. In this way she contrived to keep up a secret and confidential correspondence with Henry Winston, and was the bearer of more than one treasonable communication between him and Margaret. All this was very wrong, but it was very sisterly, and forced upon her by the daily contemplation of that sorrowing face, whose smiles she would have gladly rekindled at the sacrifice of her life.

The suspense of the lovers was not destined to last very long. About a week or ten days after the return of the family to town, Mr. Rawlings was closeted a whole morning with Lord Charles. The nature of their conversation may be inferred from the sequel.

That evening, Lord Charles, who had dined in Park Lane, taking an opportunity of placing himself as usual beside Margaret, formally, but with much tact, opened the subject about which he had hitherto observed so inexplicable a reserve. His tone was so soft, kind, and respectful that she almost felt grateful to him; and when he came to an end, she was sufficiently collected to thank him for his good opinion, and to say that she must have time to consider, but with a hesitation which showed him how little more he had to expect. He was too skilful a diplomatist to take so blank an answer, and he pressed her to give him some hope. Now Margaret was very timid and modest, but she was also very true-hearted, and possessed the latent courage which is always associated with truth. She felt how unjust it would be to encourage a hope she could not satisfy, and, even with the terror of her father's wrath impending over her, she resolved not to deceive Lord Charles on that point. She, therefore, told him frankly that it would be uncandid to desire him to hope in the present state of her feelings, assuring him at the same time that she was not insensible to the honour he designed her. Had she obeyed the impulse of her heart at that moment, she would have been more explicit; but the terror of consequences restrained her.

In the course of the evening her father spoke a few words to her apart.

"Lord Charles has made his offer to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have accepted him?"

"I told him that I would consider of it."

"What have you to consider?"

"It is so serious a step, sir—surely a little time—"

"A mere subterfuge. You think you are deceiving me, but you are only deceiving yourself. I am not in a position to trifle with Lord Charles Eton,—I have given him my consent, and I command you to give him yours. It must be settled within a week."

"A week!"

"You now have my final determination."

The forlorn hope which Margaret had clung to with such tenacity vanished in these terrible words. What was to be done? How was she to avoid the misery to which her father had peremptorily sentenced her? A week—only a week to think, to determine, to act! All that night long the sisters held council together, but could see no escape from the doom which now seemed inevitable. The only conclusion they arrived at was the necessity of communicating to Henry Winston what had occurred. Clara undertook this dangerous mission.

She was afraid to trust the explanation to a letter, lest his hot temper might commit him to some act of frenzy, and a meeting was accordingly arranged at one of the great shops where the ladies were in the habit of making purchases. Henry was prepared for the worst, and bore the intelligence with more fortitude

than Clara expected. But she did not quite like the air of sternness with which he received it. All that wild and incoherent passion he had hitherto displayed seemed to have settled down into some dark determination. He asked her what Margaret intended to do?

"What can she do?" inquired Clara in return.

"It is life or death with me, Clara," replied Henry; "there are but a few days before us."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me see you to-morrow, here—or anywhere you please—and I will bring you a letter to deliver to her—it will contain my final request. Will you promise me?"

"I will—here—at one o'clock."

"Come alone."

"I will try."

This conference, which was held in a breathless under-tone, was abruptly broken off by the appearance of Mrs. Rawlings, who had been left waiting at the door in the carriage. How far Mrs. Rawlings may have guessed what was going forward is open to conjecture. She had latterly shown unusual kindness to Margaret, and had talked very little to her about Lord Charles. Whatever her impressions or feelings may have been, it was evident that she considered it necessary to avoid implicating herself in the business, and that she was trying to hedge as well as she could between her sympathy for Margaret, and the implicit respect that was due to the wishes of Mr. Rawlings.

At one o'clock the next day, Clara took the risk of leaving the house alone and on foot, that she might have a better opportunity of hearing everything Henry Winston had to say.

He looked pale and haggard, and spoke in the nervous manner of a man who had wound himself up to stake all upon a single cast.

"Here is the letter, Clara, open. Read it that I may know what you think of it, and what I am likely to expect."

Clara hastily ran over the words of the letter, the closing sentences of which were blistered with tears, and heavily scored to make them emphatic. After depicting his agonies, and declaring that he could not survive her marriage with Lord Charles, he urged her to fly from the misery that awaited her, appointing a certain morning at nine o'clock, when he would have a carriage in readiness at Hanover Gate to carry the plan into execution.

This appeared to Clara a very desperate proposal; yet, although they discussed it for more than an hour together, she could not bring any stronger argument against it than its obvious impropriety. What was that to a lover who reiterated over and over again that he would not outlive Margaret's refusal, which would not only destroy him, but embitter her own happiness for life?

Clara was so open and transparent in her actions, that it is not

improbable she looked very guilty when she was trying to do anything surreptitiously. She hid the letter in one of those mysterious recesses of her dress to which ladies sometimes confide their manuscript secrets; and when she got home, flew upstairs precipitately to avoid observation. Unluckily her flurried manner was noted by one who had good reason to suspect the office in which she had been employed.

At the second landing were the doors of Mr. Rawlings' chamber and dressing-room, the latter of which was partially open, and appeared to move slightly as she approached. Trivial as the incident was, it increased her trepidation, and she attempted to creep stealthily to the third landing. Just as she reached the door it opened wide, and her father stood before her, blocking up the passage. Without uttering a word, he seized her by the arm and drew her into the dressing-room, instantly locking the door on the inside.

She comprehended the terrors of her situation at once. But her love for her sister was stronger than any fears she could have on her own account, and she resolved, let her father deal with her as he might, that she would never reveal the secret with which she had been entrusted.

When Mr. Rawlings had locked the door, he turned sternly to her. "So!" he exclaimed, "you have joined in a plot to bring your sister to ruin and disgrace. I desire you this moment to confess everything you know, or prepare yourself for consequences that will pursue you with remorse and misery to the grave."

Clara, willing enough to take all consequences upon herself, if she could only avert them from Margaret, declared that she alone was to blame; that her sister's confidence was more sacred to her than life itself, and she implored of him not to require her to betray it.

"You may do as you please about your confidences," said Mr. Rawlings; "but you must answer to me strictly for your disobedience to my commands, in sanctioning private meetings between your sister and a person I had forbidden you both to hold any intercourse with; and not satisfied with that, you must carry letters between them. You see I am acquainted with your treachery, and no equivocation can screen you from my displeasure. But it may not yet be too late for you to make some atonement. I have reason to believe that at this moment you are conveying a letter from him to your sister—deliver it up to me instantly. I have the power to compel it, and it is useless to attempt any evasion."

The tone in which this was spoken showed Clara clearly that her father was not in a mood to listen to appeals or explanations. Her alarm at finding that he was already acquainted with her secret came too suddenly upon her to be concealed; she was sufficiently self-possessed, however, to feel that upon her conduct at this juncture depended the fate of her sister. There was only one escape—to secrete or destroy the letter.

"I will not deny, sir, that I have seen Henry Winston. I have never told you an untruth."

"He gave you a letter for Margaret?"

She made no reply, but attempted hastily to draw the letter from her dress. Mr. Rawlings observed the action, and, anticipating her purpose, grasped her hand, in which he found the fatal epistle crushed up.

The last struggle was over, and, giving herself up for lost, she sank into a chair.

Mr. Rawlings read the letter deliberately, and, standing opposite to her with a withering fierceness in his look that indicated some terrible resolution, he resumed.

"What punishment do you think you deserve for abetting this atrocious scheme to draw down wretchedness and infamy on your sister? You deserve my eternal malediction! I will spare you on one condition—Swear to me, upon your knees, that you will never divulge the contents of this letter, or the conversation you had this day with the villain who wrote it, and that you will never hold any communication with him henceforth, directly or indirectly. Swear this to me on your knees, if you would not incur my curse."

"Oh! sir," cried Clara, falling on her knees before him, "that is a hard condition. I will try to submit to your will, but do not bind me to shut up my heart from my darling Margaret. If I were not to answer her when she questions me, where could she turn for consolation? Trust to my discretion, sir, and I will not abuse your mercy."

"You refuse to submit to my commands? Then hear my resolution—from this hour you shall never see your sister again. I will separate you for ever."

"Oh! God!" shrieked Clara, "revoke these words."

"I have spoken them," said Mr. Rawlings, "and I will abide by them. Reflect, therefore, upon the consequences of your refusal. You have outraged the duty you owe to me and your mother, and you deserve that I should cast you out from the family you have done your best to disgrace. You now know my determination. Swear to keep the conditions I impose upon you—or you shall never again be permitted to see or speak to your sister."

"Sister!" exclaimed Clara, in a wild agony of terror, "for your sake, I swear! You will understand all, and pity the wretched Clara!"

Mr. Rawlings made her repeat the conditions, word for word, and, having bound her to them by a solemn oath, folded up the letter and putting it into his pocket, opened the door and left the room. In a few minutes Mrs. Rawlings rushed up-stairs in a state of terrible consternation, and when she reached the dressing-room found Clara stretched insensible on the floor.

ADVENTURES OF A FRESHMAN

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY W. H. MAXWELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO," ETC.

Influence of Accident in choice of a Profession.—Pleasant Story of a Pine-apple.—
 I reverse the axiom "*cedant arma toga*."—Plead a *nolo episcopari*, and join the
 — Militia.—Battle of New Ross.

ONE moiety of a century has passed—the dark brown hair of seventeen is represented by a "frosty pow"—and "accidents, by flood and field," have largely marked the interval. The history of a life differs marvellously. From boyhood it is a voyage. One man's skiff glides over the unruffled surface of a mill-pond; another's, sorely tempest-tost, may happily survive the gale, but between squalls flounder in broken water, until he, the preserved one, shall look upon his deliverance as a misery, and not a mercy.

A few passages in my parti-coloured career will point the moral of my conclusions.

For a very different profession than that which I selected, family arrangements had designed me. Three brothers, as they attained an eligible age, had obtained commissions—while I, like another "Young Astyanax, the hope of Troy," was parentally doomed to eschew the "ear-piercing fife," and operate not on simple sheepskin, but "Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic," and while my brothers, in the Low Countries, assailed gentlemen in blue—to wit, the French—safe at home, I was to abuse the lady in scarlet, and that to the very best of my abilities.

Pope says or sings that a poetical apprentice "foredoom'd his father's soul to cross," is a curse frequently inflicted on respectable men of business. And if my worthy mother expected to weep bitterly at my first charity sermon, the poor dear lady might have bottled her tears for ever.

I was a stale gib,* when for a college *escapade*, I was sentenced to six months' rustication. The discipline of Alma Mater was, at that time, national out and out. The *alumni*, for "a consideration," might sleep *extra muros* six nights out of the seven; and whether their dormitory was Saint Andrew's watchhouse, "The Cannister," or "The Hole-in-the-Wall,"† was a matter of perfect indifference to the authorities—or the delinquents—all penal consequences being booked in the quarterly accounts against parents and guardians. How absurdly are men's fortunes decided! I, regularly intended for a Boanerges, and that too by the disposition of a maiden relative, whose piety was decided, and her child's portion—seven thousand—invested in the Five per Cents.—*et nullus error*, as "the

* A senior Freshman.

† These pleasant hostelries are no more, but they will still survive in the recollection of "old Corinthians," who in "lang syne," over black cockles and Costigan's "raal malt," delighted there to hear "the chimes at midnight."

Duke" classically expresses it; I, under whose sweeping eloquence, the lady in red who sitteth on the Seven Hills, should be severely castigated, and if she had it in her, brought to the blush; I, from family interest, putting my virtue and my learning out of the account altogether, with a mitre *in prospectu*—all and every hope to be overthrown in one fell swoop—and all this prostration of lofty expectations, merely for the abstraction of a pine apple!

It was a sweet summer evening—and after Commons, we youths, as Fat Jack says, had a symposium, our "custom i' the afternoon," Costigan's double-distilled being considered a *sine quâ non* to counteract the evil consequences which might otherwise arise from the eternity of boiled legs of mutton which it pleased the board to cause us hebdomadally to swallow. Alma Mater was then a pleasant place enough for young gentlemen who had health and could command means. The weather was warm—the alcohol meritorious—and divers glasses were cunningly fabricated, and faithfully discussed. From the gothic hour we dined at—three P.M.—it was not unusual to meet candidates for the woollack or a mitre, heavily screwed, and that also, before ordinary mortals had stretched a leg beneath mahogany at all. On this unhappy evening, as far as drinking went, the pace was strong. At five, we began to meditate mischief; at six, were well up to the mark—and, bent upon taking pleasure, like the sailor who went to see the man hanged, we sallied on the town to avail ourselves of any agreeable adventures which Dame Fortune might be pleased to favour us with.

A fruiterer, named Anderson, had for some alleged offending, incurred the displeasure of our body politic. As Mrs. Malaprop would term it, he resided in a "contagious" neighbourhood—his domicile being directly opposite the equestrian statue of the Third William of glorious memory. On this—and to me an eventful evening it proved—great were the attractions his windows presented to the passer-by. There were apples which would have seduced Mother Eve—plums originally from Mogul—and pears of undeniable pretension—but there lay a jewel above price before which all else yielded—for, by comparison, a ribston had no chance, nor could a jargonel hold a candle to it; in a word, this exotic beauty was a pine.

"Lord! how tempting!" I muttered. "I'm half inclined to run away with it."

"Bet you cockles and accompaniments for six that you don't," replied one of my valued confederates.

Suadente Diabolo, I exclaimed, "Done!"

Curse upon Costigan! Three tumblers, and stiff ones too! Away went the consequences that were attendant upon felony—away went the pine—away went the abstractor—and away went the astonished shopman after him—strong running succeeded, and a stronger cry of "Stop thief!"

Everybody knows that an alarmed hare never heads to her own form directly—and on the same principle, I doubled again and again—took sundry by-streets—thought to blink the pursuit by heading through a crooked alley; but "louder still the clamour grew," and at last, I turned my flying footsteps towards that seat of virtue and polite learning, from which, in an evil hour, I had unfortunately issued on the town.

From the start I had made strong running, and although the pursuit

was actively maintained, the chances were that I should reach my den in safety—pine-apple and all. Vagabonds, without venturing to stop me, raised a terrific alarm, one scoundrel asserting that I had stolen a watch, while another bellowed "Murder!" Although fellows with fresh wind succeeded the "gorbellied knaves" whom the first burst had left without a puff, still I should have won cleverly, had not a Quaker inserted an umbrella between my legs, and before I could regain my feet—my curse and Cromwell's upon the broad-brimmed scoundrel!—I was regularly run into.

How I was incarcerated in the watchhouse—a thing of no novelty to me—bailed out by my tailor—arraigned before the board, and sentenced to be rusticated for a year, I need not particularly dwell upon. To communicate this pleasant intelligence to head-quarters was unavoidable, but the difficulty lay in determining the most palatable medium that could be chosen for making a disclosure, which would for ever demolish the cherished hopes of my lady mother, and place a pious aunt in sackcloth and ashes as she mourned for my delinquency. Were not the air-built castles founded on law and divinity suddenly overturned—dispelled like a vision of the night? My lady mother had looked confidently forward to the possession of the great seal—while my aunt, good easy woman, would have been modestly contented with a mitre. All hope had ended. Would the honourable portion of a man's person who had committed larceny in open daylight, be allowed to repose upon the woolsack? or would my pine-apple propensities recommend me to a pair of lawn sleeves? No wonder that sorrowful were my secret communings as I strolled listlessly through Grafton Street, when at the door of a saddler's shop, I encountered Lord M——, who represented our county in parliament, and also commanded its militia.

As an electioneering supporter, my father had been always a steady one; and often had his lordship tendered his best services in return. I would have avoided an interview, but his lordship saw me unluckily before I saw him—beckoned me over the street—put his arm through mine, and brought me to a livery stable in the neighbourhood to look at a horse he felt a wish to purchase.

"I saw your people at church on Sunday—all looking well—your father, indicating a placid conscience, by the serenity of his slumbers through a display of pulpit eloquence that extended beyond an hour, and your aunt, as Shakspeare says, 'sighing like a furnace' to think the world was so wicked as the new curate forcibly described it."

I thought to myself how she would groan over the pine-apple affair—that being a matter much nearer home than the transgressions of the world at large.

"You'll dine with me—any time before daylight will do to get into college, by tapping at the wicket 'with half-a-crown.'"

"You may extend it to a twelvemonth, as far as I am personally concerned, my Lord," and I told him the story of my rustication.

"The devil take pine-apples," he said, with a laugh. "But it's lucky that I ran against you; that twenty-stone sinner, Captain Corbet, fancies that strong exercise, in the dog-days, is not adapted for a man 'fat as butter,' and, in consequence, this morning tendered his resignation. The commission is at your service. I will write to your father, and smooth matters as I best can. My tailor will fit you out. Your yeomanry drill was fortunate, as you can take duty

at once; and as I remain in town until the middle of the week, we'll join the regiment together."

Here was a change—a chancellor in expectancy transmuted into a captain of militia, the consideration, a pine-apple. Need I add that I joyfully embraced the offer. My father's wrath might be appeased in time, but would any apology be received by an irritated aunt for pleading a *nolo episcopari*, and clinching the objection by an act of petty larceny? His Lordship wrote an explanatory letter, and I a couple of penitential ones, and having started for New Ross before answers could be returned, the mail was fortunately robbed, the replies never came to hand, and thus the jeremiads of the ladies, and fulminations of the old commander, were mercifully spared me.

The South of Ireland was in one wide blaze—the insurgents up in arms—and the locality where my regiment was quartered, distinguished for greater ferocity, from the first moment of the outbreak, than all the province beside. In cruelty, Wexford achieved an unhappy preeminence. The insurgents were savage, and the royalists, as might be expected, unrelenting in return. Many, whose milder natures could not imagine that civil war will brutalize a man so soon, refused credence to these narratives of blood. But alas! as the Scotch phrase goes, "the tale was ower true."

On the 2nd of June, Lord — and I reached our destination, after a couple of very narrow escapes from strolling bands, who, professedly rebels, but actually banditti, had rendered the roads so insecure, that strong escorts only could protect the traveller. The insurrection was now general; at Newtown Barry and Gorey the rebels had been defeated; but at Tubberneering, a castle dangler, Colonel Walpole, had lost both his division and his life.*

On joining the garrison at Ross, from the dangerous vicinity of the rebel camp at Carrickbyrn, only six miles distant, the town had been reinforced, and we found there about 1500 troops of all arms, chiefly Irish militia and yeomanry, under the command of General Johnson.

The coming storm was speedily evidenced, for on the evening of the 4th the rebels decamped from their former position, and bivouacked on Corbet Hill, within a mile and half's distance of the town.

All night the royalists remained under arms, to guard against surprise, but none was attempted, and soon after daylight Bagenal Harvey, the insurgent commander, sent in a summons by a man called Furlong. The out-lying sentry, a young soldier, disregarding the waving of a white handkerchief, shot the envoy, and infuriated at this breach of military courtesy, his companions in dense masses, and with terrific yells, rushed forward to avenge their leader's death.

The advance of this armed multitude, by some estimated at 25,000, but even by themselves admitted to exceed 15,000 men,

* "It will be only necessary to remark, that Walpole was detached from Dublin to reinforce General Loftus; that on his junction he arrogated for himself a separate command—that it was culpably acceded to—that he was ambitious to fight an action without delay—and that, to oblige a minion of the Lord Lieutenant, an attack on the rebel position, the hill of Ballymore, was planned, it being considered the safest method of gratifying 'a carpet knight,' whose services as yet had been confined to the duties of the drawing-room."—*Maxwell's History*, &c.

exhibited an appearance at once strange but striking to a military eye, while their formation, partly in close column, and partly in extended order, showed their immense numbers to imposing advantage. The enormous disproportion between their strength, and the physical inferiority of that opposed, was further enhanced by the wild fanaticism which a host of priests instilled into their deluded followers. The credulity of the lower Irish in everything is proverbial, but in religious matters it reaches to an extent almost beyond belief. Of all irregular enemies, the bigot to a faith which he fancies that he is upholding with the sword, has ever been regarded as most dangerous; and the houris' beckon to paradise is not more encouraging to the Mussulman, than the priest's assurance to an Irish peasant, that though prayer and penance may possibly succeed in time, still the pike is as certain, and decidedly a much shorter cut to heaven.

New Ross, once a place of strength, had, from improvements in the art of war, and want of military value, been open for a century to aggression. One of the positions taken by the defenders was in front of the Three-bullet-Gate. The skirmishers retired as the rebel masses came on—the supporting troops were driven in—a gun captured—but the troops rallied and advanced again—and while the rebels, in their turn, became unsteady, and gave ground, the 5th Dragoons charged injudiciously. Leaping over the fences, the insurgents easily avoided contact with the broad-sword, while through openings in the hedges—from the superior length of the weapon—the pike commanded the road; and with a heavy loss, the 5th, after a very gallant but ineffectual effort, were of necessity retired. The town was gained—the houses fired by the assailants—a dense mass of drunken fanatics choked the streets—the over-pressed soldiery retired—and New Ross virtually was won.

Virtually it was. But let New Ross point a valuable moral to modern patriots, whether they are in the rifle or soda-water-bottle-line. Even in the imaginary pride of assured victory, in Ireland, the eventual certainty of mob success has always been, and ever will be, more than questionable, and in England—*en passant*—be it observed, that the result, had the Chartist vagabonds “screwed their courage to the sticking-point,” would have been the same. At Ross, to shout, drink, and plunder, the rebels generally abated sharp pursuit—the royalists rallied beyond the bridge—and with his head uncovered, his white hair rolling down his shoulders—old Johnson led them again to a new effort. The sailor and the soldier have heart-pulses which rarely are tried in vain. On this day, and in its gloomiest hour, the appeal was touchingly made, and as nobly was it answered. “Will you desert your general?” exclaimed the veteran to the disheartened militia, but the appeal was coldly heard. “And your countryman, too?” he added. The chord of national honour was touched—a cheer answered it—the old man wheeled his horse round, and, riding in front, brought back his rallied troops to the fight; and boldly announcing that he was followed by large reinforcements from Waterford, he rejoined the brave but wearied few, who still maintained their ground at the Three-bullet-Gate. The fortune of a doubtful day, when in the scale, is often turned by a feather; and this, a military truism, New Ross sufficiently estab-

lished. The troops cheered—plied their musketry with excellent effect—and, turning the rebel rear, put their massive columns into a confusion which proved irretrievable, until at last, and with desperate slaughter, they drove them fairly from the town. The exhausted garrison made but a feeble pursuit, and the rebels were too heavily *derouted* to evince any wish to rally; retiring in mob-like confusion, some heading to Carrickbyrne, and more to a height called Slieve-Keiltor, some four miles distant from New Ross.

The leading events of this important day will best be marked by desultory anecdotes. From this, also, a gone-by crisis in Irish affairs, some useful hints, and tolerably correct deductions, may be given and safely come to. Before we give the one, or draw the other, we shall recur to some passing events which influenced the fortunes of that doubtful day. What we shall state shall not be hearsay, but facts authenticated.

The gross proportion of the assailed to the assailants were, at a moderate average—taking rebel and royalist reports equally as data—fifteen to one, at least. The former were, for irregulars, the best probably the world could produce—possessing, as they did, the two best ingredients, animal pugnacity and unbounded bigotry. With the localities, for miles around, they were intimately acquainted, and that, in military success, is a leading card in hand. In the town itself, their fellow traitors occupied three houses out of four—a very formidable advantage. The royalists were raw troops, a force heterogeneous in composition, and hastily collected. Men who have been regimented and drilled together, acquire a mutual dependency, and consider themselves the portion of a finely-constructed machine, whose regulated movements are perfectionated, we hate the phrase, but it is here expressive. Hence, to operate and not consider, is the feeling produced, and that self-assurance is the first principle that distinguishes the soldier from the mobman. Stop, we are running into a military commentary, but a few anecdotes connected with New Ross will prove that our deductions, at all events, are not erroneous.

To mob-success, two things have generally been essential accessories—fanaticism and drunkenness. “On their march,” says Musgrave, “they stopped at a chapel, where mass was said at the head of each column, and the priests sprinkled an abundance of holy water on them. That they fought sufficiently drunk may be inferred from a fact, and that also authenticated by a dozen witnesses. A wretched man, far advanced in years, rushed on before his companions, and remarking that the execution of a six pounder had grievously alarmed his friends, the wretched fool stuffed an old hat and wig into the gun, and hallooed stoutly for his comrades to come on—all danger from explosion being, as he fancied, effectually obviated. Before the call could be obeyed the port-fire was laid upon the touchhole. We trust that the old gentleman’s account was correctly balanced in Heaven’s chancery. Like John Gilpin’s, away went hat and wig, and the proprietor. John’s was, if we recollect the thing correctly, recovered and brought back, but it would be difficult to restore either the person or effects, belonging to the gentleman at New Ross after being protruded from the muzzle of a six-pounder.

New Ross, commencing at five in the morning, terminated at three

in the afternoon—a longer space of trial than that undergone at Waterloo—and, though the assertion may be held heretical, a much severer, too, considering its varied fortunes: we look upon that of Ross to be the best-fought action of the time. Throughout, the conduct of old Johnson was chivalrous; and while the wretched *employés* of the castle had been tried and found wanting the day before at Jubberneering, the stout old soldier at New Ross retrieved half the offences of “a popinjay.”

In war the picture has lights and shadows which peaceful life cannot be expected to exhibit. In the soldier's character there are two damnatory failings, and it would be difficult to decide whether caution carried to excess, or culpable rashness is the more dangerous. The grand secret in the military art is to learn when to strike, and when to forbear. At New Ross, safety lay in daring, and victory rewarded the stout old soldier. All required the preceding day at Jubberneering was ordinary prudence, and a strict attention to the common rules of war. To both the wretched fool who had been unwisely entrusted with command showed gross indifference. Johnson won, and left a leader's fame behind him; Walpole, a melancholy reputation—one only that serves to point a moral, and, by sad example prove, that as *cucullus non facit monachum*, the *aiguillette* does not constitute the general.

New Ross presents a vivid sketch of what that worst of wars is—a civil contest. It also illustrates a lesson that every demagogue should lay to his heart—the inefficiency of mob-superiority in numbers when it is opposed to disciplined determination. I believe that were the expansive surface of this “fair round globe” searched over, man to man, with “a clear stage and no favour,” as the fancy say, a British battalion would be found unequalled. The island soldier, whether he emblazon in his cap the rose, the thistle, or the shamrock, is unmatched—to coin a word—unmatchable—while the mobman is the most contemptible opponent upon earth. We may be wrong, and undervalue the military properties of modern reformers by drawing conclusions from the past performances in the tented field of unwashed patriots and gentlemen who offer them their countenance and counsel, very properly, for “a consideration;” but if we be in error, the page of British history goes only to confirm it. In the elements of a mob, cowardice and cruelty have ever preponderated, and we look on the man, no matter whether he be lay or clerical, whether he prefix a “Reverend” to his name, or write after it an *armigerus*, to be the gravest offender against a state, who plays upon the passions of the giddy multitude, and evokes a storm that nothing but the rope and deportation can allay.

THE SCIENCE OF GOOD LIVING IN PARIS.

BY A GASTRONOME.

Apropos of turbot.—The following amusing instance of *fin contre fin*, between man and wife, was practised in London about thirty years ago.

An amiable Law-Lord, blessed with a very economical partner, had one morning, on his way to the courts, been tempted by his evil genius to ask two or three brother-lawyers, whom he encountered, to dine with him that day *sans façon*. Having thus adventured, it occurred to him that it would be necessary to apprise his lady of his expected guests—and, in order to ensure to his friends, at least one acceptable dish, the noble lord stopped at a fishmonger's, where he purchased a fine turbot, which he saw promptly dispatched with a note pencilled in the tradesman's parlour, to his lordship's house. In this note he had felt it politic to *finesse* with his thrifty help-mate, by observing that he had purchased the fish a bargain, namely, for six shillings, when, in fact, the turbot and lobster had together cost him fourteen.

At the appointed time the master of the house returned and found his guests already assembled, and his lady chatting with them most good humouredly. So far his mind was relieved from the doubts and fears as to the consequences of his hospitable indiscretion.

Dinner being announced, and the little party seated at table, the host was startled by the intrusion of two dishes of a homely character, and no fish! He was about to express his surprise, when a significant, telegraphic sign from his lady, checked the inquiry that had risen to his lips, touching "the dish that he did love to feed upon," namely, the fine turbot he had sent home. Chagrined beyond measure, the poor gentleman ate his dinner in silence.

When the guests had departed, the disappointed host elicited from his lady the elucidation of the mystery which had deprived him and his friends of the purposed treat, and she gave it in the following terms:—"My dear Lord — the turbot you sent home was indeed a very fine one, doubtless a great bargain—and assuredly would have been dressed for our dinner, but for the fortunate call of our friend Mrs. — who reached the door just as the fish and your note arrived. She remarked the beauty of the turbot, and observed that she also was going to her fishmonger's, where she hoped to find one as good. Well, it occurred to me that, in fact, fish was by no means requisite for the sort of friendly party expected, and I at once offered to let Mrs. — have the one she had just seen, telling her that I did not require it that day: and she gladly agreed to pay me ten shillings, which I asked for it. By which we not only save the original cost of the fish, but actually gain four shillings by the bargain!"

Poor Lord — groaned his approbation, inwardly deploring the good management of his provident lady; but he dared not own to her, that they were not gainers but losers of the sum named, declaring in after times, to a confidential friend to whom he related the occurrence, that he never more attempted to out-wit so skilful a housewife.

Let us return to Paris.

In 1830, they dined the day after the Revolution. During three days Paris had lived in the streets *au bivac à l'aventure*; like the Janissaries in revolt, the Parisians had overturned their *marmite*. The director kept his table upon the Place de la Bourse,—which was the general quarter of the first two days—in the green-room of the Théâtre des Nouveautés (since the Théâtre du Vaudeville). All that the season produced most attractive—fruits, fish, iced wines, &c., was there offered to those who went to “business,” or returned from it. This was one of the most extraordinary scenes of the Parisian Revolution of July. This life, in the midst of such formidable acts, presented a striking contrast.

After the victory all society was dispersed; Paris no longer dined *en ville*.

Order once more established, *les beaux diners* became frequent, and the progress shone with *éclat* peculiar to the present epoch.

Here we may observe that *tourism* has exercised a great influence over the dinner. It has established over all Europe vast *caravansérails*, veritable palaces in towns and cities border the roads and rivers. Steam has moved the whole world, and the longest journeys now give no prospective alarm. Distances have disappeared, and people visit foreign lands as they formerly visited their country neighbours. Manners are fraternized by dint of mixing together. By speaking each other's language we are familiarized with all customs, and every one has carried to his own nation the best of what he has seen elsewhere. Paris herself has not disdained to adopt many hints from other countries, and from England in particular.

Winter, in Paris, is the season of fine dinners. In the last days of January only is society found complete. The hour of dining recedes, and day by day gets later and later. “If this absurd custom of dining late continue to go on,” said a lively lady, “we shall soon not dine till *next day*!”

At the best tables of former years there existed a puerile stiff sort of politeness which happily modern breeding has superseded. Social ease and equality have gained by its present more natural tone.

The size and disposition of the *salle à manger* is a consideration of the first importance to the enjoyment of the dinner.

A model *salle à manger* must be lofty, spacious, well-lighted. The temperature giving an inexpressible sense of well-being, no *poêles des calorifères*, but invisible ventilators; the air of a garden should seem to pervade the room throughout.

While on this subject, we will mention a fact related by a physician, who establishes by proof, that the evil results which in general proceed from a great dinner, are less from the guests taking more food than their constitution requires, than from the vitiated air, which after a time operates in a room where a large dinner has been served. He adds, that, on one occasion when a numerous scientific society met in Edinburgh, the guests consumed, without being conscious of such excess, more than double the provisions and wine than on any former occasion,—without feeling any ill effects from them,—because this banquet took place in a spacious and well-ventilated room.

According to the same authority, it appears that in a certain manufactory where a sufficient ventilation had been established, the workmen demanded an increase of wages proportioned to the augmentation of their appetites!

But to return. One thing must be carefully guarded against, namely, the absence of all hurry and embarrassment.

In calculating the number of guests, we ought also to consider what the table will gracefully hold upon its surface,—the *plateaux*, vases, candelabras, wine-coolers, dishes, side-dishes, and other accessories.

We do not approve the fashion—and, oh! Lord Cardigan, forgive us this wrong!—of serving French wines in decanters, however beautiful such objects may be; they seem to rob the wine of its age. We miss the venerable dust which, *malgré* the protecting napkin, spoke loudly from the black bottle of the time-out-of-mind pride of the cellar, and vouched for the wine's antiquity.

We have already hinted that we are of opinion that the dining-room should not be perfumed. The enjoyment of the repast should not be interfered with by any factitious sensation. Above all things (literally above all) we must be prodigal of light. A lustre pendant from the ceiling must overtop the candelabras shooting forth their light, with branches illuminating and making radiant the service. Wax-candles everywhere! Oil, nowhere! Wax-lights are the sun of the table.

The custom of bringing toothpicks and finger-glasses we are almost disposed to decry, because of the abuse of them by some recipients.

This double toilette of the mouth, so contrary to all the *convenances agréables* and to decency, we turn from with disgust. This final gargling, and general muddling in warm water, is an offensive termination to a meal for which refinement has done its best to render delicate and attractive. A fastidious friend of ours being once (and once only) at a public dinner in England, observed during the dessert a gentleman opposite to him take a silver toothpick from his waistcoat-pocket, which after using he placed at his right-hand side upon the table. Some minutes after this, our friend perceived the gentleman's neighbour take it up and begin to use it! Believing this to be an act proceeding from mere inadvertence, he bent over the table and with great delicacy whispered the information, that he was using his neighbour's toothpick. Upon this, the obtuse *bête*, bridling himself up with much disdain while he continued the use of the toothpick, coolly answered, "Well, sir, and what of that? I suppose I mean to *return* it!"

In France the ladies sometimes convert their *boule* into a *coquette*, and wash their faces entirely in it. There is much coquetry in this, and reminds us of an innocent bit of *malice prepense* related of the once celebrated actress, Miss Catley, who, at a bachelor's table one day, found herself treated by the females of the party with somewhat of neglect and disdain. These ladies were of the number of those spoken of by Hamlet, who when heaven had given them one face, make themselves another: in other words, they culled their lilies and roses fresh every morning from the parterre of the Gattio and Pierce of the day. Miss Catley, on the contrary, was favoured by nature with a clear complexion of genuine red and white, which required no auxiliary of art to render attractive.

In the evening of the day mentioned, the party fell into a series of childish pastimes, amongst others a game called "follow my leader" was proposed, and for some time carried on to general satisfaction. Every one in turn gave example of some eccentric action, which it became the bounden duty of all present to imitate to the very letter. Miss Catley, notwithstanding her painful position, was meritoriously exact in the performance of even the most unwelcome tasks imposed by

the rest of the ladies, some, she believed, invented purposely for her peculiar mortification.

At length it became her turn to be "leader;" when, with great presence of mind, she called for soap, water, and a towel, with which she washed her face and neck completely, to the manifest horror of her tormentors, who positively refused—some with tears of rage—to comply with Miss Catley's example, and calling for their cloaks and servants, left the house in high dudgeon!

But to return to our theme. The dessert crowns the feast. At every table it is the most brilliant part of the dinner. In Paris we have heard of desserts that have cost more than three thousand francs; and upon Muscovite tables the early fruits are *très recherchés*, and sometimes whole trees are seen at the dessert. We have heard of a cherry-tree in full bearing served in winter, from which the guests plucked the fruit at pleasure.

Almost all such phenomena are without much flavour. An ambassador to whom some asparagus had been served in the month of December, said, "My eyes tell me that I am eating asparagus, but my palate is incredulous of the fact."

The splendours of the dessert are addressed to every eye; but the true *gourmand* admires without tenching them.

The *éclat* of the dessert ought not to make us forget the cheese, whose claim to consideration is comprised in the following old French aphorism:—

"Le fromage est le complément d'un bon dîner, et le supplément d'un mauvais."

The good choice and harmony of the united guests are among the most important conditions of a good dinner. A man who knows how to live, eats little and drinks less at his own table, where true refinement shows itself in a continued novelty—a well-managed transition—his secret of pleasing is comprised in these words:—

"Enough!—never too much!"

Certain dinner-giving persons in Paris, as in London, are guilty of an expedient to render their tables a trap for guests who would otherwise disdain to walk into their houses, by inviting men of talent and wit to divert the company. These guests make part of the bill-of-fare. "What a delightful day,"—said an opposite neighbour to one of these contrivers to attract distinguished visitors, one morning, after one of his great dinners in Portland Place,—“What a delightful day you must have had yesterday! I saw so many hackney-coaches!” She was right. Sometimes, however, these *hommes d'esprit* are very malicious, and spoil the pleasure of the time by perfect silence. Some men of talent thus treated are very indignant, and, at best, receive such invitations with an insolent *bienveillance*. Coupigny, whom his romances and *la pêche à la ligne* had drawn from the crowd, was heard one day to say, "Mademoiselle Mars est un ingrate. Je dîne chez-elle tous les Mercredis. Je n'en ai pas manqué un seul cette année, et au jour de l'an elle ne m'a rien donné."

Time was when they "did those things better in France." Critics of weight, and other distinguished men of letters, had their *couverts* placed in all distinguished houses, as well as at the tables of the first-rate actors. Men were then sought after by their inviters solely for the pleasure of enjoying their superior conversation, and not to convert them into puppets for the amusement of their more vacant

guests. Men of genius and wit were invited for their own sakes, like Fontenelle, who never dined at home.

The *tables d'hôte*, those even that merit distinction, are revolting to those curious in good living. They dine in too much haste for our digestion. These places are never visited by persons of taste, unless *en passant*, and are the last where any one ought to contract habits. The rigour and discipline of their tables are inflexible, and ill accord with anything like independence. There is no conversation possible at the *table d'hôte*, where every man talks in a low voice to his friend. We once entered a place of the kind merely as an experiment.

We were placed at the side of two men, one evidently without any great appetite, giving a tedious, slow account of the sad and protracted death of his father, to which his hearer listened with perfect indifference, without lifting his eyes from his plate and eating with the most furious rapidity. At length the slow man, with great interest in his tone and manner, asked the fast man, How *his* father died? At this direct necessity for reply, the man of appetite, without raising his head from its position, exclaimed, with the greatest volubility, not ceasing his eager *gourmanderie* and jerking out his words with impatience, "*My father?—Oh!—My father died suddenly!*"

The establishment of *restaurants* was a social benefit.

"Our grandfathers," said a Parisian to us, "ate at the *cabaret*; our fathers at the *traiteur's*; we dine at the *restaurant's*."

Under the *régime* which succeeded, good cheer was the privilege only of opulence. The *restaurants* placed it within reach of everybody. The man who can once in his life expend twenty or twenty-six francs for his dinner,—if he know how to choose his dishes,—and seats himself at the table of a *restaurant* of the first order, is better treated than if he dined at the table of a prince. *Restaurants* have made a vast step towards social equality. The *gastronome* does not disdain the first-rate *restaurant*.

To be quite at ease at the *restaurants* of Paris, it is necessary, however, to understand the language of the *garçons*; their *Français de cuisine* will otherwise be mistaken for impertinent sarcasm when they reply to your expressed impatience that *vous êtes sur le gril, à la broche*, or *dans la poêle*. They will announce to you in a loud voice *votre tête de veau* and *vos pieds de cochon*. They will propose to you for your dinner an ox, a calf, or a sheep, with a pea or an asparagus! The *garçon* has two answers always ready: for those whose requisitions embarrass him, "*Monsieur, il n'y a pas encore!*" and the ever ready "*Voilà!*" which answers everything.

The *garçon de restaurant* is quick, active, clean, and prompt at reply, with something distinguishable from the rest of the world in language and manner. He is young; formerly *poudré*, but now curled naturally with a hot iron. Should the white cravat be lost elsewhere, it will be found round the neck of the *garçon de restaurant*.

He is ubiquitous: he is everywhere at once; he serves twenty tables at the same time; above all, on Sundays, when he is bent under the invasion of the *bourgeois*. It is then that the *garçon* is in all his glory. He is all things to all men: he belongs to all at one and the same time. He carries piles of plates with the art of the most skilful *équilibre*, without breaking one. In these solemn moments, when the *garçon* cries "*De suite, monsieur!*" you may make up your mind that you have a *long while to wait*.

In conclusion, let us amuse our readers with a little *drame* which took place in Paris.

After the year 1830, the Théâtre l'Odéon took a new flight under the active direction of M. Harel, assisted by the talents of that great tragic actress, Mademoiselle Georges.

At that time *la grande actrice*, the *directeur*, Jules Janin, and J. de la Salle, *directeur de la scène*, agreed to inhabit a house situated in Rue Madame, and there to live together like one family. Amongst other rules and regulations, each of the inmates was allowed the privilege of keeping a pet animal. Janin had a goat, and Harel was strongly attached, strange to say, to a young pig!—but let us add that, though a pig, he was the most endearing, and, at the same time, intelligent pig that one could meet with on a summer's day—*si naïf! si spirituelle!* Indeed, so extraordinary were his intellectual powers, that M. Harel pronounced him “the Voltaire of pigs!” (In England he would have been thought more like *Bacon*.) In more playful moods, his fond master would say that Télémaque (for that was the name which distinguished this pet) was *un cochon à porter des manchettes!* In short, there never was a pig so adored; and, in addition, Télémaque was enriched with a silver ring, delicately inserted through his nostril—first to adorn, and next to inform strangers of the name and residence of the master of this valuable animal; for, reader, Télémaque had *one* fault; whenever his master went to the theatre, his favourite whiled away his time in some erratic pursuit in the open air, which sent him home not in respect to personal cleanliness in as good order as when he went out, placing him in *mauvaise odeur* with all the *dispassionate* part of the family. Save and except this infirmity, he was discreet as pig could be; and, indeed, Télémaque idolized M. Harel, with whom he lived *pair à companion*, and seemed to regard as another St. Anthony; he followed him about the house, and slept in the same chamber with him upon a *superbe paliasse*, constructed purposely for his repose. In every respect Télémaque was what ladies might have called a perfect love of a pig! His gambols were so infantine! his *grognements* so melodious! and yet, it must be told, there existed miscreants whose sinister eyes and brows scowled secretly upon the little darling (“a favourite has no friend”), nay—’tis vain to disguise the fact, however incredulous the reader may be, Télémaque was absolutely detested! and by whom? it may be asked. Alas! by the very members of his own family! namely, Mademoiselle Georges and M. Janin, both of whom cherished peculiar opinions touching live pigs in general, and very illiberal prejudices against pigs that were permitted to run about the house, like the famed “goosey gander” of our childhood, who wandered “up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady’s chamber,” as in fact did Télémaque, to the great dissatisfaction of all save M. Harel, whose “little pig” was by every other inmate thought no less than a *great bore!*

One morning, in the absence of his master, Télémaque, having fatigued himself in a promenade *dans le rue Madame*, sought on his return home the dressing-room of Mademoiselle Georges, wherein were sundry cushions, for which he had often evinced a particular *penchant*, and for his present personal repose had jumped upon a sofa whereon the *femme de chambre* of Mademoiselle Georges had recently laid a new white robe just brought home by the *modiste*. Long before this malappropriation was discovered, the trotters of Télémaque

had indelibly marked it for his own, and consequently rendered it unfit for the wear of its lawful owner. Here then was provocation to the malice of enemies prone to cavil at even the offender's most harmless actions. Mademoiselle Georges, in a transport of tragic rage, summoned her friend Janin, and they together held council in what manner best to punish this crowning act of Télémaque's enormities. The great actress, with bowl and dagger upreared, demanded revenge; and Janin, nothing loth, admitted the immediate necessity of ridding the house of the objectionable animal. He must be "disposed of," but how? At length it was agreed that the only way to render the pig less distasteful to them was to stuff him *à l'Anglaise* with sage and onion—in effect jointly to cut him into pork, and convert his shining white satin coat, with rose-coloured lining, into brown crackling, and turn his little trotters into petty toes. But—then came certain doubts and fears as to the manner in which they should reconcile M. Harel to the loss of his favourite. Now be it known that M. Harel had another weakness independent of his fondness for live pig; of this his friends were fully aware. Reader, M. Harel loved eating! He was at once *gastronome* and *gourmand*, and, reasoned the conspirators, may not the act meditated be made palatable to him if skilfully managed? It should be so.

While these deadly points were being discussed, the unconscious object of the fell treason lay dosing softly before the fire on the very tiger of the rug, without dreaming of his perilous position. The incipient murderers viewed his rounded form and graceful attitude, and could not deny that M. Télémaque was in many respects a remarkable character. But urged Janin—his very charms are but arguments in favour of his speedy removal from the fondness of a master who denies him no indulgence—however contrary to reason—and making an apt quotation from the "*Odyssée*" at once proved that pig had in heroic times been a dish for the demi-gods; and why not for M. Harel? The great *artiste* was pleased with this classical authority, and admitted that to immolate such an animal was a meritorious act—from that moment classic enthusiasm usurped the place of friendship—M. Harel was forgotten—the sacrifice was resolved upon—they killed the victim!

Later than his usual time the *directeur* returned. The protracted rehearsal (*le répétition*) had almost famished him. He was "hungry as the sea, and could devour as much."

On entering their common abode, M. Harel was gratefully saluted by the *air de fête* which pervaded the house. The culprits affected a light-heartedness they did not feel; but the dinner was served in haste, and all were promptly seated at table. *Des boudins bouillants et des saucisses, dorées sur le gril* accompanied *le bœuf*—to all of which the hungry man did ample justice. These dishes were succeeded by an *entrée de ragoût*, of which he also vigorously partook, *une langue à la sauce piquante* came very seasonably to give his appetite new energy. Finally—*un rôti de porc frais*, marvellously browned by the fire, brought the climax to his felicity,—it was, he declared, perfectly delicious! Finally M. Harel spoke with enthusiasm of the dinner he had ate, and dwelt especially upon the extraordinary flavour and delicacy of the pork. The assassins, who had previously suffered remorse (or perhaps fear) for the deadly deed of the day, now gained courage, which was as immediately dispelled by the sudden recollection of M. Harel, who

apropos de porc, was reminded that his darling Télémaque had not appeared to greet him as was customary,—and he no longer delayed to ask for the pet, whom in his hunger and haste for dinner he had forgotten. The guilty pair looked their dismay, and M. Harel gazed in the conscious face of Mademoiselle Georges, which was the index to a tragic volume. She spoke not one word. Again the now somewhat alarmed master demanded his favourite—they hesitated! A dreadful suspicion crossed the mind of M. Harel as he turned to the remnant of the dish he loved which was still upon the table. Again he looked at his friends—conviction seized him—and uttering a cry of horror, the bereaved man fell back in his chair, covering his face with his hands, with the greatest emotion. The truth needed no words, he had just devoured his darling, his intelligent Télémaque! For a time M. Harel remained silent—his face buried in his hands—the authors of his misery actually trembled as they viewed the evident suffering of their poor friend. But all at once he seemed to have made a successful effort to be calm—he stood up, and, tottering towards the door, thus addressed the party, who, in breathless expectation, awaited the result:—

“My friends,” said the heroic man, “you have taken from me the solace of my leisure hours, my friend and companion, my Télémaque! need I tell you how I loved him? But I forgive you—and also confess, that although I always prized him tenderly, I never was fonder of him than on this day—I repeat it—you have my forgiveness, and in return promise to remember these my last words upon the subject. What I now require of you is,” and here the affected man cast an affectionate glance at *les débris* of his late favourite, “that you will preserve the remains of my beloved friend for my to-morrow’s dinner!”

Here, reader, you have the end of our pig’s tale, and, by way of “moral,” we cannot help thinking that Mademoiselle Georges and M. Janin owed their pardon less to the philosophy of M. Harel than to the philanthropy of *a good dinner*.

THE CUP OF LIFE.

YOUTH, unwarned, in sweets delighting,
Quaffs the cup of life with glee;
Finds the nectar still inviting,
Nor the change to come can see!

Age, all wearily,
Age, uncheerily,
Holds that cup when its charms are past;—
Dreads to think of it—
Loathes to drink of it—
Yet must drain it to the last!

Youth, take heed! nor drink so madly!
Lest for age no sweets remain!
Age, take heart! nor sip so sadly!
Bitters may be turned to gain.

G. D.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME CATALANI.

BY MRS. WEST.

I PASSED the 27th, 28th, and 29th of December 18—, at R— H—, the seat of the Earl of N—, in company with Madame Catalani, her daughter Angélique Vallabrègue, and Mademoiselle Cianchettini, her governess, niece to the famous Dussek, and sister to Pio Cianchettini, a musical composer and performer. The society of persons celebrated either for talents or great deeds is always productive of infinite pleasure to me, and that of the first-named lady afforded me double gratification from the union of so many amiable and ennobling qualities, with so rare a talent. The various anecdotes she related to me, will, I think, form an interesting epitome of her life, which if it be never perused by another, will at any rate be an agreeable means of securing to myself the remembrance of the admiration she excited in me, and as our conversation was in French, with now and then Italian, I shall write my souvenirs of her in the first language.

Madame Catalani possesses the highest religious principles, the greatest generosity. She would pull the clothes off her back to give a poor person; a tale of distress will always draw tears from her eyes, and the chief of what she gains at concerts, &c., is bestowed on charities. She is very animated and *naïve*, perfectly free from affectation, all her sentiments are full of dignity and propriety. Her study is to make those around her happy, husband, children, friends, servants, all feel the influence of this star of beneficence, down to the four-footed favourite, which for his mistress's sake was in every sense of the word *Chéri* by us all, and who was allowed to sit on the table at dessert, and stuffed with nuts and biscuits by the good-natured Peer, because he was Madame Catalani's dog. In fact, I do not go too far in saying her mind is as dignified as her person, which has always been unrivalled. Her stature is peculiarly fine and stately, her countenance the picture of her mind; her fine hazle eyes sparkle with good humour; the sweet smile which plays on her beautiful mouth whilst it displays a row of regular, small teeth, is expressive of every delightful feeling. Her brow and forehead are majestic, her hair raven black, her hand perfect. Well is she named Angelica! She was born at Florence, and is, according to her maid's account, one and forty.*

I proceed to write as nearly as possible from Madame Catalani's own lips:—

"I was but fourteen when I first went on the stage. They took me from the convent to make me perform. My family is a good one, but ruined by the Revolution. I had received the best education at the convent; they told me it was necessary I should employ my talents in the service of my parents. I was then made to study for the Opera. What horror! Never shall I forget the martyrdom I underwent at the commencement of my public life. I wept—my God! how I wept! Dragged from the convent where I had passed my life tranquilly without seeing anybody, figure to yourself the horror of being exposed to

* Madame Catalani must have been ten years older at the time I wrote.

the gaze of a thousand persons! And then I was so awkward, I did not know where to put my arms!

"I sang the first song in the wing of the theatre, and when they came to tell me it was not there where I ought to sing, I replied, 'Oh! never mind, it will do very well!' I would willingly have entered into any service rather than have been an actress. In short, I nearly sunk with terror, and several of the first gentlemen came to re-animate and console me, which was not usual, and, therefore, a very great compliment to me. I took a dancing-master, who taught me to walk and gesticulate, so that I became less awkward, and at *fourteen years of age* I was Prima Donna at Venice!

"I sang afterwards at Lisbon, where I had introductions to the first families. There they applauded me very much, and I gained a coffer full of gold, of which my father kept the key. But, unfortunately, he had the mania for cameos, of which he had brought a quantity from Rome, and it was his folly to have all this rubbish set in diamonds. 'Well, *madame*,' my particular friend, a lady who loved me very much, said one day, 'My dear Angélique, you must really recover the key from your father, you will soon be one and twenty, and then you can ask him for it.' 'Well I will try, provided I do not offend my father.'

"My birthday arrived, and after dinner we coaxed my father a good deal, and at last I said with great humility, 'My father, you know, I am now one and twenty, and I beg of you to grant me the key of my chest that I may see how much money I possess.' 'But you do not doubt me, my daughter?' 'Surely not, but only to see.' Well, he gave me the key, and upon looking in, there was scarcely anything left. He had squandered all my earnings on this hobby. Then I said, 'My father, you shall not have the key any more,' and ever after that I kept it myself.

"When I first entered the theatre I was obliged to cut off all my hair; I had very fine tresses down to my waist; they nearly descended to my feet, but they were all shorn off. Oh! my beautiful hair! how I cried over it! It was in the time of the Revolution when everybody wore their heads cropped; if not, the *canaille* pursued you in the streets, tore off your hats, and tore out your hair, and daubed you all over with filth and mud. What frightful times were those!

"I returned from Vienna to Paris, and I wanted to buy myself a bonnet, I begged my sister-in-law to accompany me to a milliner's because I did not speak French very well. I asked for a bonnet *à la Marie Louise*, which was then the fashion at Vienna. The *modiste* replied, 'Madame, we do not know *that woman*.' Goodness! I ask for a bonnet *à la Marie Louise*, and they answer me, 'We do not know *that woman*.' They showed me one *à la Duchesse de Berri*. It was too hideous. At last I bought one *à la Marie Stuart*; and I chose a bouquet of roses, violets, and heliotropes. One of the apprentices approached me, and squeezing my hand violently, said, 'Madame, I understand you.' I who understood nothing, exclaimed, 'Madame, I do not understand *you*, and if *you* are bewitched, I am not.' They talk politics even in the shops of the *Marchandes des Modes* at Paris. As for me, I was quite alarmed. I came from Vienna ignorant of all these changes; they thought me revolutionary, I only sought a becoming bonnet. I apprehended the police, and gave my name. When they found it was Madame Catalani it was quite

another thing. I told this story to M. le Duc de Châteaubriand, 'Oh! don't be afraid,' said he, 'that is what happens every day at Paris.'

"The Duc de Cazes was very much my friend. When I arrived in Paris from England, where I had been very well received, nay, in a very distinguished manner, I went one evening to a *soirée* given by a lady, who was his cousin. By my side sat a little blonde, who asked me how I liked Paris. I replied, 'Madame, I only arrived this evening, therefore, I can as yet form no opinion.' 'Which do you like the best, the French or the English?' 'How can I tell you? I knew absolutely nothing of Paris, and the English I like exceedingly, they have been so very kind to me.' 'Ah! good God! Madam, I see, you are English.' And this malicious blonde spread about everywhere that I loved the English passionately, and hated the French. I do love the English, every body knows I love them, but this little spiteful creature wished to drive me out of French society, and she misrepresented my words in such a manner, that I never again beheld the Duc de Cazes!

"The Parisians at that time entertained a horror of the English, and of everything that came from England; and when they saw me in my little English hat by the side of their monstrous bonnets, of which I knew nothing, they used to run after me in crowds, crying out '*Madame l'Anglaise! Madame au chapeau rond!*'

"I am not at all a bigot, I cannot endure bigotry, what folly not to permit the Bible in the vulgar tongue! As for me I keep the Holy Scriptures in all parts of my habitation, and in all languages, and when I read the life of our Saviour, I try to follow his example of patience, humility, and charity. Poor miserable creature that I am! I think there is nothing so beautiful as the Life of Jesus Christ!"

Madame Catalani was much pleased with a large air-screen at R——, but spoke of the magnificence exhibited even in this article of luxury at Prince Potowski's. The lower portion is of polished mahogany, the upper part of plates of rock crystal, so transparent that those who enter can see the party assembled round the fire, and, of course, are themselves seen.

Monsieur Vallabrègue's sister married a Polish prince; he is himself of good family, and was in the army. Madame Catalani refused to marry him unless he quitted it, upon which he told her that if she did not sing, he could not maintain her. She supports by her talents her husband, father, brother, sister, and two nephews. They have three children, Angélique, Auguste, and Paul. Madame Catalani said she never could bear to nurse her own children for fear of hurting them, as a terrible accident happened to herself and one of her brothers whom she was nursing when a child. He was five years younger than her, and she pulled him by the leg most unconsciously, till it was dislocated! So that her poor brother always remained lame. One of her children, too, nearly fell out of her arms, and out of window, but she saved him by clutching at his long clothes.

She told a comical story of her first landing in Devonshire. After dinner, with the wine, little checked doyleys were set down, without fringes, and hemmed all round. These she and her associates mistook for pocket-handkerchiefs, and thought it odd such dirty things should be put on the dinner table. When the waiter returned, all displayed their pocket-handkerchiefs, as they could not speak English, wiping their noses, and making signs for the offensive articles to be removed.

When a friend came in who spoke English, and explained the mistake, to the mutual diversion of the party, and the waiter, who ran out of the room convulsed with laughter.

Although an Italian, Madame Catalani has a peculiar and well-founded aversion to some usages and customs in the manners and morals of her country people, and rather accuses them of insincerity; says they are given to criticism without possessing any *esprit* or piquant quality to render it palatable. The French she much prefers, but seems to like the English best of all, save in *les modes*.

She gave a deplorable account of the immorality which prevails at the Italian Opera in London since the introduction of French dancers, says it is quite altered to what it formerly was; the envyings and jealousies which prevail are perfectly terrible. She was dragged out of her bed at the Oratorio, not by the British public, but by her enemies among the Italian *canaille*, who do all in their power to annoy her, and any other great singer, after putting their names at the head of the bills in order to draw the people and to injure their rivals.

She spoke very highly of the English stage, and after saying she would almost rather starve than act again at the Italian Opera, declared she would perform on the former for the future could she speak English well enough.

Madame Catalani esteems Madame Pasta the first singer *extant*, and greatly admires her private qualities. One day they were conversing together, and Mad. Pasta said to the other, "Madame, you have a voice to praise God for." "That quite affected me," added Madame Catalani, "because it showed a noble and pious soul."

She gave us a very touching account of the ex-Empress of Hayti; said these unfortunate people were highly interesting, possessing good manners, noble minds, and much sweetness of disposition. Their resignation under misfortune was something sublime. The poor queen saw her two little boys butchered before her face while trying to save them. When Madame Catalani left the house she would close the door after her; Madame Catalani entreated in vain; the poor queen replied with sweet humility, "Ah! Madame, you see my condition, what am I? I must learn to accustom myself to everything."

When these notes were penned, the writer was a very young girl, and entertained no thought of publishing any of the contents of a voluminous diary; but in the absence of all notice of the celebrated lady who is the subject of the present memoir, she thought it might not be unacceptable to the general reader, and only regrets its brevity. There was much in the musical way during Madame Catalani's long and glorious career I longed to question her upon, and I feel doubly sorry I can throw no light on the succession of her operatic triumphs. But my extreme youth made me so diffident of interrogating a person so gifted in every way, that I contented myself with listening to the revelations with which, unsolicited, she favoured my delighted ears, and writing them down immediately and faithfully as they fell from her lips.

I have since seen Madame Catalani at Florence, where she rested upon her laurels, surrounded by all that could make life desirable, enjoying her well-deserved health and popularity, the favourite of all, the esteemed friend of many, the object of especial notice to the amiable sovereigns of Tuscany, the Grand Duke Leopold and his Duchess, admitted to their private audience, and adorning their court.

SOUVENIRS OF VERSAILLES, ST. CLOUD, NEUILLY, AND THE TUILERIES.

BY AN EX-HANGER ON OF ROYALTY.

THE GALERIE DU BOURREAU.

At the end of our corridor, forming the very angle by which it joined the Galerie du Bourreau (one running parallel with the river) stood a door which often formed the object of my waking speculations and of my unconscious dreams. It stood in a slight recess, and was attained by a flight of wooden steps, all painted of a deep red. Thus much was familiar to me from my unceasing watching at the corner of our gallery when sent out of our apartment to breathe the fresh air (oh, Heavens!) in the Galerie de Bourbon. Whatever may have been the closeness and confinement of this passage, it was gay and airy compared with the dismal Galerie de Bourreau, and tired as I was of the eternal length and sameness of the one where we resided, yet I but seldom ventured into the other. The darkness here was impenetrable, and the one single lantern, swung by a cord across the passage, but ill served to light its dim and solitary length. At the extremity stood an old stone fountain, hollowed from a single block of granite, such as are now to be seen nowhere save in stable yards. Against the wall was carved a rude head of Medusa, from the mouth of which the drops fell night and day, with unceasing plash—drip—drip, causing the water in the basin to break into shivering rings, and the long hairy plants which lolled upon its surface, to wave to and fro. This fountain and its sarcophagus-looking stone was always associated in my mind with images of mystery and terror, and as I have already said, I but seldom ventured so far as the place where it stood; for the whole length of the dark passage was full of mystery to me, and even to pass the outer door was a work demanding a courage and strength of nerve which I did not always possess.

The apartment into which it opened was inhabited by persons of dark renown; people who mixed not with the more peaceful denizens of the gallery. That dark red door was opened stealthily, and closed with care; no creaking hinge or rebellious lock gave token of the arrival or departure of any guest who might chance to visit the occupants of the chamber. Now and then a veiled figure might be seen hurrying down the corridor concealed beneath hood and mantle, or holding the silken robe with dainty fingers, lest it should come in contact with the damp and slimy wall, and after knocking at the dark red door, and whispering a word in a low tone to the person who appeared at the summons, glide mysteriously through the narrow opening left by the cautious hand within. I have often watched the approach of these disguised and furtive visitors, and could always tell by the rustling sound of a silken dress, and the light mysterious tread of the approaching stranger, that the visit was destined for the red door painted No. 1 of the Galerie du Bourreau.

At certain times when the Court remained at the palace, these

visits would be frequent enough to serve as a theme for my amusement and speculation during the long hours which I spent in solitude during the absence of my father with his patron; and I would steal cautiously into the gallery and watch with avidity the approach of those dark shadows seeking to discover by the pace at which they advanced whether their errand was one of hope or of despair. What added to the mystery of this unknown and forbidden chamber was the manner in which its inmates kept themselves entirely aloof from us and all the neighbours who surrounded them in the divers long galleries. Indeed, it was only from old Nanon, the drudge and slave of our corridor, that I knew aught concerning their existence. She, good honest soul, lost no opportunity of informing me of all the deeds and doings of the individuals in No. 1, who, from being of silent and secret habits, were peculiarly obnoxious to old Nanon. She would love to descant upon the faults and follies of all mankind, but most particularly upon those of the unhappy No. 1. From her I learned the history of the chief tenant of that chamber, and her tales would fill my soul with such terror and dismay, that I had grown to view the red door, and the dark recess, and the wooden steps, and all which appertained to No. 1 with a superstitious awe. The apartment was occupied by a decayed member of the old court, a female, who had waited on the wants and whims of Madame du Barry. She must have evidently had some claim upon the gratitude and consideration of the powers that then existed, or she would have been turned out without mercy at the great unburrowing which took place at the death of Louis Quinze, when all who had been suspected of attachment to the favourite were routed from the palaces, and sent adrift upon the world.

The name by which this lady was known was the Countess de Fellama, although Nanon would never believe that she had a right to any title but that of "Queen of H——," which she bestowed upon her most freely every time that in hobbling backwards and forwards to the fountain, she encountered any of the numerous visitors of whom I have spoken. According to Nanon, the Countess de Fallama was no other than a witch of the blackest and most loathsome kind, for she had beheld (she never could tell when) the inside of her palate, and declared that it was black as any coal, which everybody knew to be the infallible proof of witchcraft. The girl who lived with her, and whose strange appearance certainly justified, in some degree, poor Nanon's prejudice, was pronounced to be an imp of the devil—a will-o'-the-wisp—an emanation of the arch fiend himself. She had twice caused her to stumble, as she was returning through the passage, and each time had laughed and crowed more like a merry demon than an innocent Christian child when the pitcher which Nanon had been conveying with much toil and difficulty was broken into a thousand pieces, and the contents all scattered abroad. To me this imp was an object of far greater terror than the Countess, for I had often caught a glimpse of her as she hied down the gallery, leaping from side to side, to catch at her own fantastic shadow, as it danced on the wall in the flickering light of the suspended lamp, singing a strange ditty, and making the long gallery resound with the sharp echoes of her voice.

Everything about the girl was startling and mysterious—she seemed the very embodiment of mischief and misfortune—she would

glide noiselessly along, and then suddenly dart from the shadow of the wall into the light and frighten the old women who resorted to the fountain almost into convulsions by appearing abruptly before them with her hair flying about her face, and her rags fluttering in the wind, like some prophetic spirit of ill. Save upon the sole errand of drawing water, she never left the chamber occupied by Madame de Fellama; none knew whether she were the drudge, domestic, or relative of that lady; by most people, indeed, she was thought to be nothing less than her familiar spirit, and to be the chief agent in the incantations which were proceeding night and day at No. 1, in the Galerie du Bourreau. Once or twice I had watched the sprite from behind the angle of the projecting wall, and from my place of safety, loved to examine every movement of her form, and listen to every sound she uttered, as thinking herself alone and unobserved she would *loup* from side to side and awaken with shrill accents the echoes of the corridor in her attempts to sing some popular air of the day. But her voice was harsh and discordant, and every motion so hard and void of grace, that it was scarcely to be believed that they belonged to a little child scarcely older than myself. There was a kind of fascinating terror in the eagerness with which I would stretch forward to behold her gradually emerge from the darkness and stand for a moment in the full light of the lantern, as though she were conscious of being the object of attention. She would even sometimes deposit her pitcher for an instant on the stone ledge which ran along the wall, and beneath the dim light begin to adjust her hair, and arrange her rags with some show of care. Once, while thus engaged, I had heard the red door open slowly, and a sharp female voice from No. 1, call out the name of "Belette!" in an angry tone, which promised nothing good, and I had beheld the child suddenly cease from plaiting the lank locks of her hair and listen, while a smile of contempt passed across her features, and she would resume her occupation, nodding her head, and putting out her tongue, as she looked towards the door with an expression of mingled hate and mischief I have never seen equalled. Sometimes, indeed, she would even recommence her song in yet louder accents, until another shrill cry, accompanied perhaps with a threat, would cause the amiable Belette to snatch up her pitcher and scuffle towards the red door with more haste than she had evidently intended. I had, upon one occasion, heard loud altercation, followed by a dull heavy sound, as of blows, and a short, bitter scream after Belette had passed through the red door; and then I could not help feeling a kind of pity for the child, although so uncouth and ugly.

The name of Belette (the weasel) had been bestowed upon her by the population of the palace in derision of her appearance, which certainly bore some affinity to that animal. She was long, thin, and pale, with peaked nose and chin, both tipped with a dull red, which contrasting with the dingy pallor of her cheeks, her small lead eyes, no one could tell of what colour, surrounded by a ring of pale eyelashes, made her countenance perfectly resemble that of a "weasel" in quest of prey. Her sandy hair combed back from her forehead, and gathered behind her ears, where it hung in loose thin masses down her neck, seemed to move with each breath of wind, as if endowed with separate and independent life, and added to the indescribable terror with which

her whole appearance inspired me. She was generally attired in a grotesque fashion, evidently from the old unaltered dresses of the countess—materials of great price, thick silks and rich brocades, all faded, torn, and ragged, and gathered up around, without the slightest art or symmetry, or even that attention to appearance which would almost seem to be inherent to the sex, and to be born without tuition. Her legs were generally bare, and her feet trailed rich embroidered *mules*, with high red heels, and large *bouffettes* on the insteps, giving her altogether the appearance of a wicked fairy, making me, whose mind was at that time filled with tales of the fairies Carabotte and Dentue, view her approach with something like veneration, notwithstanding all my terror.

I often made a vow to avoid and fly from her presence as though she were in the last stage of pestilence, little dreaming how large a share she was fated to bear in my existence, and how closely her destiny was interwoven with mine.

One afternoon (almost the most memorable in my whole life) I was as usual left entirely alone. The day had been dark and gloomy, and the light from the *lucarne*, which alone admitted air and daylight to our chamber, no longer sufficed for me to follow the text of the translation I had been tasked to do, and wearied with watching the disappearance, one by one of the sparks from the log upon the hearth, I sauntered forth in search of amusement in the Galerie de Bourbon. Disheartened and disconsolate I returned up the gallery, and re-entered our own apartment; but the gloom and *ennui* seemed even to have increased; the clock was ticking on with dull monotonous sound, and the hissing of the little earthen pot, where simmered my mother's *tisane* upon the hearth, appeared yet more drowsy than before. I once more left the room, this time in a transport of *ennui*, and, under its influence, I wandered forth in quest of novelty at least, down the Galerie de Bourreau. All was silent as I advanced; not a sound broke the stillness, I felt emboldened by the solitude, and passed the fatal door of No. 1 with more confidence than I had hoped to have experienced, merely glancing at it as I went by with a look of inquiry, asking, as it were, for a revelation of what was passing within the chamber.

My first intention was but to go one-half way up the gallery but, lured by the stillness and security, I found myself at its extreme end, and standing before the very basin which at previous times had inspired me with so much dread. I gazed down into its depth. It seemed to my childish fancy as though it were fathomless. I had seen the basin emptied once, and a large stone taken from the bottom, disclosing to view all kinds of deep mysteries, in the way of dark pipes, and ropes, and wheels, and engines, which had filled me with astonishment. I remembered having been lifted by one of the workmen to see down to its very depths, and the terror which I had felt had been renewed in my dreams for many nights afterwards. Even now I dared not gaze full in the face of the Medusa, but kept my head bent down upon the water, viewing my own reflection as in a looking-glass, with the consciousness of that death-cold gaze fixed over me with unflinching steadfastness, as if questioning the cause of my trouble and emotion, but never seeking to comfort me or dissipate my fear. I had remained thus for some time, intent on watching the falling of the

drops into the basin, and listening to catch the sound, when suddenly I drew back in terror, a violent trembling seized upon every limb, and a cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. I distinctly saw another face beside my own reflected in the water, seeming as if it had risen without warning from the depths about which I had been thinking so long. I had not strength to cry aloud, scarcely enough to breathe. I was about to turn, when I felt my neck suddenly seized from behind, and long fingers, like the talons of some bird of prey, inserted into my hair. At the same time my head was drawn back, and looking up, I beheld the distorted and mischievous countenance of the Weasel bending over me, as if in triumphant malice, grinning from ear to ear, as she beheld the anguish of alarm which her sudden appearance had occasioned. I was taller and stronger by far than my assailant. I could easily have wrung myself from her grasp, or I might have taken flight, but so overcome was I with the sudden attack, that I remained for some moments gazing into her face in hopeless terror, unable to speak or to move. It was her voice which broke the charm, and perhaps saved me from the worst consequences to be dreaded from excessive fright.

"I have you at last, my beauty," exclaimed she, grinning again more hideously than before; "you have avoided me too long; I have lain in wait till I am almost tired of watching for my pretty play-fellow. Come, give me a kiss, and we'll have a game of romps together."

Thus saying, she approached her lips to mine, while her breath came cold upon my cheek, and her lank hair fell damp and heavy on my forehead. The action aroused me at once; with a sudden effort I tore myself away, and set up the most dismal shriek which had perhaps ever been heard beneath that roof. In vain did the Weasel endeavour to soothe and pacify me; in vain did she place her long skinny fingers over my mouth, to stay the frightful screams which now issued in one continued volley from my hoarse throat; in vain did she press me against the wall, declaring that she had no intention of doing me harm; I only screamed the louder, until every door upon our landing was opened in alarm and haste, and from every room there issued help in some shape or another, and I needed to have feared no longer. But such was the state of excitement into which I had wrought myself, that I no longer seemed to possess the power of controlling my demonstrations of terror, for I continued my shrieks in spite of the presence of my rescuers, and in spite of the discomfiture of the Weasel, who had been separated from me by the group of angry matrons—amongst whom old Nanon, you may be sure, was not the least active—and who had been subjected to many angry kicks and cuffs, which the poor girl had parried, as best she might, with her red-heeled mules, which, it appeared, she had taken off, in order that her approach might not be heard as she advanced towards me, while I was gazing into the water. I had on this occasion certainly no reason to complain of any want of zeal on the part of my friends, who were indeed so active in befriending me, that they continued their ill treatment of the poor Weasel long after I was rescued and soothed, and even until I myself, who had been the cause of all the mischief, unable to bear the sight of the agitation and excitement I had produced, boldly stood up in defence of my own assailant, and standing before her, as she leaned all breathless and panting against the wall, her hair in greater disorder than ever,

her dress more torn and ragged than before, and exclaimed, while I doubled my fist in the very faces of the group which had gathered around us, "Enough, enough! you are unjust; the Weasel only frightened me, she did not hurt me; now stand aside, and let her pass; she has been made to pay most amply for her joke at my expense, now let her go."

"That is well," said a soft voice, close to my ear; "it is the part of a bold brave lad to protect the weak against the strong; the more to be commended when there has been cause of grievance and of complaint."

I looked up; among the group of hags and beldames who surrounded us with gibbering threats, there stood a vision of beauty, such as I had never beheld save in my dreams—a female figure, attired in the elaborate costume of that time, with silken petticoat looped and braided, and raised high, to display the quilted under-garment of rich satin. She was young and fair, of a pale complexion, and unrouged, which betrayed that she belonged not to the palace, where rouge and patches were *de rigueur*. Her hair, too, was unpowdered, and hung down in thick curls upon her neck; this, too, was a fashion borrowed from the *bourgeoisie*, and against which the higher classes were determined to make resistance. A handkerchief of plain white muslin was thrown across her head, and folded over her bosom, was tied behind, which made her cheek and neck shine transparent in the dim light, causing them to seem of unearthly paleness—the paleness of a corpse seen through its shroud. I gazed upon the lady with undisguised awe and admiration. She turned to the Belette, who stood weeping tears of rage more than sorrow, at the utter helplessness to which she had been reduced by the beldames who had succeeded in pinning her against the wall.

"Dry your tears, my child," said she; "come back to your home; Madame de Fellama had already been complaining of your lengthened stay. She will not be pleased at your long absence."

"Never was there uttered a truer word," screamed out the shrill cracked voice of Madame de Fellama, who just then issued from No. 1, with the excited appearance of one who has just been bent on some high mystery, the perspiration streaming from her brow, and her bare arms reeking with the steam of some preparation about which she had evidently been engaged, for the whole gallery was in a moment filled with the strong aromatic odour which she had brought; "the Belette has kept we waiting more than one quarter of an hour for that which I wanted on the instant. She must be punished as she deserves."

Thus saying, she stretched her long arms over my head, and seizing poor Belette by the hair, dragged her forwards towards the red door, from beyond which glared a strong ruddy light, as of a blazing fire, causing the shadows of the old Countess and her struggling victim to dance in fantastic relief upon the ceiling and the wall.

It would be impossible to conceive a more extraordinary figure than that which now presented itself to our view. Madame de Fellama had divested herself of her head gear and upper garments, for the convenience of the occupation on which she was intent. Her scanty grey hairs, generally hidden beneath an ample fly-cap of rich lace, were gathered in a small knot at the top of her head, and her wrinkled forehead thus exposed entirely to view; her long wizened neck was also entirely bare, and her waist confined by a corset of

black leather, such as had been worn during the preceding reign, all embroidered in quaint devices with bright red silk, which made her look for all the world like a culprit about to suffer death by an *auto-da-fé*. Her malicious black eyes seemed to kindle like living coals as they glared upon the poor little Weasel, who, no longer playing the part of aggressor, was content to act only on the defensive, and struggling fiercely to free herself from the grasp by which she was held, kept rending every moment with a sharp crackling sound, some portion or other of the decayed finery in which she was attired ;—the small malevolent countenance of the Countess growing more excited at the resistance, as with concentrated rage she drew the child, although but slowly, towards the door. The beautiful stranger again interposed, and, taking the Weasel by the hand, she whispered a few words gently into her ear, and disengaged her with a quiet effort from the gripe of the Countess, who grinned complacently as she suffered the opposition. At the moment her glance fell upon me, who, now inspired more by curiosity than alarm, stood gazing on the scene, and wondering how it would end.

“Whose child is this?” exclaimed she, dragging me forwards to the light with as little ceremony as she had before used towards Belette. “Why is he suffered to run wild about the corridors to occasion all this brawl and disturbance among the peaceful inhabitants of the Palace?” Hereupon old Nanon stepped forward, I thought, to defend me and to rescue me from her talons ; but not so, the wretched time-serving old crone who had so often railed against the Countess, bestowing upon her the most injurious epithets, held up her finger, and bent close to her ear, whispering something which I could not hear distinctly ; but she grinned so hideously, and opened her toothless mouth so wide that I overheard the concluding words, at least,—“*Récollet*, or Knight of Malta.”

The old Countess had listened with a chuckling laugh, leering at me all the while with the expression of a mocking fiend. “Ha ! ha ! is it so ?” Then Belette and he should be friends indeed ; they should love each other ; they should be man and wife !” Thus saying, she drew the pale face of the Weasel close to mine, which was all swollen and flushed with passion, bidding us kiss and love. The chorus of old hags set up a scream of laughter as Belette kissed me fervently, throwing her arms round my neck, and clinging to me with a transport of fondness as she sobbed, close to my ear, so that no one but myself could overhear her speech.

“Oh ! do not throw me off ; I love you dearly ; Melchior de Braine, do let me talk with you sometimes, and I will love and cherish you, and tell you many things I am sure you would like to know !” As she spoke the words she clung yet closer to my side, and I thought she would have swooned away, so painful was the convulsive effort with which she held me. I was almost as much frightened at this sudden display of feeling on the part of the Belette as I had been at her sudden attack, and I struggled fiercely to free myself from her embrace. The old beldames, who evidently imagined that these frantic demonstrations of love were intended to annoy and worry me, an opinion in which they were confirmed by my furious struggles to escape, laughed all the more, dancing round us as they clapped their hands like the witches at their Sabbath festival. The lady who had been watching us with a strange kind of

interest again came to my aid, and detaching the arms of Belette from their tight hold of my neck, she led her away without saying a word, never pausing until she stood upon the step of the door of the Countess's chamber, when she turned and looked at me with such an expression of sadness and commiseration that I felt a yearning desire to rush after her, and to throw myself at her feet and supplicate her in mercy to tell me *why* she thus glanced at me with such pity. But before I could move towards her she had disappeared through the red door, still holding the Weasel by the hand, whose sobs I could hear even after she was out of sight.

The events of that afternoon had been full of meaning and importance; they seemed big with future consequences; perhaps they would prove to be the key-stone of my future fate. "*Récollet, or Knight of Malta!*" these were the words which old Nanon had uttered, leaving them in my brain as themes for many and most abstruse deductions. Was it my father of whom she spoke who had been a *Récollet*, a monk who had forsworn his vows; or a Knight of Malta who had wearied of his vow of celibacy? Such things, then, were too common to excite the smallest degree of wonder or condemnation; or was it myself who was chosen to fulfil that destiny in the world. "A Monk, or a Knight of Malta!" For the first I felt an insuperable aversion, while the second rather agreed with my love for distinction and ardent thirst of adventure. The sudden softening of the Belette, her unsought, unexpected demonstration of love for me was not remembered until that night, when I tossed about uneasily in the little bed which stood in a dark closet behind the one single room which we could call our own. It was then that the whole scene recurred to me vivid and real, as though it had all been enacted over again for my pleasure. The loathing horror which I had ever felt for the Belette yielded by degrees to the most extravagant curiosity. I now no longer feared or despised her; the memory of the words she had uttered,— "I could tell you many things which I am sure you would like to know," had completely obliterated, in one instant, all my preconceived terror and disgust.

By some extraordinary coincidence, the conduct of my mother (for so I must ever call Madame de Braine) was most singular on that evening. She had returned from paying her visits to the floor below in a most excited state; speaking in veiled sentences to my father during the whole of the supper. She had related the history of the divers people whom she had been to see, and their whole actions, purposes, and aims were discussed and canvassed over. She spoke mysteriously, and with the greatest caution of some discovery which had been made at Versailles of some kind of court conspiracy, and which would have the most serious consequences, involving many persons of the highest rank; the end of all her remarks upon the subject I shall never forget. "Madame de Talleyrand tells me that Madame de Cossé is implicated, and if so, she will be expelled the palace. Madame de Talleyrand says that she sincerely hopes this suspicion would be found to be correct, as in that case she would immediately apply for Madame de Cossé's room, which being to the south, is much more convenient and agreeable; therefore, there is still some chance, my dear, that we may be removed to the floor below, and this is the only thing I ever wished to live for."

THE HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS.*

A COMPLETE history of the newspaper press of England would make a library in itself; but it may be doubted whether for any practical end such an accumulation of facts would repay the labour of collection. The only history of the press in which the world at large is interested, or which, indeed, conveys a moral worth gathering, is the history of public opinion illustrated by the progress of the liberty of printing. The mere chronicle of the rise and expansion of newspapers is of no further value, beyond any curiosity that may attach to its personal details and anecdotes, than as it bears upon the larger question of public liberty.

Mr. Hunt to a certain extent has combined both these views of the subject, and traced with sufficient fulness the progress of the press from the date of the first newspaper to the present time, relieving the narrative by a variety of incidental facts, personal and statistical, picked up by the way. He is entitled to credit for the industry with which he has availed himself of a variety of sources of information, and for having exhibited in a convenient compass a clearer account of the birth, struggles, and growth of newspapers in this country than, we believe, can be found elsewhere. But we should have been better satisfied with his labours if he had set about them with a more distinct object before him. The book is more amusing than instructive—more curious than useful. We traverse a multitude of circumstantial details, but we arrive at no definite result. We see plainly enough that the press was formerly exposed to unmerciful persecutions, for it is in the nature of his materials to expose that fact, and that it has now outgrown the power that once coerced and chastised it. But the steps by which we have made this great advance are not shown as connectedly and intelligibly as we could have desired, and the action of newspaper liberty upon the people and their institutions is left to be supplied by the contemplative reader. Nevertheless, we are grateful for what Mr. Hunt has actually accomplished; and since he modestly describes his work as a collection of contributions to our newspaper history, we are not quite sure that we have a right to expect anything more from him than he has done. But he has executed a very troublesome undertaking so well that we could not help expressing our regret that it did not occur to him to resolve it into a more thoughtful shape.

Considered as a repertory of facts connected with the origin and onward course of newspapers, these volumes will abundantly repay the time they will consume in the perusal. The few persons who are familiar with newspaper offices and their traditions will probably miss some (to them) well-known anecdotes, which in their opinion ought to have found a place in such a work, and they will, no doubt, think that others have been unnecessarily expanded. But it must be remembered that such works are always liable to this kind of criticism, and that they are not always the worse for being obnoxious to it. To the public, for whose benefit these compilations are undertaken, the bulk of the details will be new and fresh, and sufficient for the purpose. Now would it be

* The Fourth Estate: contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press. By F. Knight Hunt. 2 vols. D. Bogue.

possible to produce a book devoted to the history of a special class or calling, to which similar objections might not be taken? We think that, in this respect, Mr. Hunt has dealt judiciously with his materials, and supplied the curiosity of his readers with even more than enough of that sort of gossip which is current in newspaper circles, but which is not of any particular interest outside of them. There is some excellent and sound writing in the book, which is commended to general attention no less by the attraction of the subject than by the care and discretion evinced in the treatment.

MAHOMMEDANISM : ITS RISE AND PRESENT PROGRESS. *

It is only from absolute necessity we Christians receive as facts what this history relates; we only do not disbelieve, because the historical evidences are such, that we cannot withhold our belief from the statement here made, that a few thousands of unlettered Arabs, within the lifetime of one man brought under their dominion, and converted to their faith all the nations, from the gates of Caucasus to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the banks of the Ganges to the Sus in Mauritania; the story would be incredible, if the proofs were not incontestable; and well might the Arabian Caliphs point to their continuous career of victory, to their ever advancing and conquering hosts, as the all-sufficient proof of the truth of their faith, and of the high pre-eminence of their prophet.

Such an uninterrupted succession of conquests of the wealthiest and most populous portions of the earth's surface—so speedy a disappearance of all the religions that once prevailed there—and so complete and steadfast the establishment of an entirely new religion in their stead, are circumstances that have never been paralleled in the world, since it was created; nor have they ever been rationally accounted for—and they remain still, even to this our day, as wonderful as inexplicable.

That Mahomet should wrest to his faith so many millions who had been brought up in the Christian faith; that he should wield an almost absolute power over the souls, as over the bodies of his followers; that every Christian kingdom should quail before him—every Christian establishment in the countries he conquered, be broken up, and scattered abroad, or utterly destroyed by him, are marvels still in our eyes; nor can we do more than dimly discern the outlines of these strange beginnings to a yet, probably, far distant end. Yet great as were undoubtedly the triumphs he achieved by his immediate successors, and extended and enduring as was the empire he and they established; yet could he only have triumphed by sufferance of the Divine will, he could do no more than fulfil the mission and complete the work he was designed by Divine providence to do. He might, nevertheless, be a

* *Lives of the Successors of Mahomet.* By Washington Irving. Murray: 1850.

vile false prophet—a rank impostor, or a gross self-deceiver, and there may be no words bitter enough, or scornful enough, to express the wrath we feel, and the contempt we have for him, and for all the readers of his Koran, as of the veriest synagogue of Satan :—but this does not make him the less an historical personage of the very highest fame and consideration, who has for twelve hundred years exercised a more important influence in the world, and equally over the minds of men, as over their governments, and arts, and civilization, than any other mortal man that has ever lived on this earth. All our abuse of the man, therefore, and all our assumed contempt for the Koran and its doctrines, does not make Mahomet otherwise than he is, the most remarkable character that has appeared among men since the days of the Apostles : nor is his influence decreasing in the world, as many people, in their ignorance, imagine ; on the contrary, more converts are yearly gained to Mahommedanism from the heathen tribes in Asia and Africa, than are gained to Christianity by all the labours of all the Missionary Societies throughout the world ; while no converts whatever are gained from Mahommedanism to Christianity.

This is a distasteful truth, which makes missions to Moslems an expensive and wholly profitless undertaking ; the fact is, they have much more to say for themselves than we suppose, and are far too well taught and grounded in their own tenets, and too well satisfied with their present enjoyments and future prospects, to give the least heed to what we write and say against them. Every man who has gone among them to convert them has, therefore, returned baffled and discomfited ; as well he may, since there is not one, among ten thousand of us, who knows what the Mahommedan doctrines of the faith are, and how closely woven, and inseparably connected together, are all the laws and institutions of the state with the articles of the Moslem Creed. Our religion has so little to do with our legislation, that our government might be generally the same, although we became all infidels ; but no such anomaly could possibly occur in a country where Mahommedanism was the national belief. This volume of *Lives* will greatly enlighten many of our minds on this matter ; and will in part explain why a hundred millions of souls in India still remain in all the darkness and ignorance of Paganism, although we have been over-running it with Christian armies for a century past ; for where we have built one church, the Caliphs would have built ten thousand mosques. They, indeed, never advanced an army, but mosques arose in their track, and the plunder of palaces, the ransom of cities, the collected tribute from the conquered nations, were all liberally, or even profusely, bestowed to the founding of mosques in every town of their daily increasing empire. To establish their faith, to increase their converts, to do honour to their prophet, and to make their religion the religion of the world, was the leading thought with them in all their conquests. With us, religion is the last thing cared for, no churches mark our conquests—no Christian converts are found in the track of our armies ; and of so little worth do our rulers regard our faith, that Christianity has never been considered by them as a gift worthy of the conquered nation's acceptance. Manchester goods they may have, by paying for, in any abundance, but the state makes no provision for sending to them the blessed and everlasting Gospel. We might well go back twelve hundred years for counsel in the matter ; and in the "*Lives* of

the Successors of Mahomet," we might learn much that, as rulers of nations, and as conquerors of empires, it would profit us to know and to act upon.

The lives are written in the gifted author's usually brilliant style ; and such lives they are, so full of achievement and heroism—of daring deeds and wondrous exploits, that in Washington Irving's hands they could not but become highly-fascinating but deeply interesting biographies—such skill in council, and courage in battle—such unanimity, of will, and singleness of purpose—such sincerity and earnestness of faith—such encouragement and such rewards to the proselyting spirit, might well produce all that we here read of, as their consequence. The book is, indeed, a book of wonders, and in the details of spoils of plundered cities and camps, we are reminded of Aladdin's lamp, and of the jewels and heaps of gold that were exhibited to his view. The Arabian armies, on various occasions, almost realised his visions. But it is not of rubies of great price, or of victories that had empires for their reward, that the book alone speaks ; for it contains matter upon which statesmen might ponder, and from which all Christian readers might gain instruction ; since it was not for nothing that within a century so many Christian nations ceased to be Christian ;—that the Crescent rose so high and the Cross was humbled so low : that the land to which so peculiarly belonged the two Covenants, cared at length nothing for either ; and that in the very country and district from which Christianity sprang forth, avowedly as a light to the nations, and as a blessing to the earth, there especially, it should be considered as a delusion, and the very name of Christian become a term of the vilest obloquy and reproach. What had Christians done to bring down such dire adversity upon them ? and what they are now doing among themselves to make them still deserving of such chastisements ? and what would be the gain to the Holy Land, if Mahommedanism was there suppressed to-morrow, and all the rival sects were at once let loose to exemplify to the world, what they considered to be the doctrines and precepts of the Christian faith, and the pure and simple spiritual worship which was due from the creature to the Creator ? Bad as things are, they had better so remain for the present, until we Christians are agreed amongst ourselves, as to what the ritual and doctrines of our faith properly are, and until we are all of one mind as to what men must believe, and must do, to be Christians indeed. Then, and not till then, should we attempt to undo what the successors of Mahomet have done, or desire even to deprive them of an empire which they have gallantly won, and most skilfully held against all gainsayers ; for it may be a question whether such Christianity with all its idolatries and buffooneries as the Greek and the Roman churches would carry amongst them, would be any peculiar blessing or advantage in any sense, and the Protestant communities are far too antagonistic in their opinions, as to what the truth is, to make them suitable teachers of the truth to others, or stable founders of Christian churches among a Mahommedan population.

We can do no more than cordially to recommend all Christians to read and attentively to read the "Lives of Mahomet and the Successors of Mahomet."

THE SPANISH BEAUTY.

IT was the time of the equinoxial gales, and the weather had been very tempestuous the whole day. The rain fell in torrents, borne about in drifting storms by the angry winds. Stillness reigned in the deserted streets in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, broken only here and there by the feeble and melancholy note of an organ under the shadow of one of the porticoes. The clock had just struck eight as I entered the drawing-room of my sister, the Marquise de Pons. She might be almost said to belong to the past century,—her air, manner, and appearance carried back one's imagination to that period. The spring of her life had been passed at the Court of Marie Antoinette. Many years of sorrow and trial followed these days of prosperity, but forty years more found her once more prosperous and happy with the remains of her fortune, and surrounded by the few friends who had weathered the storm like herself.

Her first appearance was very striking, and she became amiable and charming on more intimate acquaintance. In spite of the tell-tale wrinkles of advanced age, her countenance bore traces of great beauty, and her fine figure, full of grace and dignity, was far from betraying her sixty years. In general society her manners and demeanor had a certain degree of stiffness and reserve; but the compliments of a first introduction over, she would become gay, lively, frank, and with due respect be it spoken, as frivolous as a young girl of fifteen years.

Madame de Pons had a son, who had been one of the victims of the stormy days of the revolution; and all her affections were now centred upon his only child. Valeria de Pons indeed deserved our love, for she was a little angel upon earth.

We were alone this evening, my sister was working at her tapestry frame, whilst Valeria was seated at a low stool at her feet unwinding a skein of silk. She had a large bouquet of autumn flowers in her lap, and their delightful fragrance was brought out by the warm atmosphere of the saloon. A young man was seated at the table drawing in an album, and his glances wandered from the group before him to his sketch with all the pride of an artist. In another month Theobaldo de Montmaur was to become the husband of our beloved Valeria. I had just returned from a walk with Count Anatolio de Saint Jervien, whose relationship to Theobaldo gave him an *entrée* into our family circle. He was a good sort of a young man though rather silly and frivolous, whom you cannot but like pretty well, but whose society and companionship at the same time you care but little about. The contemplation of the pretty family group before me filled my mind with pleasant presentiments for the future. Theobaldo was exactly the sort of person I should have chosen as a husband for Valeria; a gentleman of a small fortune, moderate ambition, a high and generous character and a faultless life. Valeria, too, appeared fully to appreciate her good fortune, and her timid glance was often raised to Theobaldo with an indescribable look of trust and tenderness.

"Come here, dear uncle," said she, pointing to an arm-chair near her, "Theobaldo must certainly introduce you into this family picture."

"What vain glory," I exclaimed, "I suppose you wish that my old face should set off yours of seventeen summers. In this little picture it appears to me that the Marquise's sixty years are enough."

"I did not think of the contrast," said Valeria; "not being handsome, that vanity was, of course, unknown to me."

And yet she was very attractive; as she was thus speaking there was so soft and serene an expression in her blue eyes, so much grace in her smile and manner. Theobaldo's sketch was extremely well done, and very pleasing; but you could see that the artist had tried to embellish and improve upon the original without being able to accomplish it.

"Valeria," said he, with a little impatience, "will you incline your head a little more forward."

She bent a little forward, and her beautiful light brown hair fell in long tresses over her face.

"That will do very well," said Theobaldo.

Alas! thought I, he must see too clearly that this young girl is not beautiful.

At this moment the rain beat more violently against the windows, and a peal of thunder was heard.

"What dreadful weather," said Count Anatolio, who appeared to have been doing nothing the last half hour but listen to the rain.

"I am the more annoyed," said my sister, "as I expected a visit from the Signora di las Bermejas."

"Madame di las Bermejas," repeated the Count, rising; "Indeed! the Spanish lady whose husband was murdered in Navarre, and who was made prisoner herself, and escaped so miraculously?"

"The same, Sir Count."

"That woman is a heroine. If it had not been for this tiresome rain she would have been here this very evening."

"Is it not very vexatious, Theobaldo?"

"Why, if you wish me to speak the truth," said Theobaldo, as he glanced towards Valeria, "I must say that I think our party is much more agreeable as it is; it would have sadly broken in upon the quiet of our evening; and besides," said he, with a tranquil smile, "I do not admire heroines,—I have much more sympathy with a timid and graceful woman than with those Amazons who mount a horse like a dragoon, and would fire a pistol without a shudder—a heroine! a monstrosity of nature."

"Yes, yes, my friend, this is all very well," said the Count, "but I may be allowed to admire these Amazons. I can imagine to myself exactly what the Signora di las Bermejas is like—tall, dark, with a noble demeanour, and proud deportment—even ugly, perhaps. But of that sort of ugliness which still admits of a handsome cast of features. Have I not guessed very truly—is this not a picture of the Signora di las Bermejas?"

He had hardly ceased speaking when a carriage stopped at the door; there was a moment's pause, and the Signora was announced. She advanced, gracefully raised her black veil, made a general bow to all, and seated herself by the Marquise de Pons. I know not how to express the impression of admiration and surprise which the first appearance of the Signora di las Bermejas produced upon me; and to be able to judge of the effect, it would have been necessary to have seen her in all the marvellous beauty which she at that time

possessed. Imagine to yourself one of those faces the creation of a painter's imagination in one of his most inspired dreams of beauty, and which he can hardly reproduce upon canvas, beautiful as his imagination had at first pictured it. She had a tall majestic figure, and her graceful neck was half concealed by a profusion of black lace. She had very small white hands, and the glancing diminutive feet peculiar to the women of her nation. Her graceful figure was enveloped in a garb of deep mourning, so trying even to many beautiful women, but which only like the dark frame of a lovely picture was calculated to set off to even greater advantage her deep black eyes and glowing complexion. Theobaldo looked at the heroine with surprise, but I could plainly perceive that his prejudices were not in the least overcome. His attention soon returned to his drawing. The Signora looked at him in her turn, and then at Anatolio. There was certainly no comparison to be made between these two men. Theobaldo had one of those countenances which take the imagination by surprise; if it once looked upon you, you would turn to gaze and gaze again. His look was full of mind and intellect, and his smile not to be described. Count Anatolio was fresh looking and inanimate, with much affectation of manner. He did his utmost to engage the Signora's attention, but she paid no attention either to him or to Theobaldo, but continued her conversation with the Marquise. Anatolio was right when he told us that the Signora had a story to relate, a story of which she was the heroine, and which had been published in the newspapers, and had occupied the Parisians for a whole day. He so managed matters with the assistance of the Marquise, as to give the conversation such a turn that the Signora di las Bermejas found herself obliged to speak of it.

"Yes," replied the Signora to Anatolio's question, "the story is too true: my husband was sentenced to be shot, and my life was saved by a miracle." She paused for a moment, overcome by these terrible recollections, and glanced towards Theobaldo, whose attention appeared as greatly absorbed as ever by his sketch.

"My poor husband," continued she, "was thus barbarously murdered beneath the walls of Vittoria; and I found myself alone in a country the whole population of which was in arms, and between the two contending parties. I thought of taking refuge in the mountains, and of hiding myself in some small peasant hut; and yet what security could I have had in remaining there? What miracle could have saved me from the marauding bands who ravaged the most secluded spots, and to whom the civil war afforded the most perfect impunity? I resolved, therefore, to take refuge in France; one servant only accompanied me, and I took no passport with me for fear my project should become known. We departed from Vittoria in my own carriage, as if we were merely going on an excursion into the country. I took a few clothes, and concealed some money and jewels in the cushions of the carriage. What a journey was before us! we traversed a country wasted and destroyed by a sanguinary war. The roads were almost impassable, the fields uncultivated, the population of the villages scattered about the country, disheartened and oppressed; they would fly at the very appearance of a uniform as they would the plague; and they had a horror of both parties, as they had in turn been oppressed by Christinos and Carlists.

"We travelled the whole night by fearful paths, surrounded by

ambushes and precipices, and at the point of day found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow valley, traversed by the foaming waters of a small mountain torrent. The road was overshadowed with the spreading branches of majestic oaks. Above, were the pointed rocks, at the summit of which eagles and crows could alone have found a resting-place. Oh! never, never, will the recollection of that fearful spot be effaced from my memory. To this day, every tree, every stone, is vividly present to my mind; and then the wooden cross by the side of the road, which memorialized the murder of an unfortunate traveller. Never can I forget the painful impression it produced upon me, nor can I cease to tremble at the mere recollection now. We appeared to be travelling alone in a desert at the very extremity of the world; when, all at once, the deep stillness around us was broken by a voice behind the trees—'Halt!'

"Perero put the mule into a quick gallop, but at the same moment pistols were fired from both sides of the road. Perero fell—the mule stopped suddenly—and I, as if by a natural instinct, descended from the carriage."

"And then," said Count Anatolio, who hardly breathed from the interest the tale excited, "then you fired courageously upon your persecutors?"

"Alas! no," replied the Signora with adorable simplicity. "I was in the most extreme terror, and I began to weep. Soldiers surrounded the carriage, and the officer who commanded them came up to question me. I had seated myself by the side of the road, and had turned away my head that I might not see the bloody corpse of poor Perero, which lay but a few paces from me. In reply to his questions, I said I was a Frenchwoman, and that I was now on my return to my own country. In the meanwhile, they were ransacking my luggage, and all screaming and vociferating around me. Oh! I was so frightened, and almost felt myself dying."

The Signora paused, and passed her hand across her forehead with a gesture of terror. Theobaldo had let fall his pencil.

"'Approach, Donna Ines de las Bermejas,' said an officer, who wore the uniform of a Colonel of the *état major*."

"I trembled upon hearing my name."

"'Donna Ines di las Bermejas, you are convicted of being one of the enemies' spies; recommend your soul to heaven, as you have seen your last hour on earth. The military council has condemned you to death!'

"A profound terror, an indescribable agony, took possession of my soul; to die—at the early age of twenty years; no, it could not be. I threw myself on my knees—I protested my innocence—I implored—I petitioned for my life. It might indeed have been weak—a poor-ness of spirit, which, in a man, would have been in the last degree dishonourable. But a poor defenceless woman, she may at least, without shame, implore her life at the hand of her assassins; and then I wished—I so earnestly desired that life, which was to be so cruelly torn from me. The extremest misery, solitude, destitution, I would have accepted all in exchange, but these men had no pity upon me. They drew back, the monk alone remained to confess me. I tried to speak, but my voice became extinct. I remained without motion, kneeling in the dust, and my eyes steadily fixed upon the group of soldiers, who stood with their guns pointed immediately before me

at some little distance. Neither my eyes nor my thoughts could be for a single moment withdrawn from these instruments of death.

"The monk spoke to me, but I heard him not, till at last he said :—

" 'My daughter, will you not confess your sins? All is at an end for you; the soldiers are here.'

"Then truly I turned towards him. He was an old man, and the tears stood in his eyes.

" 'My father!' I exclaimed, holding him tightly by his arm, 'I am innocent; save, oh! save me! I will not leave you; they will not dare assassinate me so near you. Take pity upon a poor woman; see how young I am; how full of life: would you see me give up this precious gift? I have still so many days before me. Will they not have to give an account of them to God?'

"The monk tried to detach himself from my grasp, but I continued to cling to his knees. Then I heard behind me the loading of the guns. This dreadful noise seemed to stupify my distracted brain; my hands relaxed their hold of the vestments of the monk, I fainted away. When I came to my senses I found myself at the side of the road, supported by the pillows of the carriage which had been thrown out—the monk was seated near me—we were alone—I remembered it all in a moment on opening my eyes. The monk made me drink a little wine, which restored me entirely.

" 'My daughter,' said he, with much satisfaction, 'you have been more frightened than hurt; take courage, and thank God for having preserved your life.'

"I wished to render thanks to heaven for my deliverance; to pray, but I could only join my hands together weeping.

" 'Well, well,' said he, 'do not frighten yourself, you have not been touched; the bullets passed over your head as you were on your knees.'

"The carriage was in the middle of the road, but the mule had strayed away. I sought poor Perero's corpse; and the monk showed me a grave which had been newly excavated, at the foot of the wooden cross. Poor Perero, he too was young; he too must have enjoyed life. I took the gold and jewels which were concealed in the carriage, and would have divided them with this good monk, but he refused them. We then started on foot, and the next day I found myself in France."

The Signora ceased speaking, and my sister and Valeria had taken her hand in theirs; they were both in tears. Even my old heart and imagination had been touched by the recital. Count Anatolio talked loudly; Theobaldo alone said nothing. The Signora di las Bermejas was admitted, by common consent, to become one of our most intimate friends. Few women possessed the gift of pleasing in the same proportion as herself. She had a certain indescribable grace and playfulness of manner, and a simplicity of tone which was even more attractive than her beauty. Her position was a singular one, too, though very natural—a widow without any family, and with a small fortune, and at the age of twenty perfectly free. I thought at first she might have married Count Anatolio, but I understood, from a word or two she said, that she did not think him sufficiently wealthy. She treated him with a polite coldness of manner much more than Theobaldo, towards whom, from the very first days of their acquaintance, she had shown a certain air of ingenuousness and freedom. It appeared as if she thought, in his character of an affianced lover, she could feel quite safe with him; he could be of no consequence to her; and that

this must render him invulnerable to her attractions. I saw the case very differently, and from the very first day felt a disquiet known only to myself, though at the same time I trusted to Theobaldo's calmness and reason, and I relied also on the very near approach of the period which had been fixed for the wedding. One of the Signora's manoeuvres was to suppose him very passionately attached to Valeria: she possessed too much penetration to see ardent and passionate love where there only existed a slight affection, and I could not pardon her this deceit, though I did not at that time understand its fell purpose. One evening we were all with the Marquise de Pons, when, at eleven o'clock the Signora arose to go. Generally a hired carriage awaited her. I rang the bell for her servant.

"What a lovely moon! what a calm beautiful night!" said she, going to the window, of which she opened a casement. "How pleasant it would be to walk home in this clear, fresh evening air."

"You can take Count Theobaldo's arm," said the good Valeria; and as the Signora thanked her, but with some appearance of hesitation in her manner, she added, in a low voice, "there can be nothing to say against it—a man about to be married."

"Come, then, Count Theobaldo," said the Spaniard, in an indifferent tone, while she drew the lace veil over her forehead,—that graceful black veil, so becoming to her dark and glowing complexion. Theobaldo put on his gloves, but said nothing, as the tone of his voice would have betrayed his emotion. The Signora placed her small hand upon his arm, at which he grew pale and trembled. The Spaniard smiled.

I returned in sorrow and consternation towards the fire. The Marquise Pons retired to her apartment, and Valeria came and seated herself on a stool at my feet. She appeared to be lost in profound thought, and I began to observe her with much attention, and some fear of her participating in my suspicions; when she took my hand, and said to me with the serenity of an angel,—

"Is it not true, my uncle? are we not too happy?"

The following day the Marquise de Pons gave a little *fête*, at which Valeria was to assemble all her friends, and those she had known in her childhood—probably in the innocent pride of her heart, as also to show them all her betrothed; there was to be dancing, and, for the first time in her life, she found herself the queen of the festival.

At nine o'clock the Signora di las Bermejas arrived. She had left off her mourning, and dressed herself in a costume of simple white muslin. Her long braided tresses were looped up with two bunches of Parma violets—no lace, no jewels! how beautiful she looked! Every eye was directed toward her, as a crowd of dancers surrounded her. Without appearing to care in the slightest degree for all this admiration and homage, she declined dancing, and seated herself in the smaller room near two old friends, who had just began a game of chess.

A moment after, Theobaldo appeared; his first glance sought the Signora di las Bermejas; Valeria's fair cheek glowed with pleasure. He had not been with her the preceding day.

They danced in the saloon. Anatolio was refused with much obstinacy by the Signora, who appeared quite decided not to dance at all, so was at last obliged to devote himself to some handsome girls of his acquaintance. Theobaldo appeared to me gloomy, but tranquil and self-possessed. He danced first with Valeria, and then seated

himself at the other extremity of the saloon. I established myself in the cabinet, and began a game of chess with the Signora M——. I had turned my back upon the Signora di las Bermejas, but her face and figure were reflected in a large mirror which was immediately opposite to me. She remained reclining in the arm-chair, smiling coldly—scarcely replying to those who came to pay their compliments to her, and had her eyes fixed upon our game of chess, which lasted till an hour after midnight. I began to think that I had been deceived, when Theobaldo approached her.

The Signora turned her head, and smiled with a calm and indifferent air.

"Have you had a pleasant day?" said the Signora, with a tone of interest.

He shook his head.

"No, no, Signora, my thoughts are too painful for anything to have the power of distracting them."

"Ah! indeed, perhaps the dreamy melancholy often attendant upon happiness."

"Alas! no; would I could love with more devotion the one who merits so much."

"And that does not appear to me so impossible," said the Signora; "she is so attractive, so innocent, and loving. Oh! Signor Theobaldo, to live in each other, to share the same thoughts, the same hopes and wishes; to love each other with every faculty of the soul, this only is the happiness of a wedded life, and this must indeed be the happiness of the angels in heaven."

In speaking thus, she fixed upon him her dark and melancholy eyes, now veiled in tears. I saw him tremble, his lips became white, and he hardly appeared to breathe. At length a singular remembrance appeared to restore him to himself.

"And you loved the Signor di las Bermejas?" said he coldly.

She did not reply, but the almost imperceptible smile of disdain which curled her beautiful lips, said, as clearly as words could express, "Neither the Signor di las Bermejas, nor any being in the world. Love!" said she; "who understands the feeling as I would understand it? Is it not the name too often given to vanity, coquetry, and heartlessness, and to the attentions of an insipid and servile gallantry. Let us look around. Perhaps Count Anatolio understands its meaning? Oh, no! he has too blooming a complexion, he dances with too much spirit, he bestows his smiles too indiscriminately on all women, to love any one. Valeria, perhaps? fortunate maiden, she can never have felt the wild tumultuous feelings of that love, which pines in the absence of the beloved one, and becomes pale and trembles with emotion at the sound of his approaching footstep. And you—"

"I," interrupted Theobaldo, with bitterness; "you appear to have observed me much Signora."

"You do not love Valeria," continued she; "you will never love her, but she will not be unhappy, she will never know what is wanting to her happiness."

"Do you think that I understand it," said Theobaldo, with a gloomy and troubled expression.

She was silent a moment, and then replied, with a deep sigh, bending her eyes to the ground, while a deep blush overspread her features,

"Yea."

"Then," said he, "you ought to compassionate me. Oh! I have suffered so much. I have been so unhappy since—" she restrained him by a look—he became silent, and joining his hands he murmured with a sorrow which he endeavoured to contain—"You see how much I have suffered!"

"Poor Theobaldo," said the Signora, in a low voice, and a tear stood in her deep expressive eyes, and shone upon her long black eye-lashes. She became pale with the effect of the powerful emotions which seemed to shake his innermost soul.

"But I have not yet separated myself from you for ever," said he, with a low voice, which trembled from the excess of his emotion; "I am still at liberty. Ah! never till this evening did I comprehend the full meaning of the word happiness."

The Signora di las Bermejas did not reply, but they understood each other without words.

I sought Valeria with my eyes; the happy and joyous maiden was dancing in the large saloon, and was smiling from afar at her betrothed.

"My dearest uncle, you do not know the good fortune which has happened to Signor Theobaldo. He has had a legacy of 200,000 francs, and yet I cannot help feeling rather sorry, he might think, perhaps, that I was as proud of his fortune as himself. Ah, no, I would rather he had been poor."

She stopped suddenly, blushing at having expressed her thoughts so openly, and hid her face in her hands. I kissed her, and she wept.

"What is the matter, dear child!" I exclaimed, with alarm.

"Only a little folly, my good uncle," said she, smiling through her tears. "I am so happy, so very happy, that I am fearful of some change."

"Child that thou art," said I, "are we not here to defend thee? Thy future lies bright and unshadowed before thee. A few days hence everything will be assured, and thou wilt be Theobaldo's bride."

"Yes," said she seriously, "death alone could destroy my happiness."

The same day we departed for the country, there we were entirely alone; Theobaldo did not come from Paris once. At the same time, those who did not know what was at his heart would have imagined him in love with an angel, and that he only lived for her. He so surrounded her with loving cares, and appeared so entirely occupied with the future, in which they were to be united; but, alas! the whole of his conduct was prompted by a wish to perform his duty, and inspired the energy with which he devoted himself to the task. These ten days passed very rapidly for all, and the 25th of November arrived balmy and beautiful as a day in the early spring. My fears vanished as my wishes were about to be accomplished. With my heart full of hopeful aspirations, and embracing Valeria tenderly as she knelt before me on that eventful morning to receive my paternal benediction. We passed the morning in my sister's apartments. Theobaldo remained in his own room, respecting those undefined fears and emotions from which the fondest love can hardly fortify the maiden's heart at such a moment. The Marquise was amiable, but very frivolous as I have said before, and she occupied herself this morning entirely with Valeria's dress, and tormented her with a hundred little details. She came and went, gave orders, and every now and then gave me a smile of most heartfelt satisfaction. The wedding was to take place at the

municipality at seven o'clock in the evening, in the church of Meudon, the witnesses were alone invited to be present. Madame de Pons dined in her own apartment with Valeria. I went to look for Theobaldo; he affected a gaiety of spirits which appeared to me quite alarming. I left him to make his bridegroom's toilet, and in half an hour he came to seek for me in the library.

Never had I seen him look so handsome, but his black dress, and his pale face would have made me doubt whether it was a funeral or bridal he was to attend. I was giving orders to my servant, when Theobaldo came up mechanically to one of the bookcases, and took a book; no sooner had he opened it than he threw it hastily away, he approached the fire, and seating himself near me he tried to smile, but his hands trembled. I took up the book, which I discovered to be a "Journey in Spain," which had been lent to him by the Signora di las Bermejas. When we assembled in the drawing-room about six o'clock, Theobaldo appeared very much more composed. He approached Valeria, who was leaning over her grandmother's arm-chair, and he kissed her hands with much emotion. She was dressed in white, with a wreath of orange flowers, and her bridal veil. She was a pure creature,—an angel, in whose presence no bad thoughts or base passions could be felt. Theobaldo felt this influence, and his expression became more serene; at this moment, perhaps, he had altogether forgotten the Signora di las Bermejas.

The saloon was brilliantly illuminated, resplendent with mirrors and crystals, and ornamented with natural flowers. We appeared quite lost in this great room. I asked my sister if she would not come into the smaller one?

"Not yet, not yet," cried she, with a triumphant expression, "because we shall soon have more company. Do you think I would have Valeria married in the chimney corner?"

She had hardly finished speaking when the door opened, and the Signora di las Bermejas was announced, and at the same time about twenty other people of our acquaintance, relations, and the friends of our two families.

"It is a surprise for you, my angel," said the Marquise de Pons, in a low voice to Valeria, as the latter received the compliments paid her, with a blushing and pleased demeanour.

I was thunderstruck!

The Signora di las Bermejas advanced quickly, and placed herself near Valeria. She had also a white dress, white flowers in her black hair, and a rich white veil put on in the Spanish fashion on her head; you would have supposed her to be another bride, and she was beautiful enough to drive a man distracted. My eyes sought Theobaldo; his face was hidden behind his handkerchief, but the white cambric hardly formed a contrast to the paleness of his forehead.

There was a quarter of an hour employed in congratulations and compliments, and then the carriages were announced. Everybody rose during this general move; the Signora approached Theobaldo. He appeared to be trying to master a profound emotion. His look was vacant, his limbs trembled, and he put his hand on the lock of the door which led to the apartment of the Marquise de Pons.

"Courage!" said the Signora di las Bermejas, "courage, Theobaldo!"

"Ah!" exclaimed he, in a voice nearly suffocated by his emotion, "I am a poor dishonourable fool, because I love you,—I love you still."

The detestable vanity of this woman, her atrocious coquetry was satisfied at this avowal, and an imperceptible smile of pride and triumph played upon her lip as she escaped with a *brusque* movement from Theobaldo's side. With an air of surprise and consternation, which was but too well feigned, Valeria came at this moment from her grandmother's room, where she had gone to seek for her *bouquet* of flowers and her prayer-book. I conducted Theobaldo towards Madame de Pons, to whom he was to give his arm. Then I approached our Valeria, who was standing near the chimney, and so pale and agitated, she looked as if she would faint. Her hand fell as if by instinct upon my arm, and I conducted her to the carriage. The drive was short. Valeria threw herself back into a corner of the carriage, and I respected her silence at the near approach of so solemn a moment. When we reached the municipality, I felt her hand tremble in mine, and she appeared again fainting.

"Courage, my daughter," said I: "is so much fear and agony necessary on the accomplishment of thy destiny, and such a happy destiny?"

We entered the church, and she allowed herself to be conducted to her place by Theobaldo's side, before the syndic, who was there to pronounce the formula,—

"You are united in the name of the law."

The brilliant assembly who had been invited, surrounded the betrothed. Every one was silent. Madame de Pons wept happy tears, and pressed my hands. The Signora di las Bermejas looked at Theobaldo.

The syndic read the act of the law, and then addressed Theobaldo:

"Count Theobaldo de Montmaur, do you take Mademoiselle Valeria de Pons as your lawful wife?"

"Yes," said Theobaldo, in a firm tone.

"And you, Mademoiselle Valeria de Pons, do you accept Count Theobaldo de Montmaur as your lawful husband?"

"No!" said she, in a dying voice, and, in endeavouring to rise, fell back senseless.

I cannot describe the scene which followed,—our agony! the consternation of the guests! Time, thank heaven! has drawn a softening veil over the horrors of the past.

Valeria did not return to life, or awaken from that fearful trance, which daily became more and more like death. Her closed eyes had in them no tears—her body was motionless, insensible; even fire appeared to occasion no pain. I did not leave her more than a few moments at a time watching—praying to heaven that she might only utter a word or make the slightest movement. Sometimes it appeared to me as if her lips moved and she but muttered some words, then I bent over her. I called her, but she replied not. The last night I watched by her side the doctor had gone from her room to that of my sister. He had promised not to leave me during these dreadful scenes.

"Doctor," said I, "you will not, then, be able to save either one or the other."

Alas! my sister had nearly reached the term of her life, and must soon have died in the common course of nature, science has no miracles to prolong life after that inevitable term; but Valeria! Valeria! at the age of seventeen.

"Is there then nothing that will join again the shattered thread of life which is well nigh broken?"

"It is already broken," said the doctor; "she is already dead; memory, intelligence, the noblest faculties, no longer exist. What shock could awake her from this lethargy?"

"She does not reply to us, but perhaps she hears us," cried I, with a sudden thought.

The doctor shook his head. I approached the bed with a light. There she lay unmoveable, her white hands crossed upon her bosom, and her head buried amongst the cushions in the midst of her dishevelled hair. Her eyes continued closed, and her lips and cheeks were of a livid hue.

"Valeria," I cried, "Theobaldo is here, he would see thee, he is here!"

At these words she did not open her eyes, but she moved, and a slight colour came into her face.

"Valeria, my child, thou hearest me!"

She moved her hands, and fell into terrible convulsions. Her eyes were open, and she looked at me without knowing me, and her unequal respiration appeared every now and then to cease altogether.

Valeria at this moment put her hand to her forehead, and said distinctly,—

"I am a poor disgraced, dishonoured fool—for I love you—love you still!"

Then I remembered, for the first time, that this unfortunate child must have been in that room near the door where the Signora and Theobaldo were standing.

"I am a poor disgraced, dishonoured fool, for I love you—I love you still," repeated Valeria, tearing her hair with her hands. She fell back once more, and uttered neither word nor complaint.

"But Valeria, from this moment gave no farther signs of consciousness, and towards morning her gentle spirit passed imperceptibly away. Yes, the child of my old age, its support and comfort passed away, as the gentle summer wind, and has left me the cold bleak blasts of winter. My sister did not survive her more than ten days; and Theobaldo—I kept from him Valeria's last words; his agony and grief cannot be described. I left Paris, and resided some years in Italy. On my return I was told the Signora di las Bermejas had married Count Anatolio. I sought Theobaldo. Alas! what a wreck I found him; how old he had become! we spoke with our hearts upon our lips. I felt called upon to comfort and console him.

"I am vile," said he; "yes, you know not how vile, for I love her still. I still love that cruel and stony-hearted woman."

"How is it possible," said I, "she who has done you so much harm."

Tears came into Theobaldo's eyes.

"Yes," said he, "I know her well now, she has a heart of stone; she allured me to hope everything—I was her slave—I adored her, when one day she announced coldly to me her engagement with Count Anatolio! Ah! how mean—how vile I became at that moment. I supplicated her—I wept at her feet—I asked her love, which was my life. A *mariage de convenance* is a sad folly," said I repeating her own words. "This was your opinion; you must not, you will not marry but for love!"

"But for ambition!" she replied.

"These were her last words to me. I never saw her more."

"Time will bring a remedy to all this," said I, "everything changes in the life of the young, and the future brings for them new sorrows and new joys, but the old can bear but little."

Theobaldo shook his head.

"Do you not suppose," replied he, "that I have exerted myself to overcome this madness, this folly, but neither my will, nor my reason have enabled me to obtain the mastery over it; the mere thought of her beauty fills my soul with the most tumultuous sensations, but what a vile, what an infernal spirit; I know her well. Could I become for one single day master of that woman, govern her, and see her tremble before me, love me, or feign to love, I should be satisfied with a few hours of such happiness. You see I am mad!"

"You must travel."

"Yes: my passport is already prepared. I go to Spain."

"To Spain!"

"Yes; I go to put myself in the way of being shot in the service of Queen Christina—life has become a burthen to me, and I do not think like that woman that it is a pity to die young; and then she will compassionate me—she will feel remorse."

"Theobaldo!" exclaimed I, "Valeria is, indeed, revenged."

The next morning he had left Paris for ever.

HAPPINESS.

Oh, Happiness! where art thou flown?

To what pure land of bliss?

I have asked in vain of the vanished hours,
And find thee not in this.

I have sought thee in festive halls,
Where eyes and smiles were bright,
And thou cam'st not at my anxious call,
So I left those halls of light.

I have sought thee by murmuring streams,
Such as the poets say
Bring blissful and unshadowed dreams,
But the spirit was away.

Oh, Happiness! thou beauteous sprite!
Where is thy dwelling?—say,
Is it in woods, or in the heights
Of the Alpine mounts away?

From thy far off flight, oh, come thou to me?
Oh, come to thy votary's sigh!
And then shall my soul, by thy spirit be,
To bliss and heaven more nigh.

OUR PEN AND INK GALLERY.

MEMOIR OF
THE REV. GEORGE CORNELIUS GORHAM.

THE subject of this brief sketch is descended from the ancient Anglo-Breton family of the De Gorrams, who can be traced in Brittany to the beginning of the twelfth century. Three branches of this family settled respectively in the counties of Hertford,* Leicester, and Northampton. Mr. Gorham is a native of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, and, in 1805, entered Queen's College, Cambridge, of which the late Dr. Milner, Dean of Carlisle, was then President.

During his usual academical course, Mr. Gorham obtained the Mathematical, Classical, and Theological prizes, which that society had to bestow on the students and the Bachelors of Arts of the college. He obtained also two University prizes. While yet an Undergraduate, in 1808, the Norrisian gold medal was awarded to him for an "Essay on Public Worship." He took his degree of B.A. in January, 1809, on which occasion he was the third Wrangler of his year, the present Baron Alderson being the Senior Wrangler. On the contest for Dr. Smith's two Mathematical prizes, the examinations for which take place immediately after the conclusion of the bestowment of the degrees on the Bachelors of Arts, he had the distinction of dividing the second prize with the second Wrangler, Mr. Standley, afterwards Vicar of Southoe. This is, we believe, the only instance of that prize having been divided.

Immediately after this, Mr. Gorham quitted Cambridge for a year and a half, and resided at Edinburgh, as the companion of a nobleman of his own standing and university, on the recommendation of Dean Milner, and the late William Wilberforce. During this period (in 1810) he was elected Fellow of Queen's College, and in 1811 obtained a Divinity prize, given annually to a Bachelor of Arts of that society. In 1811 he was ordained Deacon, and in 1812 Priest, by Dr. Dampier, Bishop of Ely. On the former of these occasions, the Bishop instituted a private examination, and threatened to withhold ordination from him, on the very subject of Baptismal Regeneration, on which the Bishop of Exeter, thirty-seven years afterwards, refused him institution. The young Deacon stood firm to his principles, and the worthy Bishop, wiser or more tolerant than his brother prelate, had the grace to give way.

In allusion to this event, there is a remarkable passage written by Mr. Gorham himself, and placed before his judges as documentary matter, in the work which he published in 1848, entitled "Examination before Institution, &c." In p. 28 of that volume (which was filed in the Court of Arches, and laid before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council), Mr. Gorham says, addressing the Bishop of Exeter, January 28, 1847:—

* The Hertfordshire branch settled at a manor, known since the time of Henry VIII. by the name of Gorhambury,—at which place stood the mansion of the illustrious Bacon.

" You state that *I have unhappily forgotten my Ordination Vow* of obedience to my Ordinary, and in the Name of God you solemnly call on me to keep it! Very many years—more than half the number which we are impressively reminded sums up the period of human life—have passed away since that Awful Name was invoked, in one of the Chapels Royal, to add weight to the record of my several Ordination Vows. But time, my Lord, has *not*, as you inconsiderately affirm, effaced from my mind the recollections of any one of those solemn obligations, nor obliterated the deep impressions which each and all of them made on my heart. *If* memory *could* for one moment have slept, it must have been awakened by the remarkable similarity of the *earliest*, and of the *most recent* circumstances which attended my coming under the notice of a Bishop. On my Ordination in 1811, an attempt was made by the then Bishop of Ely (Dr. Dampier), to stretch Episcopal authority beyond Canonical bounds, by placing his *private expositions* of the declarations of the Church, with regard to the effects of Baptism, on a level with the Thirty-nine Articles; and he demanded from me an acceptance of his opinions, as essential to admission to Holy Orders. Though I was then a very young man,—the only candidate, among many, subjected, without notice, to that trying ordeal,—and though non-ordination would have involved the loss of the College preferment I then held, as well as have debarred me from the ministry into which I was earnestly desirous of entering, I had the courage to reject his authoritative proposition of a private test of orthodoxy. Shame would it be, if in more mature, or even in declining years, I had less firmness in protesting against a similar innovation on the principles of the Church of England. A weak, or an ill-informed conscience may be terrified into compliance by a peremptory allegation of a broken vow, and a call with the Highest Appeal for implicit submission. It requires nerve, my Lord, as well as integrity, to meet such an onset as this."

This remarkable statement shows that the imputation, cast on some ministers of the Church of England, *cannot possibly* attach to Mr. Gorham; viz., that they have slipped into Orders by a dishonest concealment of their principles, and have afterwards changed their religious views without having had the integrity to leave the Church whose principles (it is assumed) they had abandoned. Mr. Gorham, at all events, openly avowed, in 1811, at the risk of the loss of both Ordination and Fellowship, the very principles which he so firmly maintained in 1848.

Mr. Gorham resided in Queen's College for three years after his ordination, taking private pupils, and exercising his ministry in parishes in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. In 1814, he left College for the Curacy of Beckenham, in Kent.

From 1818 to 1827, he was Curate of the parish church of Clapham, Surrey, under the late Dr. Dealtry. In the latter year he married Jane, the second daughter of the Rev. John Martyn, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Thomas Martyn, late Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, of whom and of whose father, also a very eminent botanist, Mr. Gorham published very interesting and much desiderated memoirs in 1830.

After having served several curacies in different dioceses, Mr.

Gorham was presented in 1846, by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, to the Vicarage of St. Just in Penwith, in the county of Cornwall, and Diocese of Exeter, to which he was instituted in February of that year, by the present Bishop, and which living he still holds, the benefice being nearly 500*l.* a-year. In November, 1847, he was presented by the present Chancellor, Lord Cottenham, to the smaller Vicarage of Brampford-Speke, near Exeter, returned as worth 216*l.* a-year, the exchange being accepted (as it was stated in the late pleadings) as being more agreeable to Mr. Gorham, that gentleman wishing for a less onerous charge in the decline of life, and as affording greater facilities for the education of his children.

We have now arrived at a point in the life of Mr. Gorham so eventful to him, and the settlement of which is so important to the Church, that we shall be pardoned for briefly stating the circumstances which caused it to be raised.

When Lord Cottenham expressed his intention of bestowing upon Mr. Gorham the Vicarage of Brampford-Speke, Mr. Gorham wrote to the Bishop of Exeter, requesting his Lordship to appoint an early day for his admission into the benefice, and suggesting that as he was not removing into another diocese, neither the testimonials nor the exhibition of his letters of ordination were requisite; but, at the same time, saying he should cheerfully comply with his Lordship's wishes in that respect, as far as was practicable. After an interchange of letters between Mr. Gorham and the Bishop's Secretary, Mr. Barnes, the Bishop declined to institute Mr. Gorham into the living of Brampford-Speke until he had had an opportunity of satisfying himself of the reverend gentleman's fitness for the charge.

The Lord Chancellor, in the exercise of the patronage of the Crown, which was vested in him by virtue of his high office, very properly required that the intended presentees to benefices within his gift should produce testimonials from three beneficed clergymen of the neighbourhood in which they resided, and that such testimonials should be counter-signed by the Bishop of the diocese.

Mr. Gorham having obtained his testimonials from three beneficed clergymen as required, forwarded them to the Bishop for his counter-signature, but his Lordship did not think fit to comply with that request; but he signified to the Lord Chancellor a doubt he entertained concerning the soundness of Mr. Gorham's religious views upon certain points of doctrine; and, accordingly, on the margin of the testimonial the Bishop inserted these observations.

"The clergymen who subscribed this testimonial are highly respectable. But, as I consider the Bishop's counter-signature of such document, if it be unaccompanied by any remark, as implying his own belief that the party to whom it relates had not held, written, or taught anything contrary to the doctrine or discipline of the United Church of England and Ireland, and as my own experience unfortunately attests that the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham did in the course of last year, in correspondence with myself, hold, write, and maintain what is contrary to its doctrine, I cannot conscientiously countersign this testimonial."

That testimonial was signed by three beneficed clergymen, who said, "We have had opportunities of observing Mr. Gorham's conduct; that during the whole of the time we verily believe that he lived piously, soberly, and honestly; nor have we at any time heard



Alfred Harcourt

G. C. Graham

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anything to the contrary thereof, nor has he at any time, so far as we know or believe, held, written, or taught anything contrary to the doctrine or discipline of the United Church of England and Ireland."

The testimonials so marked by the Bishop were then forwarded to Mr. Gorham, and some correspondence took place between that gentleman and his diocesan, the result of which, however, was that the Bishop declined to take any other course than that which he had adopted. On that refusal, Mr. Gorham communicated the whole of the circumstances to the Lord Chancellor by letter, and officially by letter on the 21st of the same month. The Lord Chancellor, having fully considered the statements contained in these letters, together with the testimonial and the Bishop's writing in the margin, immediately announced to Mr. Gorham that he proposed to sign the fiat for his presentation, *notwithstanding the absence of the Bishop's counter-signature to the testimonial*, declining, however, to enter into the question which had arisen between Mr. Gorham and the Bishop; and on the same day, he (the Chancellor) wrote to the Bishop saying he thought it right to sign the presentation, adding that, having been furnished with testimonials which were perfectly satisfactory, he was satisfied it was his duty to do so, without deciding or even entering into conflicting religious opinions.

That letter of the Lord Chancellor, we take leave to say, implied and was intended to convey to his correspondent a sense of his knowledge of the character of the Bishop of Exeter; nor could he have been much surprised when he heard that the Bishop was determined before instituting Mr. Gorham, to subject him to a strict examination on the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration. "Had he not been my enemy," said the Earl of Essex, alluding to Sir Walter Raleigh, "I would have brought him to a Court-martial." The Bishop of Exeter does not deal with enemies in this spirit. Having picked a quarrel with Mr. Gorham about six months before, on the nomination of a Curate to St. Just, nothing would now do but a rigorous examination of the new Vicar.

That examination took place. It was commenced on the 17th December; and continued on the 18th, 21st, and 22d; and after an interruption of some duration, it was renewed on the 8th of March, continued on the 9th, and finally terminated on the 10th.

The Bishop of Exeter found Mr. Gorham a more learned and able theologian than he had expected to encounter: the Bishop put forth all his powers to implicate the Clerk, by what the Judicial Committee have called "intricate, perplexing, and difficult questions." But the Presbyter was resolute, firm, cautious, and not to be shaken in the maintenance of his doctrine. Thus, both parties became committed to a struggle from which neither could with honour retreat, and the result has been a trial—as both sides allow—of immense importance to the Church of England,—probably of greater moment than any which has taken place since the Reformation.

The examination, consisting of one hundred and forty-nine questions, with the answers to them, which would form a printed volume of from two to three hundred pages, being concluded, Mr. Gorham was informed that the Bishop must still decline to institute him to the living of Brampford-Speke, whereupon Mr. Gorham issued a monition out of the registry of the Court of Arches, calling

upon the Bishop to institute him into the vicarage, or to appear and show cause why he did not do so.

All the world is aware that the judgment of that Court was against Mr. Gorham; that he appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, by whom the judgment of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust was reversed; that the Bishop subsequently applied to the Court of Queen's Bench to set aside the jurisdiction of the Privy Council, and that he found an unanimous judgment against him there; and that he has made a second application to the Common Pleas for the same purpose, whose decision has just been given, May 27th, confirming the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench.

We have purposely abstained from entering upon the merits of the question, as between the Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Gorham. We should be no authority either way, neither would this Miscellany be a proper place for a polemical discussion.

But we may ask, why should the Bishop of Exeter, a few days after he had been cited by Mr. Gorham to appear in the Court of Arches, have seized an occasion, while delivering a charge to the Clergy of his diocese, to enter into an elaborate review of a pamphlet called a "Defence of the Thirty-Nine Articles," in which opinions similar to those held by Mr. Gorham on Baptismal Regeneration are put forth? Were his hearers ignorant of the true interpretation of the doctrine, and he must needs enlighten them; were they imbued with another doctrine, and he must needs admonish them?

No, it was a painful effort—in more senses than one, a painful effort—to show to the world that he could adduce reasons for his treatment of Mr. Gorham—and that it was not out of private feelings of enmity, which otherwise the world might naturally enough believe, that he compelled to appear before him, to be put to the question, a gentleman of a ripe age, of five and thirty years' standing in the Church, and a man of higher scholastic attainments than his own.

THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.*

The author's apology, his sole, and, as he hopes, a sufficient apology, for these volumes, is, that in no language, living or dead, in no shape, whether of a consecutive narrative, or as a digest of materials, under no title, is any such work to be met with as this, which he has now placed before the public, with the title of a "History of the Papal States."

A work so original, it may be, so difficult, and which all men in all past times had shrunk from commencing, required but the more careful consideration and deliberation with any one who would now venture to attempt it; much earnest thought was needed, much attention to the plan best adapted to it—years of research for the materials wherewith to raise it, and other years for their selection and arrangement, with occasional intervals for reflection, and for close examination of the work as it proceeded. All the time, however, that the author devoted to the task of composition was six months, and, as he very justly surmises, had he been occupied upon it through as many years as he had months,

* The History of the Papal States, from their Origin to the Present Day. By the Rev. John Miley, D.D. 3 vols. Newby: 1850.

and unintermittingly and exclusively, his history of the Papal States—many hundred years being very busy times with them—might still be found sadly at fault, and more or less incomplete.

To award any careful criticism to one thousand eight hundred pages written in half a year, and on such a subject, would be out of the question—or to expect much from so hastily written a composition, would be unreasonable; no history could be praised, as none could become popular, that was struck off, as the author congratulates himself this was, as he expresses it, “at a heat;” the necessity for all this haste does not appear, but the result is the marring a work, that had it been deliberately entered upon, and leisurely and judiciously carried out, might have secured a certain measure of popularity, and have been found in our libraries twenty years hence.

Taking it, however, as we find it, we must say of it that, as an historical work, we have no grounds for commending it—it is written on no plan, and in a strong sectarian spirit. The writer is a Professor of Theology in the Communion of Rome; he writes, therefore, as a Romanist might be expected to write, and educated as such are, as perhaps they cannot but write in praise of the church to which he belongs; nor does he in the least disguise his partialities, nor spare his denunciations; naturally desirous to make out a good case for the Papal Government, he earnestly labours, so far as words go, to make the Popes appear as far beyond all earthly praise, and more than worthy of the utmost respect, and love, and veneration of the whole human race.

Men so gifted as the Popes, he argues, were never given to the world—transcendent in virtues, in graces, in talents, in acquirements, in meekness, self-denial, charity, and humility; and had they ruled, as they always desired to rule, supremely over the nations; had their will been always the law among all people, the happiness to be enjoyed in this world would have been beyond all our present conception, since everywhere there would have been peace and abundance, and the utmost enjoyment possible of all temporal, equally as of all spiritual blessings. Not that the Popes were of themselves desirous of reigning in the first instance, but they were compelled to reign by the force of public opinion, and they did reign, says Dr. Miley, as none others ever did reign exclusively for the people, encouraging to the utmost diffusion of knowledge, agriculture, and commerce, and social advancement. If it is said the States of the Church show small signs of this, the answer to this is, that the people have ever been unworthy of their saintly rulers, and that they are only miserable because they are disobedient.

But by far the most towering character among men, the most exalted in talents as in station, the holiest and the wisest, the bravest and the meekest, was that most gifted and most useful of all the Popes, the forbearing and self-denying Hildebrand. Dr. Miley can find no words sufficiently forcible to express his admiration of Clement VII., or his exultation when he describes the emperor suing for mercy at his feet. There were not a few Popes who caught the spirit of Hildebrand, and who walked in his steps as closely as they were able; and to all of these a very large measure of praise is in these pages awarded. Indeed, the express object of the work would appear to be, to praise the Popes, and more especially to praise those the most whom the world has considered it has most cause to blame for their rapacity, their

arrogance, and their tyranny. Dr. Miley would persuade us that such things had never any existence in his favourite Pontiffs, that all past history is a fable, and that nothing but what the Popes themselves say of themselves is to be believed, or considered as worthy of one moment's attention. Therefore, whatever historical evidence we may have to the contrary, however stern the proofs we have for believing as we do, we are to throw aside all the knowledge we have ever gleaned, and to receive this as an article of faith, that the achievements of the mighty Hildebrand were so expressly done under the influence, and through the power of the Almighty, that they not only eclipse the greatest wonders recorded of human genius, but throw into shade the greatest miracles. The exploits of this fierce and arrogant Pontiff we are required, therefore, to consider as far more meriting our admiration and veneration, than the greatest miracles recorded in the Old or New Testament.

From the author being so intent upon the Popes, and in discovering new forms of speech for celebrating their incomparable virtues, he has but little time or space for any useful information about the States over which they ruled. It is evident, however, that from some cause or other the Papal States got on very badly; and that when they do well they do it for themselves, and wholly irrespectively of their government. But the author can see no blemishes, nor mismanagement in any direction—if there is a paradise upon earth it is the Papal States. If there are any people upon earth, distinguished above all others, for every Christian grace, for true holiness of life, it is the people of the Papal States who have the inexpressibly great and invaluable privilege of being presided over by the holiest of men as well as by the mightiest; by one who looks down from his exalted station at an immeasurable distance beneath him, upon all the crowned heads, whose only right to their crowns is, that he confers them.

We acknowledge that we were at times wearied with such rhapsodies and declamations about the Pope's powers and privileges; they are insisted upon here, no doubt, with an express object in view, to persuade us in our simplicity that he is in an especial and wholly peculiar manner a divinely appointed authority—the supreme head of all Christendom—the representative on earth of the world's Redeemer in Heaven—the infallible High Priest of the Church, whose word is above all law, and whose power to kill and to make alive, to save and to destroy souls, is only equalled by that of the Almighty Creator Himself. Those who are under this bondage of belief will find much in these volumes to encourage them to believe on, for Dr. Miley writes like one who believes thoroughly in his heart all that he has here said; these are his convictions, and they are the truth, so far as he can see into the truth: they are articles of faith to him, and he has prominently brought them forward in his work, and has enforced them with all the zeal and the eloquence of which he is capable. But as we can see into this matter somewhat further than he is permitted to do, and are accustomed to bring all spiritual pretensions, and all assumptions of peculiar holiness and infallibility to the unerring test of the sacred Scriptures, we are enabled to make a most marked distinction between faith and credulity—between the Apostles' doctrine and the multitudinous and ingenious devices and imaginations of men's hearts which subtlety and folly and covetousness have engrafted upon it.

INEDITED LETTERS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, July 17th, 1792.

I am sorry I cannot accept your visit on Friday, as to-morrow I expect General Conway and his family, and shall have my house full till Sunday or Monday ; but shall be glad to see you on the latter day or Tuesday.

Pray tell me if you have not got my two folio volumes of "Edmondson's Catalogue of Coats of Arms," for which I have been in great distress, and cannot find in any of my libraries here ; and be so good as to name what books of mine you have, or if any, for I am going to new-arrange all.

Yours, &c.,

ORFORD.

Strawberry Hill, July 1793.

I GLADLY accept your offer, dear sir, and shall be glad to receive Mr. and Mrs. Farrington on Sunday ; and if they would see Strawberry *well*, they had better be here by one o'clock with you.

Yours, &c.

ORFORD.

Isleworth, July the Seventeenth, 1793.

To Samuel Lysons, Esq., in the King's Bench Walk, Temple, London.

Free—Orford.

" Strawb. Nov. 8th, 1793.

It is not to refuse, but to accept your visit on Sunday next, that I write: I thought you lost, or, which was much more probable, that you had forgotten a superannuated invalid in a village out of the way. Ill I have been for three months, but of past disorders I never talk ; it is very unfair to tease others with what is over.

I have been much concerned for John Hunter,* and I do grieve for Mrs. Hunter, for whom I fear he had made small provision.

You will find Twickenham scarce wrinkled ; the unexampled summer still lasts, and the elms, like old beauties, flatter themselves that they look as well as ever, and I hope, politically, that our laurels will not lose a leaf. The atrocious murder of that matchless heroine and first of human beings, the Queen of France, has filled me with a horror I cannot express ; but if the French have shown themselves a race of *intentional* hyænas, they have proved her superior to every weakness that may reduce the mind to the failings of mortality. Adieu till Sunday.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 19th, 1794.

I did think it long since I heard anything of you ; it is true I have been at Park Place,† but returned on Saturday. As far as I can answer at present, I shall be glad to see you on the 19th,

* John Hunter, the father of English Surgery, died suddenly in an apoplectic fit in St. George's Hospital ; the very day, and, perhaps, the very hour on which the unfortunate Queen Antoinette of France was murdered on the scaffold.

† Near Henley-on-Thames. The residence at that time of General Conway.

but am not quite sure, as Mr. Churchill and my sister are to come to me, and the time is not precisely fixed; nor am I sure but I may be obliged to go to town for a day or two; but I will let you know in time, and shall be very glad to see your volume with you.

Miss Agnes Berry has been at Rodborough, and was enchanted with the gothic pavement, which she thinks far superior to any but what is at Rome. Adieu.

Yours sincerely,
ORFORD.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 2nd, 1794.

I have gone through your book very attentively, and have made a few notes, and marked one or two omissions, which I will show you when I restore it, which shall be when you will come and fetch it, and the sooner the better. My coach shall come for you whenever you will name a day.

Yours, &c.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 15th, 1795.

I was much disappointed at not seeing you yesterday, but much more sorry for the cause, which I hope your medicines have quite removed, and have enabled you to come to me as soon as you please, only give me a little notice, that I may not be engaged in the neighbourhood, which may happen now, as my wives go to Cheltenham on Tuesday.

I have the history of Ripon, and yet am obliged to you for thinking on me; still more for that of Knaresborough, which I like much, and had not seen. It is not only preferable to all other topical descriptions, from its smallhood, but as it tells one—just what I like most to find in that species of books—an account of the pictures, &c. in the several seats, and as it has not incessant repetitions from Dugdale of the genealogies of the Beauchamps, Nevilles, who possessed the several manors in succession from the time of the Conquest.

Kirgate* is much obliged to you, and, I suppose, will be more so, if you ever are so good as to supply him with the prints.

I was much entertained yesterday by a letter from a Mr. Bush, in Great Ormond Street, desiring I would favour him with a ticket for him and three of his friends to pass an *intellectual* hour in my house here. I don't know whether that fine phrase was to inspire me with an idea of his taste, or to captivate mine!

Adieu; yours ever. O.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 22nd, 1795.

By not hearing from you till this moment, I was afraid you continued out order. I am extremely sorry you are troubled with so painful a complaint; and though I shall lose your company, which I shall much regret, I think you will be much in the right to try Bath, and soon, for it is wise to attend to all illnesses in the beginning, before they take root, and you are so young, that you may hope to wash away the seeds.

I am obliged to be in town on Wednesday next by dinner, and though I shall not be able to stay with you then, I will most indubitably call on you in my way, and shall rejoice if I find you at ease.

Kirgate has been looking both in the "Baronetage" and in the

* The printer of Horace Walpole.

"Nugæ," for Sir John Harrington's lusty swim, but cannot find a glimpse of it ; nor do I recollect having ever seen it mentioned. I do remember in an old volume of poems, verses on the Duchesse de Chevreuse swimming across the Thames at Lambeth. She would not have disliked such a party of pleasure with so stout a Triton.

Adieu, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

Strawberry Hill, April 13th, 1795.

I THANK you much, dear sir, for giving me, as you promised, an account of your health, though it is not yet so good as I heartily wish it, and as I flatter myself it will be. Bath is reckoned very efficacious in your complaint, and you are particularly fortunate in being under the inspection of an uncle able in the requisite profession, and an inhabitant of the spot, well acquainted with the waters, and who will indubitably be most attentive to so meritorious a nephew. You have youth too on your side, which, in one light alone, may be prejudicial to you ; I mean, that young men, strong as you are formed, are apt to be impatient on a first serious illness, but patience you must learn ; not that I suppose your complaint will be of long duration, no, I rather by *patience* would recommend *perseverance* ; drench yourself thoroughly ; wash away the seeds of your disorder, and conform to all the rules prescribed to the drinkers of the water. Your body and your mind too are so very active, that I am sure you will but ill submit to such a tasteless insipid life as that of Bath, but even that is not too dear a price to pay for health, and to insure your future years from returns of pain. I certainly speak most disinterestedly when I preach idleness to you. At my great age I must anxiously wish to see your work completed, yet I beseech you not to return to it till the pursuit ceases to be noxious.

I am sorry your society is not more agreeable, though you may always hope for better recruits in such variety as is always at Bath, coming and going. You say you expect Mr. Malone ; Dutens, who implicitly believes in all and every one of Ireland's "Shakspeariana," was here and told me that Mr. Malone is converted to them ; but I don't believe all that a believer says.

I do not know Sir Richard Neave, but am glad you have any new inlet to your pursuits.

This region is not a whit more amusing than Bath. Richmond is deserted, at least till next month, but if I spoke fairly, I should sum up all my grievances in the absence of the Berrys ; the natives of Twickenham are neither worse nor better than they have been for years. My wives tell me how very obliging your brother has been to them, and what pleasant things he has carried them to see ; and they have told me that they intend to visit him at your father's. I am to meet them at Park Place about the 26th, on their return from Cheltenham.

I do not know a tittle of news, private or even public. All attention seems at bay, gazing at what will be the event of that unparalleled impudence of the French Convention which you mention, attempting to perpetuate themselves by force. It is so outrageous, that one hopes it will have some at least of the consequences it ought to have ! when they have run every possible race of wickedness,

barbarity, and villainy ; but what can one expect, after being so oft disappointed ? Was not the measure full before now ?

Adieu ! dear sir ; I shall hear with great pleasure of your further amendment.

. Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

DEAR SIR,

Park place, Sept. 27th, 1795.

The place whence I date will account for my mourning border ; it was the first paper I found, without troubling Lady Ailsbury to look for other. I came hither yesterday, having set out from Strawberry just after the post had brought me your letter. I am rejoiced to hear that you have been so free from your complaint, and hope you have no occasion to have recourse to other remedies ; yet I am bound to tell you of other assistance that was pointed out to me for you, should it be necessary to you ; but you must keep my information secret from your uncle,* who, perhaps, might not like my trespassing on his province, or might suspect my doubting his skill, which I am sure I do not ; and indeed he has shown that he knew what was the treatment most proper for you ; well, I will discharge my conscience as briefly as I can.

The Bishop of London† desired me to tell you of a Mrs. Hall or Ball who resides at Bath, who, to his knowledge, had performed a wonderful cure in a case like yours ; so men of one profession will vouch for quacks in another, though not in their own. Lady Di Beauclerc is less heretical, and nearer to the fountain head, for the case was her own, and I can testify to the violence of it. She was so thoroughly cured, that, though some years ago, she had not felt the smallest return of her disorder since. These notices you may reserve, but I flatter myself without any call for opening them.

I am going through your Environs‡ again, and have achieved a volume and a half ; but I must tell you that, as I foresaw, they are a source of grievance to me, by specifying so many articles of my collection, and several that are never shown to miscellaneous customers ; nay, last week one company brought the volume with them, and besides wanting to see various invisible particulars, it made them loiter so long by referring to your text, that I thought the housekeeper, with her own additional clack, would never have rid the house of them.

I am not surprised at any new lie that Ireland tacks to his legend ; were he to coin himself into a grandson of Shakespeare, with his ignorance of all probabilities, it would be but an addition to his bederoll of incredibilities.

My wives§ have met me here from Cheltenham, and return with me to our homes on Tuesday. They are full of praises of your brother for all his kindnesses to them in Gloucestershire. They are much pleased with the account I have given them of your recovery. I trust I need not say how glad I shall be to find you perfectly re-established, and as active as ever.

Yours most sincerely,

ORFORD.

* Daniel Lysons, Esq., M.D., of Bath, author of several Medical works.

† Dr. Beilby Porteus, with whom Horace Walpole became acquainted, in the latter period of his life, through Hannah More.

‡ i. e. The Environs of London by the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

§ A sportive expression for his intimate friends, the two Misses Berry.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21st, 1795.

I ~~BEG~~ your pardon, dear sir, but I cannot at all consent in a hurry to let that young man make prints of my chapel and shrine, especially for his next number, which would be done slovenly by haste. He is quite a lad, and I must see first what he has done, and whether he is capable of executing them as they ought to be. The shrine, in particular, depending for its beauty on the colours, can convey but little idea by a print. The chapel has already been engraved for my own book, and I could give you a plate of it for yours.

To say the truth, I am very unwilling to have anything more written, printed, or said, about my house or me; a great deal too much about all has been said; and people will attribute it to my own vanity, though little of my seeking. I am very old, and going out of the world, and wish to be quiet while I do remain; and how soon I shall be forgotten when I am gone, I do not care a straw; it will be my lot with other men of moderate parts, who happen to have made a little noise among their cotemporaries, and while those last, and then cast only on the shelves of a few old libraries. Pray do not answer this confession, for, indeed, I am not poaching for compliments, nor like them.

I am glad you have resumed your activity; it always produces great entertainment to me; and as I never depend on living to see the conclusion of your work, I shall be very glad to see it in its progress, and you and your brother too. I mean after next Monday, when I believe I shall be in town for Sunday next and Monday. I had mistaken you, and thought your brother was to be in town the day before yesterday.

Adieu, dear sir, yours sincerely,

O.

DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, July 29th, 1787.

I am going to ask a favour of you, which, as it will be none to you, I will fairly explain to you, that you may refuse it if you do not choose to grant it. A person, whom I have not seen in or near thirty years, and who, I believe, is now a clergyman, and who, I know is a schoolmaster now at Wallingford, was presented to me as a lad of poetical parts. He came to town at Christmas, called in Berkeley Square, when I was much too ill to see anybody, but left such an humble, modest letter, begging much to see me, and to see Strawberry Hill. I promised to see him here in the summer, if I should be well enough, and have accordingly offered him a bed here, and he is to dine and sleep here on Wednesday next. Now as I shall certainly be tired of passing a whole day with one I know so little, I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, if you think you can want to consult any of my books here, if you can come and dine, and sleep here too. It will really be charity to pay me for mine and I will be more than ever,

Your obliged humble servant,

ORFORD.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

CHAPTER II.

Horse-racing.—Smithfield Race-course.—Jockeys.—Betting and Jockeying.—Chester Races.—The Bell Prize.—Collection for Stakes.—The first Black-leg: Ruinous consequences.—Regular Races established.—Noble Riders.—Theatrical Exhibitions.—Mysteries and Miracles.—The first Play, 1110.—Itinerant Players.—The Devil a comic Actor.—Secular Plays.—Ecclesiastical Rivals.—Fall of improvising Mummery.—Automata.—Motion-men.—Disguising.—Edward III.—Wardrobe.—Sabbath Performances.—Disours; their free living.—The sleepy Tale-teller.—Privileges enjoyed by Disours.—Edward II.; Edict for the regulation of Wanderers.—First Licence for Theatrical Amusement.—The Fall of Minstrelsy.—The Antagonism of the Church.—Its heavy Censure.—Henry III., his conduct at his Marriage.—The effect.

No man was thought truly fashionable, even in the early days of Henry II., unless he was, or pretended to be, a judge of horse-flesh. It was then also that the first positive indication of this taste was shown, and care bestowed upon the breeding of horses to give them speed and bottom. But alas! how fallen is the glory of the principal scene where these feats were performed: Smithfield was the meeting-place for the turfites of the period; but it was when the grass grew there, and the wild flowers flourished, and the hills were to be seen in the far distance, crowning the wooded landscape and bosky lanes, all now swept away by the march of time and bricks, leaving the once fertile meadows a receptacle of filth, and a nuisance unbearable even to the smoke-accustomed noses of the citizens.

When Smithfield was a field, and Long-Lane a snug retreat for tinklers and gipsies, did the nobles and fair ladies meet to see the sport, and purchase their horses of pure blood and rare speed; and before the wary purchasers parted with their treasured gold, their qualities were tried upon the spot.

Fitzstephen says, "When a race is to be won by these sort of horses, such as most valuable hackneys and charging steeds, a shout is raised, and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or two, as the match may be made, prepare themselves for the contest, and such as being used to ride, know how to manage their horses with judgment, their grand point is of course to prevent a competitor from getting before them.

"The horses, on their part, are not without emulation; they tremble and are impatient, and are continually in motion; at last a signal once given they strike—devour the course, hurrying along with unremitting velocity, and the jockeys, inspired with the thoughts of applause and the hopes of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their voices."

This was the first dawn of one of our principal sports, which has increased every year in its importance.

The natural consequence of these trials of skill was soon to prompt the sellers and buyers to chaffer and wager with each other

upon the event of the struggle. The excitement soon brought this jockeying amusement to its present state of perfection, or rather imperfection ; for, although it was the cause of much time and labour being spent in the improvement of the horses, it had the contrary effect upon the men engaged in it, and "being jockeyed" soon became a saying with our forefathers, to designate a swindle without the pale of the law.

The first regular horse-race is mentioned with much truthfulness and minuteness by a Chester antiquary. He says, "That time out of mind it was customary on Shrove Tuesday for the Company of Sadlers belonging to the city of Chester, to present to the drapers a wooden ball, embellished with flowers, and placed upon the point of a lance. This ceremony was performed in the presence of the mayor at the Cross of Rodhee or Roody, an open place near the city ; but this year," continues he, "the ball was changed into a bell of silver, valued at three shillings and sixpence, or more, to be given to him who shall run the best and the farthest on horseback before them on the same day."

These bells were afterwards denominated Saint George's bells, and in the last year of James I., one John Brereton, innkeeper, and Mayor of Chester, first caused the horses entered to start from the point beyond the New Tower, and appointed them to run *five* times round the Roody, and he who won the last *course* or *trayne*, received the bell, which appears to have soon risen in sterling value to the then large amount of *eight or ten pounds*, the money for which was collected of the citizens.

This custom, no doubt, gave rise to the expression of "bearing off the bell," applied now to any one successful in conflict or candidature. Year by year the excitement grew upon the good people of Chester, until it so absorbed their desires and attention that they actually starved their citizenized stomachs to add to the glory and the gain of the winners, for they came to the difficult resolution of "having no calves-head feast on Shrove Tuesday," that the funds might be put to the purchase-money of a precious piece of plate, to be run for on that day.

Hereupon, for the first time, peeped forth something like a *black-leg*, in the respectable person of the High Sheriff of the county, who, upon seeing the value of the prize, made up his mind to possess it by hook or by crook. He accordingly, in a quiet manner, went off to a friend, by name Sir Thomas Middleton, and borrowed from him a *Barbary horse* of much strength and fleetness. He was, of course, very watchful to find out the power and training of the different horses coming daily into the town of Chester, before the day of the race ; he was, however, in no alarm from what had arrived up to the usual hour. But, some few hours after the specified time, arrived Master Massey, of Puddington, and Sir Philip Egerton, of Oulton, with horses of mark and likelihood. The hour, however, having passed, which had never before been strictly adhered to, the worthy Sheriff, who, be it remembered, was also master of the race-course, would not permit them to run,—much to the disgust of the citizens, who had subscribed their money in the hopes of superior sport. His Barbary horse, of course, carried off the prize at a hand-gallop from most unworthy competitors. This caused many of the gentry to relinquish the course, shocked at the first flagrant bit of

jockeyship, which they, in the innocence of their minds, thought dishonourable at least, if not positively swindling.

Some few circumstances of this kind soon brought the sport, which even the Puritans allowed to be one "yielding good exercise," into very bad repute, and deservedly under the lash of right-thinking people, who had hitherto exempted it from the character borne by cards, dice, vain plays, interludes, &c.

Burton, who wrote at the decline of the seventeenth century, says sarcastically, "Horse-races are disports of great men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop out of their fortunes;" which may be considered a plain indication that they were then productive of mischief and cheatery, and not looked upon with the same favour that they had enjoyed in the early days of their purity.

It seems clear enough that the growing importance of these gatherings proved of some value to the localities in which they took place; so that it became imperative upon the authorities of the small towns or villages to strive to fix some particular days, hitherto chosen at very uncertain periods by the riders and owners of swift-running horses, and that it would be wise in them to offer some tempting prize provided by themselves, to call together such a congregation, to spend their money and live at high quarters, which must prove of immense advantage to the tradesmen and houses of entertainment in their respective towns or villages.

Accordingly prizes were regularly subscribed for, and days appointed, under proper guidance and authority, for the race to take place, so as to make sure by long appointment of those who had money to spend or horses to run. This specific arrangement attracted great crowds of people together, who were assured thereby of most excellent sport, giving them also time to make up their wagers for the coming event; according to the prize was the character of the meeting, influenced, of course, by the names of the horses which were to contend. The prizes, however, at this period seldom exceeded eight or ten pounds.

In the reign of James I. public races were held in different parts of the kingdom at regular and specified times, and the modes of preparing horses for such occasions varied very little from the practice of the present day.

At the latter end of the reign of Charles I. races were held in Hyde-park, and also at Newmarket; and it appears from a doggerel, supposed to have been written by Matthew Thomas Baskerville, upon the glory of Burford Downs, that the gallants rode the horses themselves; for he writes—

"Next to the glory of the place
Here has been rode many a race—
King Charles the Second I saw there,
But I've forgotten in what year.
The Duke of Monmouth here also,
Made his horse to sweat and blow.
Lovell, Pembroke, and other gallants,
Have been ventring here their talents;
Mad Nicholas Bainton on *Black Sloven*
Got *silver plate* by labour and drudging."

Of the early theatrical exhibitions so many erudite volumes have been written, that it would be vain to attempt to quote half the very

learned authorities upon this prolific subject ; I therefore shall only touch upon them very slightly, as a proper and fit beginning to that which I propose in my future papers upon the Amusements of the People.

The mysteries and miracles of the twelfth century consisted of subjects selected by the holy confessors from the most mysterious points of the Scriptures. Such subjects were very properly chosen, as the place of their representation was usually the church, such locality alone being thought fit and becoming the ecclesiastical character of the mystery represented, as also the actors therein, who were for the most part the ecclesiastics or their scholars. The first play recorded of this kind was, it is believed, called " St. Catharine," and, according to Matthew Paris, was written by a Norman Abbot of St. Albans, and represented about the year 1110. Sometimes a sequel of Scripture histories was carried on for several days.

This dramatic style of treating religious subjects no doubt proved very lucrative to the funds of the different convents at which they were represented, and too good a speculation to remain very long solely in the hands of its originators ; for we find that that very questionable body of men, who lived a life of sloth and idleness, called Mendicant Friars, seized upon the idea, and built themselves a theatre on wheels, with scenes " both large and high," and enacted mysteries of a very dubious character, seasoned to the palate of the rude population of the time. They contrived to appear at all convenient parts of the country, and levy their contributions much to the annoyance of their excellent brothers ecclesiastic, who saw the promised fruits of their splendid idea snatched from them by the vagabonds and outcasts of their order. It was, however, soon discovered by these itinerant mystery-mongers, that their tragic mysteries wanted something of a lighter character to enliven them, and make more palatable the length and dulness of the speeches and the seriousness of their subjects. They accordingly struck upon the bright idea that the only personage that they could dare take a liberty with was the repudiated Beelzebub : so to work they accordingly went, and availed themselves of his bad odour, and turned him into their principal comic actor, assisted by a merry troop of under or supernumerary devils, who, to keep their spectators in good humour, had recourse to most undignified pantomimical fun, accompanied with a variety of noises, strange gestures, and contortions of the body, at which the populace laughed most immoderately, and disbursed accordingly.

It was soon, however, found necessary to entirely separate the ecclesiastical from the secular play, which was carried to a wonderful extent by strolling companies of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, bourdours or jesters, and other performers, who clubbed their various talents, each taking his share in the representation that his parts and ingenuity qualified him for. This, of course, was more successful and fascinating to the vulgar part of the people ; not only to them, indeed, but also to the high nobility, whose want of mental cultivation gave them a relish for the coarse and low ribaldry of the mummers of these travelling mountebanks.

The great success attending this novel kind of amusement, and the vast sums collected by the secular players, startled the ecclesiastics, who had hitherto found their mysteries and moralities so

lucrative to their revenues. But it was in vain that they became lax in the strictness of their mysteries, and introduced many highly censurable things into their representations, in hopes of luring back the fickle public; for the secular showmen retained their popularity, notwithstanding the exertions of their clerical rivals, who, with all the worldly violence of rivals, diligently endeavoured to bring them into disgrace, by bitterly inveighing against the filthiness and immorality of their exhibitions. These secular plays, indeed, must have been but a sad medley of different performances calculated chiefly to promote by their strange and coarse conceits mirth without any view to instruction or intellectual amusement. Accordingly, when it was found necessary to have some better class of entertainment for the multitude, proper theatres were established, where more carefully revised productions were exhibited, and the text strictly adhered to, and no one was allowed, as had hitherto been the custom, to introduce any low ribaldry of his own, to the detriment of the original argument of the play set down.

The effect of this very salutary arrangement was to materially injure the interests of the itinerant dramatists, whose motley exhibitions soon lost their attractions in the eyes of the gentry and aristocracy of the time, and became only relished by the vulgar; next the law set her face against them, when they henceforth were stigmatised with the names of rogues and vagabonds, and they had to depend upon the precarious support derived from the lower classes of the people, which soon proved insufficient to enable them to appear in their former imposing splendour and credit. Their companies, unable to keep together in their original numbers, were soon scattered in small troops, and consequently their performances became less worthy of notice and encouragement, until they were reduced to seek out all the wakes and fairs in the surrounding country, and join some juggler or tumbler to extract the coin from the pockets of the rustics and children.

The mighty Thespians thus descended to paltry juggling, assisted by some itinerant Jack-pudding, leaving his former field of glory to the improving hand of time, as the arena for the future poets, who, in one long glorious train, soon cleansed it of its early and crude impurities, and made it into an Elysian field teeming with the flowers of poetry and high imagination.

Finding that the generous public no longer supported a large company, one poor itinerant had recourse to a novel experiment. By a simple calculation, he found that his brothers and sisters of the stage could not act without their dinners; this was a melancholy fact; accordingly, he thought how advantageous it would be if he could gather to himself a company without appetites, yet not without stomachs. In a happy moment, the thought came to fruition in his working brain, and wood was the consequence: he was the mighty father of the automata race, and he astonished the world by his "motions," for such he called them.

Crowds of all degrees, from far and near, came to see the wonderful performance of a company of dead actors belonging to the ingenious man, who had been not less wonderfully alive to his own interest.

They beheld with astonishment the life-like motions of these novel actors and the beauty of their dresses; their discreet and

modest demeanour they could not sufficiently admire. Money rolled in in an unprecedented manner, and the single man, who governed his whole company so well, peeped through the hole in the scene and calculated his gains. He felt himself, by anticipation, a rich man—and at the close of his unequalled performance he put his company all into one box, and dined alone. He must have been born to invent puppets some centuries ago, but how many I cannot pretend to determine.

In "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which is supposed to have been written in 1517, there is familiar mention of such a character, as if he had long ceased to be a novelty, and he is there spoken of as a rogue and idle vagrant; for one of the characters, wishing to give the idea of entirely destroying his good name, threatens to "go and travel with young Goose the motion-man, for a puppet player."

Mummers and disguisings, introduced in the same manner as our interludes, were, from the earliest account, things of broad humour, and depending more upon the improvised humour of the characters than upon any arranged dialogue or subject.

In a wardrobe roll of Edward III., made for some mummeries at Christmas, held at his castle at Guildford, we find a very elaborate account of the dresses, but not a word about the dialogue. The dresses are said to be *ad faciendum ludos domini regis*, and consisted of "eighty tunics of buckram of various colours; forty-two visors of different similitudes, namely, fourteen faces of women, fourteen faces of men, and fourteen heads of angels made with silver; twenty-eight crests; fourteen mantles embroidered with heads of dragons; fourteen white tunics, wrought with the heads and wings of peacocks; fourteen with the heads of swans with wings; fourteen tunics painted with the eyes of peacocks; fourteen tunics of English linen painted; and fourteen other tunics embroidered with stars of gold." All of which shows that these were but pantomimic representations, calculated to create laughter by the droll character of the masks and actions of the masquers, and not by the wit of the dialogue.

These representations often took place among the courtiers, and even before the kings and queens, on the Sunday evenings.

It was long before these entertainments, from their costliness, found their way into the remote parts of the kingdom to interfere with the wandering amusement-mongers, called conteurs, jestours, or discours—or tale-tellers and discoursers. These itinerants were held in great esteem, and feasted most royally at all the large houses on their way; and welcome must they have been to the inmates of these solitary castles, where little else was done than hunting, eating, drinking, and sleeping.

These varlets possessed talents of all kinds, which got them a hearty welcome from the child to the bearded baron. They could conjure to astonish the younger branches while the noble and his retainers were out upon the hunt in the forests,—and astonish him upon his return with true accounts of assaults and batteries amongst the neighbouring barons, which he had picked up in his wanderings. For they were not only minstrels and jugglers, but a very excellent substitute for the newspapers, and told not many more lies upon an average in their accounts.

Then what a god-send must they have been to the family circle in the great hall, when the evening closed in, and all the retainers, in the good old style, took their places at a respectful distance from their lord or lady, with open mouths and ears, to catch in and devour the marvellous tales of murder, chivalry, or witchcraft with which the brain of the disour was as well stored as a circulating library; in his case you had not to wait for the second volumes from the hands of a tardy reader, just as you had got to the most interesting part of the tale. As long as the black-jack was filled with good store of drink, so long would he continue his relation: he was held in most excellent esteem accordingly, and might call every house his own as long as his stories lasted.

In a manuscript collection of old stories, in the Harleian Library, we read of a king who kept a tale-teller on purpose to lull him to sleep every night. But once, from some cause or other, he could not be put to sleep as readily as usual, and he desired the disour to tell him longer stories; who obeyed, and began one upon a very extensive scale. But alas, poor fellow, he fell asleep himself in the midst of it!

The privileges enjoyed by these minstrels and disours, and the great public favour in which they were held, led to much insolence and impropriety. They became so puffed up with pride from their popularity, that they ventured to put a regular price upon their exertions, leaving no longer to the generosity and will of their patrons to reward them as they should think fit and becoming.

The large gratuities collected by these wanderers not only occasioned great numbers to join their fraternity, but also induced many idle and dissipated persons to assume the character of minstrels, merely as an excuse for a pleasant vagabond life, enjoyed at the expense of their neighbours.

This became so notorious in the reign of King Edward II., that it was thought necessary to restrain them by a public edict, prohibiting them from entering houses without invitation, and commanding them "to be contented with meat and drink, and such reward as the housekeeper willingly offered, without presuming to ask for anything." The date of this edict is 1315.

The edict appears, however, to have had but little beneficial effect, as it was very difficult to catch these wanderers tripping, and the arm of the law was not strong or long enough to reach them in their wanderings.

In the reign of Edward IV. loud complaints were uttered against the irregularities practised by the body of disours. It was accordingly found necessary to stop their disorders. The king therefore granted to Walter Haliday, Marshal, and to seven others, his own minstrels, named by him, a *charter*, by which he created, or rather restored, a perpetual guild or fraternity. This fraternity was to be governed by a Marshal appointed for life, and two Wardens, who were empowered to admit members into the guild, and to regulate and govern, and to punish when necessary, all such as exercised the profession of minstrel or disour throughout the kingdom.

This is, no doubt, the first attempt to license the profession; but it does not appear much good was effected by the foregoing institution, as it neither corrected the abuses practised by the fraternity, nor retrieved their reputation, which declined rapidly from this

period. They soon, therefore, lost the protection and patronage of the wealthy, which had long caused much chagrin to the priesthood, who grudged every act of munificence that was not applied to themselves or their monasteries, and could not behold the good fortune of the minstrels without expressing their indignation, which they often did in scurrilous abuse, calling them janglers, mimics, buffoons, monsters of men, and contemptible scoffers.

They also, in no very measured terms, censured the gentry and nobility for the great encouragement and patronage they bestowed upon "such a shameless set of sordid flatterers;" and to the poorer classes they used threats, to keep them away from their exhibitions, which they said were vain and trifling, and prevented them from the more profitable pursuit of serious and becoming subjects.

But the love of flattery in the noble, and the desire for any amusement in the vulgar, for a long time withstood the continual anathemas of the Church against the professors of the "pleasaunt art," who fought step by step, retreating from their original and noble position; not without much blame to themselves, for their own immorality and insolence contributed more to their downfall than all the defamatory attacks of their opponents.

Henry III. pleased the sanctified ecclesiastics mightily by his conduct, on his marriage with Agnes of Poitou, as regarded the tribe of tale-tellers, mimes, and minstrels, who, as was their wont, on all festive occasions swarmed to the celebration of the royal nuptials. But woe to the tribe, for they received a heavy and decisive blow to their popularity by the conduct of the king, who, from some whim of the moment, "sent them away," says a monkish writer of the time, "with empty purses, and hearts full of sorrow." And although the populace murmured at being deprived of their usual and expected amusement, and scoffed at the meanness of the monarch, such a dismissal and discountenancing in high places threw an irretrievable shadow over the fortunes of the disours and gleemen, which they never recovered; for then, as now, the fashion of the nobles was followed by the more humble classes, and that which was not capable of affording amusement to their masters, was thought unworthy of enjoying their patronage.

TO THE CICALA IN THE CYPRESSES AT VILLA GONDI.

GLAD insect! merrily chirpest thou
 Upon the spiral cypress bough!
 Flapping thy thin transparent sails
 To catch the soft Fœsulian gales,
 Thou singest till the shadows drive
 The wild bees to their mountain hive,
 Then, like the child o'ertired with play,
 Thou sleepest till the coming day,
 When o'er the hills the sunbeams peep,
 Again begins thy mirthful cheep.
 Ah! happy drone, that without measure
 Quaffest ambrosial dews at pleasure;
 Would mine were like thy sunny life,
 As free from clouds, and cares, and strife!

T. C. I. W.

X X

THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA "SWAMP DOCTOR."

THE CITY PHYSICIAN *VERSUS* THE SWAMP DOCTOR.

THE city physician, or the country doctor of an old-settled locality, with all the appliances of cultivated and refined life around him; possessing all the numberless conveniences and luxuries of the sick-room; capable of controlling the many adverse circumstances that exert such a pernicious influence upon successful practice; having at command the assistance, in critical and anomalous cases, of scientific and experienced coadjutors; the facilities of good roads; the advantages of comfortable dwellings, easy carriages, and the pleasures of commingling with a cultivated, mild, refined society, cannot fully realize and appreciate the condition of his less favoured, humble brethren, who, impelled by youthfulness, poverty, defective education, or the reckless spirit of adventure, have taken up their lot with society nearly in its primitive condition, and dispense the blessings of their profession to the inhabitants of a country, where the obscure bridle-path, the unbridged water-courses, the deadened forest-trees, the ringing of the woodman's axe, the humble log cabin, the homespun dress, and all the many sober hard realities of pioneer life, attest the youthfulness of the settlement.

The city physician may be of timorous nature and weak and effeminate constitution: the "swamp doctor," whose midnight ride is often saluted by the scream of the panther, must be of courageous nature, and in physical endurance as hardy as one of his own grand alluvial oaks, whose canopy of leaves is many a night his only shelter.

The city physician may be of fastidious taste, and exquisiteness of feeling; the swamp doctor must have the unconcernedness of the dissecting-room, and be prepared to swallow his peck of dirt all at once.

The city physician must be of polished manners and courtly language: the swamp doctor finds the only use he has for bows, is to escape some impending one that threatens him with Absalom's fate; the only necessity for courtly expression, to induce some bellicose "squatter" to pay his bill in something besides hot curses and cold lead.

The city physician, fast anchored in the sublimity of scientific expression, requires a patient to "inflate his lungs to their utmost capacity:" the swamp doctor tells his to "draw a long breath, or swell your d—dest:" one calls an individual's physical peculiarities "idiosyncrasy," the other terms it "a fellow's nater."

The city physician sends his prescriptions to the drug store, and gives himself no regard as to the purity of the medicine: each swamp doctor is his own *pharmacien*; and carries his drug store at the saddle.

The city physician rides in an easy carriage over well paved streets, and pays toll at the bridge; we mount a canoe, a pair of mud boots,

sometimes a horse, and traverse, unmindful of exposure or danger, the sullen slough or angry river.

The city physician wears broadcloth, and looking in his hat reads "Paris;" we adorn the outer man with homespun, and gazing at our graceful castors remember the identical hollow tree in which we caught the 'coon that forms its fair outline and symmetrical proportions.

The city physician goes to the opera or theatre, to relax, and while away a leisure evening. The swamp doctor resorts for the same purpose to a deer or bear hunt, a barbacue or bran dance, and generally ends by becoming perfectly hilarious, and evincing a determination to sit up, in order that he can escort the young ladies home before breakfast.

The city physician, compelled to keep up appearances, deems a library of a hundred authors a moderate collection; the swamp doctor glories in the possession of "Gunn's Domestic Medicine," and the "Mother's Guide."

The city physician has a costly Parisian instrument for performing operations, and scorns to extract a tooth; the swamp doctor can rarely boast of a case of amputating instruments, and practises dentistry with a gum lancet and a pair of pullikens.

The city physician, with intellect refined, but feelings vitiated by the corruptings and heart-hardenings of modern polished society, views with utter indifference or affected sympathy the dissolution of body and soul in his patients: but, think you, *we* can see depart unmoved those with whom we have endured privations, have been knit like brothers together by our mutual dangers; with whom we have hunted, fished, and shared the crust and lowly couch; with whom we have rejoiced and sorrowed; think you *we* can see them go down to the grave with tearless eyes, with unmoved soul? If we can, then blot out that expression so accordant with common sentiment, "God made the country, and man the town."

The city physician sends the poor to the hospital, and eventually to the dissecting-room: we tend and furnish them gratuitously; and a proposal to dispose of them anatomically would, in all probability, put a knife into us.

One, with a sickly frame, anticipates old age: the other, with a vigorous constitution, knows that exposure and privation will cut him off before his meridian be reached.

The city physician has soft hands, soft skin, and soft clothes: we have soft hearts but hard hands; we are rough in our phrases, but true in our natures; our words do not speak one language and our actions another; what we mean we say, what we say we mean; our characters, when not original, are impressed upon us by the people we practise among and associate with, for such is the character of the pioneers and pre-emptionists of the swamp.

To sum up the whole, the city physician lives at the top of the pot, the swamp doctor scarcely at the rim of the skillet: one is a delicate carpet, which none but the nicest kid can press; the other is a cypress floor, in which the hobnails of every clown can stamp their shape; one is the breast of a chicken, the other is a muscle-shell full of cat-fish: one is quinine, the other Peruvian bark: and so on in the scale of proportions.

I have contrasted the two through the busy, moving scenes of life;

let me keep the curtain from descending awhile, till I draw the last and awful contrast.

Stand by the death-bed of the two, in the last and solemn hour. In a close, suffocating room, the city physician is horizontalized on a feather-bed; if he be a bachelor, he is attended by a mercenary nurse; his departure is eagerly desired by a host of expectant, envious competitors; with the noise of drays, the shouts of the busy multitude, and the many discordant cries of the city ringing through his frame, his soul leaves its mortal tenement and wings its way to heaven through several floors and thicknesses of mortar and brick, whilst the sobs of his few true friends float on the air strangely mingled with "Pies all hot!" "The last 'erald!" and "Five dollars reward, for the lost child of a disconsolate family!"

The swamp doctor is gathered unto his fathers 'neath the green-wood tree, couched on the yielding grass, with the soft melody of birds, the melancholy cadence of the summer wind, the rippling of the stream, the sweet smell of flowers, and the blue sky above bending down as if to embrace him, to soothe his spirit, and give his parting soul a glance of that heaven which surely awaits him as a recompense for all the privations he has endured on earth; whilst the pressure on his palm of hard and manly hands, the tears of women attached to him like a brother by the past kind ministrings of his Godlike calling, the sobs of children, and the boisterous grief of the poor negroes, attest that not unregarded or unloved he hath dwelt on earth: a sun-beam steals through the leafy canopy and clothes his brow with a living halo, a sweet smile pervades his countenance, and amidst all that is beauteous in nature or commendable in man, the swamp doctor sinks in the blissful luxuries of death; no more to undergo privation and danger, disease or suffering. He hath given his last pill, had his last draught protested against.

MY EARLY LIFE.

UPON what slender hinges the gate of a man's life turns, and what trifling things change the tenor of his being, and determine in a moment the direction of a lifetime! Who inhales his modicum of azote and oxygen, that cannot verify in his own person that we are the creatures of circumstances, and that there is a hidden divinity that shapes our ends, despite the endeavours of the pedagogue, man, to paddle them out of shape?

Some writer of celebrity has averred, and satisfactorily proven to all of his way of thinking, by a chain of logical deductions, that the war of 1812, the victory of New Orleans, the elevation of Jackson to the Presidency, the annexation of Texas, General Taylor's not possessing the proportions of Hercules, and a sad accident that occurred to one of the best of families very recently, all were the inevitable effects of a quiet unobtrusive citizen in Maryland being charged some many years ago with hog stealing.

Were I writing a library instead of a volume, I would take up, for the satisfaction of my readers, link by link, the chain of consequences,

from the mighty to the insignificant; also, if time and eternity permitted, trace the genealogy of the memorable porker (upon whose forcible seizure all these events depended), back to the time when Adam was not required to show a tailor's bill unpaid, as a portent of gentility, or Eve thought it a wife's duty to henpeck her husband.

As I cannot do this, I will, by an analogous example, that equally—to me at least—important consequences have been deduced from as unimportant and remote causes; and that the writing of this volume, my being a swamp doctor in 1848, and having been steamboat cook, cabin-boy, gentleman of leisure, plough-boy, cotton-picker, and almost a printer, depended when I was ten years old on a young lady wearing "Number two" shoes, when common sense and the size of her foot whispered "fives." And now to show the connection between these remote facts.

The death of my mother, when I was very young, breaking up our family circle, I became an inmate of the family of a married brother, whose wife, to an imperious temper, had, sadly for me, united the companionship of several younger brothers, whose associates I became when I entered her husband's door. Living in a free State, and his straitened circumstances permitting him but one hired servant, much of the family drudgery fell upon his wife, who up to my going there devolved a portion upon her brothers, but which all fell to my share as soon as I became domiciliated. I complained to my brother; but it was a younger brother arraigning a loved wife, and we all know how such a suit would be decided. Those only who have lived in similar circumstances can appreciate my situation. Censured for errors and never praised for my industry, the scapegoat of the family and general errand-boy of the concern, waiting upon brothers-in-law when I would fain have been at study or play, mine was anything but an enviable life. This condition of things continued until I had passed my tenth year, when, grown old by drudgery and wounded feelings, I determined to put into effect a long-cherished plan, to run away and seek my fortune wheresoever chance might lead or destiny determine.

By day and by night for several years this thought had been upon me; it had grown with my growth, and acquired strength from each day's development of fresh indignities, filling me with so much resolution, that the boy of ten had the mental strength of twenty to effect such a purpose. I occupied my few leisure hours in building airy castles of future fortune and distinction, and in marking out the preparatory road to make Providence my guide, and have the world before me where to choose.

One evening, just at sunset, I was seated on the lintel of the street-door, nursing one of my nephews, and affecting to still his cries, the consequence of a spiteful pinch I had given him, to repay some indignity offered me by his mother, when my attention was attracted to a young lady, who, apparently in much suffering, was tottering along, endeavouring to support herself by her parasol, which she used as a cane. To look at me now with my single bed, buttonless shirts, premature wigdom, and haggard old-bachelor looks, you would scarcely think I am or was ever an admirer of the sex. But against appearances I have always been one; and boy as I was then, the sight of that young woman tottering painfully along, awoke all my sensibilities, and made the fountain of sympathy gush out. Overcoming my boyish diffidence, as she got opposite the door, I addressed her, "Miss, will

you not stop and rest? I will get you a chair, and you can stay in the porch, if you will not come in the house." "Thank you, my little man," she gasped out, and attempted to seat herself in the chair I had brought, but striking her foot against the step the pain was so great, that she shrieked out, and fell dead, as I thought, on the floor.

Frightened terribly to think I had brought dead folks home, I joined my yell to her scream, as a prolongation, which outcry brought my sister-in-law to the scene. The woman prevailing, she carried her in the house, and shutting the door to keep out curious eyes, which began to gather round, she set to restoring her uninvited guest, which task she soon accomplished. As soon as she could speak, she gasped out, "Take them off, they are killing me!"—pointing to her feet. This, with difficulty, was effected, and their blood-stained condition showed how great must have been her torment. She announced herself as the daughter of a well-known merchant of the city, and begged permission to send me to her father's store, to request him to send a carriage for her. Assent being given, she gave me the necessary directions to find it, and off I started. It was near the river.

On my way to the place, as I reached the river, I overtook a gentleman apparently laden down with baggage. On seeing me he said, "My lad, I will give you a quarter if you will carry one of these bundles down to that steam-boat," pointing to one that was ringing her last bell previous to starting to New Orleans. This was a world of money to me then, and I readily agreed. Increasing our pace, we reached the steamer just in time; between which and the place where he had accosted me, I had determined, as the present opportunity was a good one, to put in execution my long-cherished plan, and run away from my then home. Its accomplishment was easy. Following my employer on board I received my quarter; but, instead of going on shore, I secreted myself on board until the continued puff of the steamer and the merry chant of the firemen assured me we were fairly under weigh, that I was fast leaving my late home and becoming a fugitive upon the face of the waters, dependant upon my childish exertions for my daily bread, without money, save the solitary quarter, without a change of clothes; no friend to counsel me save the monitor within, a heart made aged and iron by contumely and youthful suffering.

Emerging from my concealment, I timidly sought the lower deck and sat me down upon the edge of the boat, and singling out some spark as it rose from the chimney, strove childishly to draw some augury of my future fate from its long continuance or speedy extinction.

The city was fast fading in the distance. I watched its receding houses, for, while they were in view, I felt as if I was not altogether without a home. A turn of the river hid the city from sight, and my tears fell fast, for I was also leaving the churchyard which held my mother, and I had not then grown old enough to read life's bitterest page, to separate dream from reality, and know we could meet no more on earth; for oftentimes in the quiet calm of sleep, in the lonely hours of night, I had seen her bending over my tear-wet pillow, and praying for me the same sweet prayer that she prayed for me when I was her sinless youngest born; and I thought in leaving her grave I should never see her more, for how, when she should rise again at night, would she be able to find me, rambler as I was?

With this huge sorrow to damp my joy at acquiring my liberty, chilled with the night air, I was sinking into sleep in my dangerous seat, when the cook of the boat discovered me, and shaking me by the arm until I awoke, took me into the caboose, and giving me my supper asked me, what I was doing there, where I would be certain to fall overboard if I went to sleep? I made up a fictitious tale, and finishing my story, asked him if he could assist me in getting some work on the boat to pay my passage, hinting I was not without experience in his department, in washing dishes, cleaning knives, &c. This was just to his hand; promising me employment and protection, he gave me a place to sleep in, which, fatigued as I was, I did not suffer long to remain unoccupied.

The morrow beheld me regularly installed as third cook or scullion, at eight dollars a month. This, to be sure, was climbing the world's ladder to fame and fortune at a snail's pace; but I was not proud, and willing to bide my time in hope of the better day coming. My leisure hours, which were not few, were employed in studying my books, of which I had a good supply, bought with money lent me by my kind friend the cook.

I improved rapidly in my profession, till one day my ambition was gratified by being allowed to make the corn bread for the first cabin table. This I executed in capital style, with the exception of forgetting in my elation to sift the meal, thereby kicking up considerable of a stir when it came to be eaten, and causing my receiving a hearty curse for my carelessness, and a threat of a rope's end, the exercise of which I crushed by seizing a butcher's knife in a very determined style; and the affair passed over.

I remained on board until I had ascended as high as second cook, when I got disgusted with the kitchen and aspired to the cabin. I had heard of many cabin-boys becoming captains of their own vessels, but never of one cook,—except Captain Cook, and he became one from name, not by nature or profession. There being no vacancy on board, I received my wages and next served at V—— as cabin-boy on a small steamboat running as packet to a small town, situated on one of the tributaries of the Mississippi.

On my first trip I recollected that I had a brother living in the identical town to which the steamer was destined, who had been in the south for several years, and, when I last heard from him, was doing well in the world's ways.

I thought that as I should be landing every few days at his town, it would be only right that I should call and see him.

He was merchandizing on a large scale, I was informed by a gentleman on board, a planter in one of the middle counties of Mississippi, who, seeing me reading in the cabin after I had finished my labour of the day, opened a conversation with me, and, extracting my history by his mild persuasiveness, offered to take me home with him, and send me to school until my education for a profession was completed. But my independence spurned the idea of being indebted to such an extent to a stranger; perhaps I was too enamoured of my wild roving life. I refused his offer, thanking him gratefully for the kind interest he seemed to take in me. He made me promise, that if I changed my mind soon, I would write to him, and gave me his direction, which I soon lost, and his name has passed from my recollection.

On reaching M——, I strolled up the town and inquired the way of a negro to Mr. Tensas' store. He pointed it out to me, and I entered. On inquiry for him, I found he was over at his dwelling-house, which I sought. It was a very pretty residence, I thought, for a bachelor; the walks were nicely gravelled, and shrubbery appropriately decorated the grounds.

I knocked at the door boldly; after a short delay it was opened by a handsome, young, finely dressed lady. Thinking I was mistaken in the house, I inquired if my brother resided there? She replied, that he did; and invited me to wait, as he would soon be home. After a short interval my brother came. Not remarking me at first, he gave the young lady a hearty kiss, which she returned with interest. I concluded she must be his housekeeper. Perceiving me, he recognised me in a moment, and gave me an affectionate welcome, bidding me go and kiss my sister-in-law.

My brother was very much shocked when he heard of my menial occupation, and used such arguments and persuasives to induce me to forsake my boat-cabin for his house, that I at length yielded.

He intended sending me the next year to college, when the monetary crash came over the South, and the millionaire of to-day awoke the penniless bankrupt of the morrow. My brother strove manfully to resist the impending ruin, but fell like the rest, and I saw all my dreams of a collegiate education vanishing into thin smoke.

Why recount the scenes of the next five years? It is but the thrice-told tale, of a younger brother dependant upon an elder, who was dependant upon others for employment and subsistence for his family. If his circumstances had improved, I should have been sent to school; but fortune would again lour, and I, together with my sister-in-law, had to perform the menial offices of the family.

My sixteenth birth-day was passed in the cotton-field, at the tail of a plough, in the midst of my fellow-labourers, between whom and myself but slight difference existed. I was discontented and unhappy. Something within kept asking me, as it had for years, if it was to become a toiler in the cotton-fields of the South, the companion of negroes, that I had stolen from my boyhood's home? Was this the consummation of all my golden dreams?

My prospects were gloomy enough to daunt a much older heart. Poverty shut out all hopes of a collegiate education and a profession. Reflection had disgusted me with a steam-boat. I determined to learn a trade. My taste for reading naturally inclined me to one in which I could indulge it freely, and I obtained employment at a printer's.

Satisfactory arrangements were soon made with a neighbouring printer and editor of a country newspaper. The day was fixed when he would certainly expect me; if I did not come by that time he was to conclude that I had altered my determination, and he would be free to procure another apprentice.

A wedding was to come off in the family for which I worked, in a short time, and they persuaded me to delay my departure a week, and attend it. I remained, thinking my brother would inform the printer of the cause of my detention. The wedding passed off, and the next morning, bright and early, I bade adieu, without a pang of regret, to my late home, and started for my new master's, but who was destined never to become such; for, on reaching the office, I learnt that my

brother had failed to inform him of the cause of the delay, and he had procured another apprentice only the day before. So, that wedding gave one subject less to the fraternity of types, and made an indifferent swamp doctor of matter for a good printer.

I returned home on foot, wallet on my back, and resumed my cotton-picking, feeling but little disappointed. I had shaken hands too often with poverty's gifts to let this additional grip give me much uneasiness.

The season was nearly over, and the negroes were striving to get the cotton out by Christmas, when one night at the supper-table—the only meal I partook of with the family—my brother inquired,

"How would you like to become a doctor, Madison?"

I thought he was jesting, and answered merely with a laugh. Become a doctor, a professional man, when I was too poor to go to a common school, was it not ludicrous?

"I am in earnest. Suppose a chance offered for you to become a student of medicine, would you accept it?" he said.

It was not the profession I would have selected, had wealth given me a choice, but still it was a means of acquiring an education, a door through which I might possibly emerge to distinction, and I answered, "Show me the way, and I will accept without hesitation."

He was not jesting. One of the first physicians in the State, taking a fancy to me, had offered to board me, clothe me, educate me in his profession, and become as a father to me, if I were willing to accept the kind offices at his hands.

I could scarcely realise the verity of what I had heard, yet it was true, and the ensuing new year beheld me an inmate of the office of my benefactor.

He is now in his grave. A soldier of humanity, he was stricken down at his post, before the meridian of life was reached. Living, he was called the widows' and orphans' friend, and the tears of all attested, at his death, that the proud distinction was undenied. I am not much, yet what I am he made me; and when my heart fails to thrill in gratitude at the silent breathing of his name, may it be cold to the loudest tones of life.

Behold me, then, a student of medicine, but yesterday a cotton-picker, illustrating within my own person, in the course of a few years, the versatility of American pursuits and character.

I was scarcely sixteen, yet I was a student of medicine, and had been, almost a printer, a cotton-picker, plough-boy, gin-driver, gentleman of leisure, cabin-boy, cook, scullion, and runaway, all distinctly referable to the young lady beforementioned wearing "Number two's," when her foot required "fives."

A GLANCE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SEVERAL circumstances concur in giving more than ordinary interest to the present Exhibition. The position of the Royal Academy itself, in its connection with, and action upon, the Fine Arts of this country, and the struggle now going on between that body and public opinion, may be specially mentioned. Upon the merits of that question we will make no observation here, merely alluding to it as one of the influencing causes of the curiosity with which the present exhibition is regarded. A greater number of pictures, also, have been sent in this year than on any former occasion, with, we believe, a single exception; and an extraordinary number have been selected and hung. The best proof of the excitement produced by these incidents will be found in the fact that the receipts at the door have averaged a larger sum *per diem* than the Academy ever netted before.

But it by no means follows as a necessary consequence, or foregone conclusion, that the Exhibition is better than usual. In some respects it is worse—it has not one great work, and few of very high merit. This deficiency is, to some extent, balanced by the absence of great failures. If there are fewer striking productions, there are fewer of a low and inferior cast. The prevailing character of the whole is that of a level respectability, which neither excites much admiration, nor provokes much censure. The only work which stands out prominently from the mass of clever mediocrity, is the production of a foreigner, and, moreover, a picture which had been previously exhibited, and which is already familiar to everybody as an engraving.

Of the authenticity of this picture, *Cromwell looking at the dead body of Charles I.*, some doubts have been expressed. It is given as the work of Delaroche, but it is also said to be only a copy, executed for him by one of his pupils, of the original at Nice. However that may be, it is a work of great power and breadth, entirely free from the sins of the French school, subdued, simple, and full of strength. It is little to the purpose that the incident on which it is founded is apocryphal; the artist is not responsible for that.

In the limited space we propose to give to the Exhibition, we must restrict ourselves to a general review, avoiding details, of which our readers have already, no doubt, had quite enough in the current journals.

It will at once strike the visitor this year that the rage of the colourists is slightly abated. It seems to be going out with Etty. The Venetian school, exquisite in its original freshness and beauty, but sensuous, and frequently offensive, in imitation, after having lost something of its brightness in the heavy atmosphere of Flanders, is likely from present appearances to tempt our artists into fewer excesses than ever. The *Good Samaritan*, by Mr. Eastlake, must, we suppose, be considered of this class; but the propriety of the tone, and the accuracy of the drawing as a study of the human form, are alike open to debate. There is great refinement in the execution, and remarkable finish; and the subject may be said to be spiritualized rather than illustrated. But the effect, notwithstanding, is un-

satisfactory. The *Toilet*, by Etty, the only relique of his on the walls, is not a very agreeable specimen of that master. It is hot and broad, but vigorous and bold as usual. *Samson betrayed*, by Mr. F. Pickersgill, possesses at least the merit of a lofty ambition; and if we are not content with the attitudes of Delilah and Samson, or the treatment of the group on the right hand, we must accord some praise to the artist for the richness and unity of the colouring. Boxall's *Geraldine*, which ought to come in amongst the portraits, aims at something more, and may be specially selected for its sweetness and sentiment. The mouth alone is faulty, and might have been idealized without injury to the fidelity of the likeness.

Leslie, always remarkable for character and refinement in his charming comedy scenes, has three pictures this year. Of these the *Beatrice* is, in our opinion, the most truthful and effective. The stealthy look, full of mischief and curiosity, as she runs close to the ground "like a lap-wing," the management of the lights, and the picturesque treatment of the accessories, are all very subtle. *Tom Jones* and *Sophia Western* is excellent, and replete with suggestions, especially in the glass which reveals a part of the story not seen in the actual picture.

It is pleasant to be able to say conscientiously that Mr. Turner is a little more intelligible than usual—that is, he gives us certain outlines in which, after we have recovered from the blinding glare of colour, we begin to detect something like forms.

To criticise Mr. Turner is out of the question. His mastery over colour is at once the puzzle and the glory of the world of art, and the extraordinary power with which his pictures come out in engravings, is a proof of his genius in composition; but why he persists in painting upon a theory which its most enthusiastic supporters cannot explain, and in a manner which nobody can understand, is a paradox we hope he will one day condescend to unlock.

Mr. Frith has two character pictures of great merit—a scene from the *Good-natured Man*, Mr. Honeywood introducing the bailiffs to Miss Richland, and *Sancho telling his Tale to the Duke and Duchess*.

Mr. Webster has four small domestic subjects, none of them equal to former contributions, but deserving approbation for simplicity and truthfulness.

Mr. Frost's *Andromeda*, that "starved Ethiop Queen," painted in an oval, although not so ambitious a subject as *The Disarming of Cupid*, will find more admirers amongst the severe judges of art. In the latter, the tone of colour is not well sustained, and is wanting in that gradual centralization of the light which is demanded by the mode of treatment he has adopted.

Mr. Cope has several clever things, of which the *Lear* is the best; and amongst Mr. Hart's numerous contributions the gorgeous representation of a Jewish festival deserves especial praise for the artistical judgment displayed in the arrangement of the figures, the distribution of the chiaro-oscuro, and harmony of colour.

Frank Stone gives us the *Miranda* of Shakspeare, and the *Gardener's Daughter* of Tennyson, and, comparing the artist with himself, we think he ought to have done better. The figure and expression of *Miranda* are exquisite; but the disposition of the scene, or "situation," theatrically speaking, the difficulties of which we admit at once, is more conventional than poetical. A more charming incarnation of

beauty than the Gardener's Daughter cannot be easily imagined; but, looking to the nature of the subject, she is too fine, and the effect would have been greatly enhanced if her costume had been more negligent and rustic.

A similar observation will apply to the *Gross of Green Spectacles*, by Maclise, one of the most successful pictures in the Exhibition. The composition is admirable—the grouping varied and animated—the characterization perfect. Perhaps the Vicar is not exactly the man we have always taken him to be; but Moses is to the life. The only fault we see in this work is that the details are worked up too highly, and the sisters (especially the charming girl in the foreground, with her back to the spectator) approach a little nearer to fine ladies than we could have desired. *The Spirit of Justice*, by the same distinguished artist, is one of his greatest works, chaste, rich, and solid. Exuberant fancy is here rendered subservient to severity of treatment, and while the imagination of the epic painter is abundantly shown in his illustrative groups, the coherence and completeness of the design are strictly preserved. Mr. Armitage's *Aholibah*, we fear, decides his pretensions to that position to which his first cartoon entitled him to look forward. He has never realised the promise of that early work; and in this large canvas, mistaking coarseness for strength and sensuous expression for feminine beauty, he betrays a deficiency of taste and executive power that leaves little hope of any great advancement in his art.

Of Mr. Landseer's large picture of *Waterloo* it may be enough to say that opinions are strongly divided on its merits. The handling is broad and masterly, but, notwithstanding the excellence of the portrait of the great Duke, and the expression of the horses' heads (the finest point in the picture) we suspect that the final judgment of time will not be a very favourable one. The principal objects are not the most attractive, and the scene itself is deficient in interest, and oppressively prosaic. *The Lost Dog in the Highlands* is capitally conceived and executed; and *Good Doggie* is equal to anything in that way Mr. Landseer has ever painted.

The landscapes in this Exhibition, with a few exceptions, are mere repetitions of resources and effects long since exhausted. Mr. Danby's *Spring*, charming in its falls of transparent sunshine, its dreamy waters, and golden atmosphere, will not advance his reputation. It is too dark and brooding for Spring, lacking the light elastic air and gushing life of the season, and revealing in some of its tints the rich decay of Autumn. There is a hideous absurdity, called *The Last Man*, by Martin, to which we should not allude at all, but that we find it marked in our catalogue near this poetical landscape. Mr. Creswick, without much improvement in treatment, is bolder than usual in his subjects; and Mr. Lee's monotonous pencil takes flights on this occasion, which only prove more distinctly than ever the limitations of his style and observation. Mr. Stanfield justifies his fame in several works of different degrees of merit, in all of which the choice of incident and extreme care in handling, manifest the hand of a master. *The Macbeth* is a fine example of combination and poetical feeling; and the *Scene on the Maas*, the *Bay of Baïæ*, and *Ischia* are splendid specimens of scenery, in which climate, costume, and story are felicitously blended. David Roberts never, perhaps, appeared in such force and variety before. His Eastern views and cathedral

interiors, are distinguished by a fidelity and delicacy which even he has rarely excelled. For the rest, the less that is said about this department of the Arts the better.

There are a vast number of portraits, and exactly in proportion to the number is the decrease of the skill and interest developed. Mr. Pickersgill's portraits—especially *Monsieur Colomb*, a work of great power, *A Traveller*, and the elaborate full-length of *Sir Harry Dent Goring*—carry off nearly the whole attraction. Mr. Grant and Mr. Watson Gordon by no means realize the expectations they excited a few seasons past, and, from the negligence they betray, may be appropriately reminded that no artist has ever arrived at that sublime height of inspiration where care and study can be safely dispensed with. Mr. Knight's pictures—particularly that pink portrait of Mrs. Fitzwilliam—are so incomprehensibly coarse and vulgar, that it is difficult to believe they came from the studio of an Academician. We are afraid that portrait-painting is on the decline, a decadence which may, possibly, be in a measure accounted for by the marvellous improvement displayed in the art of miniature painting. Here Sir William Ross and Thorburn reign supreme; and, without indicating particular specimens, we need only point to the works of these great artists, especially the latter, in the present Exhibition for a satisfactory justification of the popularity which rewards their patient labours.

It is impossible to enter the cavern in which the sculpture is, not shown, but buried, without being painfully struck by the injustice which is done under the roof of the Academy to some of the greatest works this country has ever produced. The den is so dark—the little light it receives is so partial—and the sculpture is so crowded and huddled up, that the means of enjoying the instruction and delight yielded by such productions are literally denied to us. We cannot walk round them—we cannot select the right point of view—the great design of the sculptor, his poetry of conception, his strength, his softness, his idealization, are all lost, or only caught in accidental rays; that tantalize, without satisfying the spectator. But we suppose this grievance will be remedied by and by. We hope so, let it be at whose cost it may.

The great work of the Exhibition—the greatest, probably, that has ever proceeded from the chisel of an English sculptor—is the *Virginius and Daughter* of M'Dowell. The attitude of Virginius holding his dead daughter on one arm, while he brandishes the dagger aloft with the other, displays a grandeur of the highest order. The contrast between the strained muscles of the father, and the collapsed form of Virginia, is worthy of the Greek antiquity; and the whole composition, including the sweep of drapery behind, is so bold and massive, so full of power and pathos, as to place Mr. M'Dowell at the head of that difficult branch of art for which the present age offers, we apprehend, but very inadequate rewards. The *Psyche*, by the same master, approaches as nearly as the material can be made to approach that spiritual creation which even poetry has failed to render. The sweet sadness of the face—its youthful beauty—the tender sorrow—are expressed with so much grace, refinement, and delicacy, that if we could imagine the possibility of seeing an embodied Psyche this figure would realize the vision. These works are not for to-day, but for all time, and will transmit the name of the artist with lustre to posterity. Mr. Baily's *Sleeping Girl* and *A Youth returned from the Chase*, are the

only remaining works we have space to notice, or that demand special mention. *The Sleeping Girl* is a remarkable combination of the real and the ideal, full of simplicity and truth, carefully composed, and shedding over a repose, which has almost the stillness of death, something of the sweetness of a gentle dream. *The Youth* aims at a higher and more scholastic result. It is wrought out of the mythology—a naked figure, as charming in its form as Endymion, with polished limbs suggestive alike of grace and agility, and presenting precisely such a shape as one of the starry divinities might have gazed upon with secret admiration, and sacrificed her place in the heavens to follow through the woods.

The Architectural Room is duller than usual, which is saying as much as we need say about it. Mr. Barry gives us a design of little originality and no interest, and Professor Cockerell does not make his appearance at all. The absence of models, the mixture of slender outline drawings with oil paintings (which have no business here) and the hanging of perspectives and bird's eye views out of the reach of sight, all help in various ways to condemn this section of the Exhibition to a neglect at which even the architects themselves cannot be very much surprised.

M'CARTHY'S POEMS.*

English literature fairly owes a considerable debt to the sister kingdom. Indeed, Irishmen have yielded their proportion to our literary stores; but it so generally happens that their labours are exerted not at home but in this country, that we are apt to regard them as exclusively our own. If we look to the various branches of the literature daily presented to us, especially where the readiest and oftentimes most eloquent pens are called into action, we shall be surprised at the tribute which is due, though it be seldom felt, to Ireland. Others of her writers there are, again, of whom England knows but little, because they are more strictly national. Of this class is Mr. M'Carthy. We can, however, promise our readers no little pleasure in making their acquaintance with the ballads, lyrics, and occasional poems before us.

Mr. M'Carthy has many of the highest gifts of the poet: he possesses taste of no mean order, feeling for the beautiful in nature, and sympathy with the tender passions. Some translations from the Spanish, in particular, as well as from the Italian and French, show also his scholarly acquirements, and the grace with which he can mould poetical exotics into our language. But though we have said that Mr. M'Carthy is a national poet, it does not follow that his poems consist of nothing but Irish traditions. Even in his first poem the scene is almost entirely in Italy, and is imbued with all the inspiration of the sunny south. The "Legend of the Bells of Limerick" is beautifully conceived, and ably executed. "The Foray of Con O'Donnell" is a contrast to this, being a tale of the wild, busy times of the Irish chieftains. But "The Voyage of St. Brendan" will, in our opinion, do most to establish the fame of our author. We would gladly, did pace permit, extract some specimens of this admirable poem.

* M'Glashan: Dublin.

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END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

LONDON:

Printed by S. & J. BENTLEY and HENRY FLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

3-

1881

